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DR. CHALMERS' WORKS.*

THE high place which Thomas Chalmers occupies in the religious history of Scotland, he holds securely; it is a position which he will not lose, unless a time shall come when John Knox and other worthies of the like stamp shall have ceased to be thought of in their native country with reverential gratitude. But the rank which his writings will ultimately hold in the body of English literature is a point yet to be determined; and at present it can be only conjecturally spoken of, and this on the ground of considerations of quite a different order from those which affect his place in the regards of his countrymen. Nevertheless, on this ground we do not hesitate to profess the belief that, as a religious writer and as a theologian, he will live. A distinction, however, must here be made: The "Works," entire, of Dr. Chalmers, will, no doubt, continue to be sought after, through a course of many years, and will often be reprinted in their mass for the use of Scotland, and of England too, buoyed up, as one might say, by

his immortal renown, as one of the best and the ablest, and the most useful of the great men whom Scotland has in any age produced. The grateful and religious Scottish people at home, as well as those thousands of the "dispersion," who are scattered over the face of the earth, will (so we imagine) for generations yet to come, regard it as a sacred duty to possess themselves of the Works entire of their own Chalmers. And, moreover, among these purchasers and readers of the Works, there will always be many who will draw from certain portions of them a large amount of their spiritual and theological aliment, and who will think themselves well and sufficiently disciplined, and kept safely orthodox and evangelical, so long as they are content to sit at the feet of this revered teacher.

But when we come to think of English literature at large, and to think of it as influenced or favored by no special or national feelings, it is quite certain that the "Works" will undergo a severe sifting. Portions—large portions of the mass, we can not doubt, must subside, and, at no distant date, will cease to be often asked for, or popularly read. The works

* *Dr. Chalmers' Works.* Twenty-five Volumes 12mo.

Posthumous Works. Nine Volumes 8vo. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co.

of the very best writers (if voluminous) have undergone the same discriptive process. Nor has any human reputation hitherto been of such plenary force as might suffice for immortalizing every paragraph or treatise that a man has written and printed. Assuredly Chalmers will not stand his ground as an exception to this almost universal doom—a doom which has consigned to oblivion a half, a three-fourths, or a nine-tenths of the products of even the brightest minds; especially if they have been, in their day, teeming and industrious minds, and if such writers have mixed themselves at large with the social and political movements of their times.

At this time—and if we are looking to the volumes now before us, it is not Chalmers as the great, the good, and the eminently useful man of his age and country whom we have to do with: it is not Chalmers as related to those religious and ecclesiastical movements of which Scotland is now reaping the fruits; but it is the same distinguished man, considered simply as a writer; and as one who comes at this time to claim the place that may be due to him in the permanent religious literature of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, spread, and spreading over all the world.

When thus thought of, the mass of his writings, as they are now put into our hands, ask for classification. Although these four-and-thirty volumes are characterized, in an unusual degree, by singleness of intention, by coherent thought, by unity of spirit, as well as by much uniformity of style and manner, they are, as to their form and their subjects, very diverse; nor could they well, as we think, be brought under a simpler distribution than the following. The volumes seem to range under five heads, as thus:

I. The Methods and the Principles of Christian Benevolence, as related to the Parochial and Municipal System; these methods being made to rest upon the author's principles of Political Economy, in its more general aspect.

II. Ecclesiastical Polity.

III. Moral Philosophy.

IV. Theology; and the Christian Evidences.

V. Christian doctrine; Christian Ethics, Biblical Exposition, and the Principles of the Spiritual Life.

It may be that in forming this classifica-

tion, as to its order, we have followed the guidance of a conjecture as to what will be the relative longevity of the several Essays and Treatises—which conjecture, in fact, may prove itself quite groundless, and concerning which there may be room now for differences of opinion. We are disposed to take up the various materials before us, beginning with those treatises which, bearing as they did upon those movements of his times of which Chalmers was the soul, and which have long ago passed their season, are, as we imagine, likely the soonest to be seldom read, if not altogether forgotten. It will be no disparagement to the permanent repute of this great man, if it be found that his enduring fame rests upon what he accomplished in those regions of thought which are the most remote from the fitfulness and the perturbations of secular, and local or national interests, and which abide substantially the same from age to age.

It is no doubt true, that in those of his writings which we assume to possess the least of an enduring quality and an intrinsic merit, there is much of what is instructive—sound as it is in principle—and which may therefore be made available in all times and places. And yet, as to these same principles, it is probable that the men of the next age may incline rather to take them up, practically wrought out as they were in Chalmers' own course of life, than as they are laboriously argued in his writings. The history of his beneficent achievements—the mere narrative of his useful life, not only has more force and carries more of available instruction, but it comes to us in a more condensed form. Chalmers' elaborate pleadings—his defences—his counter-statements—his endless clearings up—his many iterations—and his lavish figures, might indeed be eagerly listened to when his voice quickened the soul of an audience; but in the reading of the same (and it will be so more and more as time runs on) they tend to exhaust patience, rather than to instruct. It is eminently true of subjects of this class—to wit, the topics of social science, of municipal economics, and of ecclesiastical polity, that a severe condensation, as to the style, is the one excellence upon which a lasting reputation must turn. In relation to those great social questions which never remain seven years together in quite the same position, Chalmers' pub-

lie course will be appealed to in confirmation of this or that rule or principle; and perhaps his writings on this class of subjects may continue to be sometimes cited; but they will not, as we think, like the "Wealth of Nations," and a very few other books, continue to be read, as a matter of course, by every student in this department. In expressing an opinion such as this, little disparagement is implied; and, in fact, none but what Chalmers' well-sustained reputation may easily afford.

Chalmers, if it were required of us to characterize him in a word, was the man—great in action: he was the man to give a needed and an irresistible impulse to whatever he applied his Herculean shoulder. The world—or that world where-with he concerned himself, he would not, and could not, and he did not, leave just what and where it was when first he looked about upon it; for that first glance moved his soul to its depths; moved it, not with scorn—not with malign antagonism—not with a wild, unknowing enthusiasm—not with despondency; but with a hopeful and a reasoning confidence—a calculated trust in the efficacy of those forces, those energies of renovation which, if well employed, and manfully worked, will not fail to bring about a better state of things, more or less complete. Chalmers was the man to give a healthful impulse to all things around him; but he was not the man to give them altogether a new direction. He was just so far the philosopher as an accomplished man must be who concerns himself at all with the things of philosophy; but he was not (as we presume to think) a philosopher in any higher sense; or in any sense that should give him a place of his own among those who have wrought out a scheme of thought for themselves, and for their times. The *Thought* of this present age has not pivoted itself upon Chalmers' mind. He was the philanthropist, eminently so; and his understanding was of that robust order which utterly forbade his giving himself up to any of those vaporing modes of enthusiasm which so often bring all philanthropy into contempt. By an instinct quicker and surer than the guidance of reason—although reason never failed to come up to his aid, he rejected whatever was visionary and impracticable, or not at the moment practical; and by the same instinct, duly sustained as it was by the

force of the dialectic faculty, he seized upon whatever was good and right in the main, and also sound in principle, among things actually existing and constituted, and which may be made available for immediate purposes: these he took up, and upon these he worked with a prodigious energy, and with an industry—rare excellence—commensurate with that energy. Decisively conservative in temper, and reverential too in feeling, his aim was to bring up the *things that are* as near as possible to their normal state of effectiveness: he labored to reinstate—to invigorate—to quicken the languid pulse of the social body; to redress, to clear away from it encumbering accumulations. But there he stopped.

Wanting almost entirely, as we shall have occasion to show, the analytic faculty, wanting also the severe critical faculty, and wholly wanting that melancholic element which leads minds severely reflective to distrust obvious conclusions, and to scrutinize all things that are offered to their assent, Chalmers sent down his line into no abyss: he himself, as to the dim world of painful speculation, had never trodden a path, like that of Bunyan's Christian, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. As a most kind-hearted man, his sympathies were awake toward all kinds of trouble, whether of mind, body, or estate; but specially and intellectually he had no sympathy with minds deeper rooted than his own, or more discriminative, or more exact, or more analytic, or more scrupulously honest toward their own misgivings. Such minds, in approaching his, would quickly discover that from *him* they would not receive the aid they needed.

And thus it is as to his philosophic writings. Admirably adapted as they were to effect their immediate purpose—a purpose conservative and confirmatory, as related to the diffuse intellectuality of the times when they appeared, and well adapted too, as they may still be, to meet the same order of intellectuality at this time, or in any time future, they wholly fail to satisfy the conditions of philosophic discussion, such as it has of late years become. It may seem unfair to require of a man—of a teacher, that he should forecast the progress of opinion for half a century in advance of his own times; but this at least may be said, that while a writer who touches the boundaries of thought in all

directions is likely to anticipate the recurrent theories of times future, he who stops far short of those limits is likely to be numbered with the antiquated at the very next coming on of a crisis in speculative philosophy. If, in these last times, religious relief has had to contend with more than enough of flippant sophistry, it has also come to stand its ground in opposition to deeply-wrought speculative systems, against which writings like those of Chalmers, whatever ability they may display, afford little or no defence. And besides, in the tone and style of these apologetic writings, as toward gainsayers, these Essays are less applicable than perhaps they might have been to the purposes for which they were intended. That firm conservative temper, and that reverential feeling, which we have just now spoken of, and which made Chalmers the thoroughgoing and uncompromising champion of the Creed of his Church, impelled him also to look out upon the host marshalled on the other side with a lofty and indiscriminating disapproval; these opposers—one and all—were, in his view, “the enemy;” howbeit more than a few of that antagonist host would gladly have accepted CHRISTIAN TRUTH, if only it had been presented to them in its purity, as severed from the national Creed. Yet to render even this service—a service on the side of Christianity so needful, and yet so rarely attempted, namely, to present the TRUTH apart from the Creed—Chalmers, although large-hearted enough, and bold enough, and broad enough in his habits of thinking, lacked some qualifications. Nevertheless he might have addressed himself to the task, if only he had come to see the urgent necessity there is for doing it, and especially if he had perceived how urgent this necessity is, as related to the Christianity of Scotland, where the close adhesion of the Creed to the Truth—the entombing of the Truth within the Creed—has in modern times forced so many of her choicest minds into a position of antagonism, whether open or latent, to the latter. An obstacle in Chalmers’ way, which perhaps he would not have surmounted, even if he had clearly seen his call to enter upon that ground, was what we have named as his strong inbred feeling—might we say, his Churchman’s feeling of alarm lest a pin of the Tabernacle should be loosened by presumptuous hands. Moreover, there was a difficulty in relation to a task of this

kind which he would not easily have overcome; for it took its rise in the very constitution of his mind. This, as we have said, contained too little of that discriminative severity, or of that penetrative exactitude which is required in parting off the great and deep things of Christianity from the offensive asperities and the crudities that had their origin in a rude, revolutionary, and fanatical period. Scotland—and England too, in a different sense—yet waits the advent of one equal to her own Chalmers in grandeur of soul, and in moral energy, who shall take up the work of her renovation at the point where he left it unattempted, and shall give her at length a Christianity far larger than any Confession, and burdened with no burdens that are of man’s devising.

Diverse as are the subjects embraced in the compass of Chalmers’ works, the mode of reasoning throughout them, and the style, are much the same everywhere. This mode and this style are clearly indicative of the history of his mind, as well as of the several positions he occupied toward the Church and the world. When first his powerful intellect woke up to a consciousness of what is termed “evangelic doctrine,” he looked around him and found, on almost all sides, that this doctrine, although it still held its place as the authentic belief of the Church and the nation, had lost its hold, very generally, of the heart and soul both of the ministers of religion and of their hearers. The conviction that this was the actual state of things around him, wrought mightily in his mind and spirit, and it roused him to undertake the work in which his success was signal—that of calling back ministers and people to the realities of their own admitted faith. In prosecution of this great work, which was essentially unlike that of the Reformers, his style formed itself upon the leading conditions of the task before him. He seized those principles and doctrines which were not in dispute between himself and his hearers, and he strenuously insisted that these doctrines should be readmitted to their due place of influence over the heart, the conscience, and the conduct of men. Hence comes much of that iteration which is so prominently the characteristic of Chalmers’ style, and of that patience-trying practice of turning an argument over and over a dozen times. The Preacher, the Professor, the Writer, has his eye fixed

always upon that mountain mass of popular inertness which he must break his way into and overturn; and he is slow to believe that, after all, he has done his work efficiently. He has his eye fixed upon certain rigid and inveterate formalities, trebly fenced against assault; and after he has carried the outworks, he is doubtful of his own success, and returns upon the ground ever and again, and is fain to look back anew to assure himself of his conquest. Throughout the early years of his course, and indeed throughout the whole of that period in which his style was in process of formation, his office, his calling, was that of the champion intent upon achieving a victory, and maintaining the Right against all comers.

Although the entire Works, as now before us, are susceptible of the classification above stated, no purpose which we have in view in this Article requires a strict adherence to it. We intend nothing more than to take a glance at the mass, commencing with those of its constituents which, in our opinion, possess the least of an enduring quality, and going on to those of which it may be thought that they will take a permanent place in English religious literature. We therefore take up first the volumes on

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—To enter here upon any questions belonging to this science would be quite out of place, and ill-timed also, as related to Chalmers' treatment of the subject. The volumes now named, and others of the series, bearing upon kindred subjects, should be looked into as exponents of his power of mind—his logical force, and that statesman-like breadth of view and capacity which distinguished him as a controversialist. But these treatises can scarcely be regarded as having taken a place permanently among authorities in the science. We are far from affirming that he has not, in these and other of his writings, won some lasting repute in establishing certain points; but we believe there are few, if any, who are conversant with these subjects, that would now care to vindicate for him a claim to a foremost rank among the masters and teachers of this branch of philosophy, still in course of development as it is. The years that have elapsed since Chalmers first took up these questions have not only been marked by the appearance of works of the highest merit; but more than this, during these eventful

years social and commercial changes have come about, affecting not this country only, but Europe, America, the world, which few or none of the men of that time had dreamed of, and which, if they had lived to witness them, must have compelled them to abandon some of their favorite dogmas, and greatly to modify others.

Chalmers' economic writings give evidence of a masculine energy, a power of holding and of dealing with those intricately related abstractions which constitute the materials of the argument in this department. Whether right or wrong in his doctrine, he swayed his argument this way and that with ease. In the logic of the science he was expert, with its methods he was familiar, and he had affixed for himself a determinate meaning to its principal terms. We may believe him to be wrong, but we do not find him bewildered, or crushed under a burden that is too heavy for his shoulders. Smitten as he was with the charms of an hypothesis which started the world, (Malthus' Essay,) but which has had its day, and yielding himself too readily to its parade of demonstration—to its partial array of facts—to its conclusions so hastily concluded, he instantly saw how well this doctrine concerning population might be built upon for giving support to those further inferences of which his instincts and his principles as a moralist, and as a Christian minister, and as a warm philanthropist, impelled him to make himself the champion. Whatever there is in these economic writings which approves itself to our convictions on grounds of mere humanity, and of Christian feeling, is true *so far*; but these things are legitimately available as a basis for the inferences which the author builds upon them, only when they have been brought into their place as modified by considerations which Chalmers in his earnestness quite overlooks, or is not aware of, or which he misunderstands. Who can find fault with anything that is indeed *moral* in what he urges and reiterates about the usefulness of the "moral restraint," considered as a force counteractive of the law of increase?—but when we come to the question of "early marriages," and of protracted or absolute celibacy, an even-handed morality has something else to say on this point; and besides, there are facts physiological and ethico-physiological, which also demand to be well thought of and considered. If it

were to be alleged that Chalmers was a one-sided thinker, we should affirm, on the contrary, the breadth and grasp of his intellect, and we could adduce many convincing instances of his aptitude in planting himself on opposite sides of a subject. But when, at the bidding of his own powerful feelings, he surrendered himself to a particular dogma, he did not always hold himself free from that species of entanglement which so often drags able logicians far astray from the fields of a tranquil and a true philosophy. Nothing is so little to be trusted to as "demonstrations which you cannot answer;" nothing is more fallacious than "tables;" nothing is more to be suspected than "facts admitted on all sides;" nothing so like a broken reed as "an established axiom in political science." The great man before us was often led away by his "tables" and his "facts;" but more often was he snared in his own massive logic.

The great ends he aimed at in concerning himself with politics or political economy, were those higher purposes relating to the well-being of the lower classes, which, as a Christian moralist and a Christian pastor, he so devoutly and so devotedly sought to realize. We find him, then, quite on his proper ground in those of his writings which naturally take their place after the Political Economy, and the cognate treatises, and which flow from these as consequences, and as practical deductions.

Pursuing Chalmers' course as tending more and more toward his true position as the Christian divine, and, if not the philosopher, yet the philosophic theologian, and the bold champion of religious truth, we next take up that *Essay on the Christian Evidences*, which is not merely the earliest in date, but which first brought the writer into view before the English public. It is unnecessary here to recur to the circumstances under which it at the first appeared in 1813: we now take it as it stands in the series of the collected works, in which it takes its place as the third and fourth volumes.

A considerable portion of this *Essay* consists of summary statements, or abridged recitals of the staple Christian argument—an argument which has never been refuted—such as it is found in the writings of Lardner, Paley, Blount, and others. These synopses, or condensed evidences, call for no other remark than this, that

they are characteristic of Chalmers, both in mind and temper. As to temper, he had an openness and a candor which led him to admire, and freely to avail himself of, the authenticated products of other minds. There was in him a reverential feeling toward all those who might be named as the "canonized" of philosophy and literature—the few who have been unanimously voted to pedestals in the temple of fame. Free as he was from selfish ambition, and superior to the egotism of authorship, no sinister jealousies stood in his way when, in the course of an argument, he found other men's labors ready to his hand, which might be brought forward and commended, and perhaps incorporated with his own train of reasoning. It need scarcely be said that, in any such instances, he would have abhorred to act the plagiarist. In frequent instances Chalmers followed the guidance of others; but if, in any case, this sort of following was a fact of which himself was conscious, he made the reference and the acknowledgment in the most ample manner. But these legitimate borrowings are also characteristic of Chalmers' order of intellect. Bold, large in his grasp of subjects, statesman-like, business-like, prompt to seize the salient points of an argument, and singularly firm in his logical hold of whatever he held, he was not a suggestive, explorative, penetrative thinker. His intellectual habit was not that which impels, or which compels a man to pass his entire material of cogitation, even every atom of it, through his own mind, and in doing so to make it his own, whencesoever it may, in the first instance, have come to him. Whatever he believed to be sound, right, and logically available, Chalmers took up, and carried it to its place, in any discussion which for the moment engaged him. This he did, in part, as a practice, forcing itself upon a man so deeply occupied as he was in active life; but mainly (as we think) as the consequence of his individual structure of mind.

In illustration of what we are here affirming, it might be enough to refer the reader to the three concluding chapters of this *Essay*. It would be unfair to take these chapters in hand as if they had been recently composed, and were now put forth. We must believe that, at this time, Chalmers would materially have qualified many passages which, as they stand, must give pain to those who, as

zealous as himself for the genuine authority of Holy Scripture, have thought more upon the subject of inspiration than he had done, and who have taken pains to inform themselves better as to the condition of the argument as a question of fact. The chapters to which we refer are curious specimens of that logical style which has prevailed among a certain class of theologians; as thus: a position is assumed; it is, let us grant, mainly good and valid; but it is reasoned from unacceptively, and it is pursued as if the reasoner were utterly unconscious of serious difficulties standing in his path, and which should be met or removed, sooner or later in the argument. These chapters of the "Christian Evidences," if they came before us from the pen of an inferior writer, a dogmatizing theologian, would not seem to merit any sort of notice in reply: we should leave them to be forgotten, and the sooner the better. Coming as they do from a mind such as that of Chalmers, they give weight and urgency to the demand of this present moment—that the doctrine of Inspiration should now at length be set clear of the many confusions which still attach to it; and that this work should be so done as not to leave staggering difficulties unnoticed and unheeded; while a genuine and untroubled faith in the authority of Scripture is brought to rest upon its true grounds. This is a work for the undertaking of which neither was the Christian world in his time prepared, nor was Chalmers himself specially qualified. It might be asked, Is the Christian world, even at this time, prepared for entertaining, intelligently and reverentially, freely, boldly, and religiously, that great and arduous argument which has so long stood waiting its time, and which is to determine what we mean by the hackneyed terms, Revelation, and the Inspiration of Holy Scripture? If an answer to this question were peremptorily demanded, it must be, we think, of this conditional sort: The Christian world is at this moment no better prepared to listen to a dispassionate discussion of this subject than it has been at any time heretofore: it is not so, because none have come forward to take it up, and to deal with it, in whom, as to their competency, as to their freedom from entanglements, and as to the thoroughness of their religious principles, it has any well-grounded confidence. But further, it may confi-

dently be assumed, that such a state of preparedness will ensue, as if instantaneously and spontaneously, whenever the men, or the man, shall step forward who shall be able to command the respect and attention of the Christian community, and in presence of whom intemperate and ill-informed persons shall feel abashed, and shall hold their peace. When this cause shall come on for a hearing, there must be proclaimed "Silence" in the heaven of theological debate. But we return for a moment to the volumes on the Christian Evidences.

This Essay first appeared in 1813, forty-three years ago; and as to the core of the reasoning, it is as sound and as available now as it was then. Chalmers' revision and correction of the argument against Hume stands entire; and as to his own mode of refuting the flimsy sophism of the "Essay on Miracles," it is clear and unexceptionable; it is so, because Hume's cobweb may be swept away by more brooms than one; it needs no such refined process as Campbell and others had imagined to be necessary for the purpose: only bring it to the test of facts; let us see, in some half-dozen instances, which might be easily adduced, what becomes of the demonstration alleged to abate or destroy our confidence in testimony. Chalmers well states the fact that human testimony may be of such a kind, and it may be presented in such a form of complicated and intimate coherence, as would not merely *carry* our assent, but must *compel* it, even to the extent of its prevailing against our experience of the constancy of any natural phenomena whatever. All this is certain, and it is clear enough.

If, then, the question were asked, Is Chalmers' Essay on the Christian Evidences a book proper to be now put into the hands of an intelligent young man for the purpose of confirming him in his Christian profession? we should answer, Undoubtedly it is: let him read Chalmers and Paley, with one or two other books that treat the question concisely and forcibly, and he cannot go wrong. But if such a question were put with a more discrete meaning, and if the propounder of the question had in view the case of a thoroughly informed reader, one of those, to wit, who are fully conversant with the science and with the literature of the present time, then we must make excep-

tions to the Essay on two or three grounds.

None who were favored to have intercourse with Thomas Chalmers socially, can need to be assured that his personal dispositions were manly, cordial, generous, kind, sympathizing; but he was as *strong* in temper as he was robust in understanding; he fired at sophistry; he was hotly impatient of subterfuges and shams, and he was impatient toward any reasonings or difficulties of the sort with which, constitutionally, he had no sympathy, and the solidity of which he did not understand. Logic has to do with *propositions*—Yea and Nay: Philosophy has to do with *things*—with the things of visible nature, and with the things of mind; and its dealings with these things go far deeper down than do those of logic. But Chalmers was the categorical logician much more than the philosopher; his intellectual destination was to the senate—to the House of Commons, or to courts of law—rather than to those silent places where the human reason, and the human spirit, converse with and explore the universe of matter and of mind. Therefore it was that Chalmers' opponent, real or imagined, in any argument, was a somebody who is to be strenuously fought with and knocked down, and tumbled over the city wall as a nuisance.

Besides, it behoves the reader of this great man's works at large, to keep in mind, we may say at almost every page, what was his position, and what was the feeling which he had of that position, as the notable champion of great, and then neglected principles in *Scotland*; or, to confine ourselves to the subject now in view, Chalmers stood forth in his time in defence of that Christianity, of the truth of which he had newly convinced himself, and of which he had been some time a minister. This Christianity was then assailed on all sides by men—some of them atheists and some deists—who stood around the church of Scotland, and who, alas! had, some of them, comfortably lodged themselves within its enclosures. But as atheism and unbelief are at all times reactions from the Christianity in and about which they arise, they take their semblance from it; they are reflections of it; they are counterparts or complements: they are negative photographs of the religion to which they oppose themselves; they show blacks for whites—

whites for blacks—all over. But we are all apt to be the most angered by that which, while it dares to contradict us, is yet, in some occult manner, a resemblance of ourselves. Hume, and the accomplished men of whom he was the leader and the idol, had formed no other conception of Christianity than that which, in their paternal homes, they had acquired in the course of their training, according to the religious fashion of an ill-conditioned by-gone time; this fact should be considered in mitigation of the disapproval to which they may fairly be liable.

Chalmers found himself on the battlefield opposed to men with whom the rejection of Christianity, such as it had always been offered to them, was, we may say, an inevitable consequence of the free development of thought in strong minds. But of this fact he had himself no distinct consciousness; we think he had no consciousness of it at all; his training and his professional feeling as a clergyman, and the non-discrete quality of his own mind, stood in the way of his coming to a perception of it. Hence it is, therefore, that the tone of this Essay, and so of many of his writings, and the cast of the epithets which he allows himself to use, are too pugnacious, too arrogant—they are, in fact, offensive in their apparent meaning; and therefore it is, that the Essay before us is less adapted to the present time, and to England, than its substantial merits would have made it.

And yet this is not all. During the years that have elapsed since this Essay appeared, the Christian argument, as it was carried on between Christian advocates and the several classes of those who opposed themselves thereto, has moved many steps in advance toward what must be the resting-place of the controversy—namely, a never-to-be-ended antagonism between Christianity and atheism in its simplest form. Historical and literary criticism have undergone much improvement of late, and these improvements—these more exact and more erudite modes of proceeding—have wrought a great change in the feeling of well-informed men towards the books of the New Testament (and those of the Hebrew Scriptures also) which corrected feeling places these writings, in a historical sense, far beyond the range of doubt or question. Moreover, during this same period, several elaborate and highly ingenious endeavors

to nullify the historical evidence, or to reduce it to a cloudy condition, have signally failed; and these abortive attempts, spurned as they are by the learned everywhere—in Germany as in England—have been handed over as a useful stock in trade to those inferior writers and popular lecturers who contrive to earn a miserable subsistence, as the apostles of atheism, among the common people.

But what, now, is the consequence of this movement and of this advance? It has produced a feeling which may thus be put into words: "As matter of *history*, your Christianity is now granted you; we do not care any more to encounter the argument on *that* ground; and as to what is supernatural, and the elimination of which from the historical element is, as we allow, very difficult, we abstain from expressing any distinct opinion concerning it; in fact, we do not trouble ourselves either to frame or to defend any such opinion, even if we had formed one; we are in possession of no hypothesis, thereto relating, which altogether satisfies ourselves. But granting, as we do, your Christianity in its historical aspect, and waiving the perplexed question of its supernatural accompaniments, we must claim for ourselves the right to step back, or rather to ascend to a higher position of theological speculation. You must needs allow us this liberty, because you come to us asking our submission to the Christian revelation on this very plea, namely—that it follows as a legitimate inference from the principles of natural religion. Be it so; but if it be so, then we must feel our way towards it, and we must touch firm ground upon this speculative path. Until we have reasonably disposed of some formidable difficulties, and until we have secured for ourselves a position—somewhere short of atheism, and short of pantheism too, and short of a deism that rejects the moral attributes of the Creator—until we have achieved all these arduous labors, we must postpone altogether the Christian argument." This plea for an indefinite adjournment of the question may, undoubtedly, be conclusively replied to; and it may be shown to be both insufficient and irrelevant. But such a showing is indispensable; and in attempting it, regard must be had to the depth and to the difficulty of the subject, as seen from the position which cultivated minds have come into anew at this present time.

On this ground it is not the most irrefragable *verbal* logic that will serve us; it is no nicely-worded propositions, put together in the most approved technical order, that will help us at all. It must be a large, a cordial, and a genuine philosophy: it must be a *true* metaphysics; and this metaphysics must be inclusive of the axiom that, to those who occupy a place as we do in this world, in the midst of a system wherein evil so much abounds, the attainment of a point of view toward which all lines might be seen to converge, is an achievement which should not be thought of as possible; for, to suppose it attainable, is just to assume that disorder is only a form or a disguise of order, and that evil is good.

It is in *this* sense, therefore, that Chalmers' Essay on the Christian Evidences, though it will always be popularly available, and though it may without any scruple be put into the hands of unsophisticated young persons, must fail to recommend itself to those who are conversant with the course of thought at the present time, and who have passed through the discipline of an intellectual education.

But we have now to see in what manner Chalmers deals with these arduous antecedent questions. We look, therefore, to the two volumes of—

NATURAL THEOLOGY.—At the outset of an argument which, if it is to bring conviction to an *instructed* reader, should be purely scientific in its method, and abstinetly concise in its style, we have to regret those faults of method and style which tax our patience even when the author is not acting as our guide in the region of abstract philosophy; we need scarcely say that we refer to his wonted method of cumulative and redundant illustration, and to his rhetorical, not to say factitious style. The pellucid stream of thought, flowing without noise in a channel that is well defined and not tortuous, is that to which the reader would willingly surrender himself in this region. Chalmers' course of thinking whirls itself through many eddies, and hurries us onward at a stormy speed; but too often he brings us round to a spot which is at no perceptible distance from the point of departure. It is these uninviting characteristics of his style which must, as we imagine, confine his philosophical writings to a comparatively narrow sphere; they

are substantially valid in argument, and they may with entire confidence be used for purposes of popular instruction; we mean they may be put into the hands of intelligent and Christianly trained young persons; but they must not be brought forward when we have to do with those who are acute, accomplished, and thoroughly instructed.

In the first chapter of this treatise—"On the distinction between the ethics of Theology, and the objects of Theology," a true distinction is well stated and insisted upon. But a few pages might have sufficed for conveying it to the intelligent reader with precision. The illustrative comparison between the mathematics of astronomy, and the observed facts of the science, is indeed pertinent; but the four or five ideas which this distinction and this illustration bring together, are, in this chapter, turned over and over again with so unsparing a profuseness, that they are made to fill as many as fifty-six pages! This prefatory chapter, therefore, would at once discourage a reader whose habits of thinking are scientific, and whose literary taste is at all fastidious. A passage in the next chapter, which Chalmers quotes from John Foster, exhibits all the difference between his own order of mind and that of one who could be philosophical, even when rhetorical; and who, when he amplifies, does so by exhausting his subject—not by holding up some of its constituent ideas in twenty aspects that are nearly identical. The second chapter reiterates the argument of the first, and might be listened to with pleasure as a sermon: and indeed it would read well if condensed within the compass of three paragraphs, prefatory to a philosophical essay. It is after making our way through nearly a hundred pages that we come upon the real argument of the treatise.

Nor have we gone far before we meet with evidence of the author's peculiar powers of mind; as, for instance, in his exposition of the illusory quality of the *a priori* argument, as propounded by Dr. S. Clarke. In this chapter, as well as in the next, wherein Hume's atheistic doctrine is considered, the instructed reader may perhaps desire a stricter process of analytic reasoning; but undoubtedly it is robust good sense which is here brought to bear upon a specious sophism; and, battling some redundancies, and some repetitions of reasoning which occur elsewhere,

a substantial argument is very effectively and powerfully presented. Yet, in fact, available as these chapters are, (IV. and V.) it would be needful, if we were directing the studies of well-informed young men, or of those who intend to become well-informed, to show them that the line of reasoning pursued by Chalmers, when he undertakes to be the critic of Hume, may be presented in a manner which is much less open to exception, and which may be brought within less compass. This, in fact, has been done by several recent writers.

In the fifth chapter, on "the Hypothesis that the World is eternal," hat want of severe analytic reasoning which damages the preceding portion of the argument, leads the author to risk the whole of it by stepping upon ground which must be judged to be at the best very precarious. The theistic argument, as it stands opposed to Hume's sophism, is good, irrespective of any determination of the question concerning the world's origin *in time*, or its alleged eternity. We may state the case thus: a book which happens to be just now under my eye, may have been produced last season, or a thousand, or five thousand years ago; or its origination may stretch out into the infinitude of past time; nevertheless, and whichever of these suppositions I assume to be true, its pages—let me open the book where I may—bring me at once into correspondence and communion with another mind, namely, the mind of the author, and I find it to be a mind like my own in its constitution; it is the same in its rational structure; and it is like my own also as to its tastes and as to its sensibilities. The mind of the author, with which his book has brought me into this vivid correspondence, must have been greatly superior to my own, as to its range of knowledge, and as to its powers, and as to the compass and elevation of its moral sentiment, for I cannot imagine myself to have written a book such as this; and yet, now that it is written, and now that it has come into my hand, every page, every paragraph, and each line of it, is intelligible to me: and it is so, although I dare not flatter myself so far as to think that I could have written it; nevertheless, I may at least take to myself the consciousness of knowing that, as the reader of it, I am such a reader as the author himself would have wished for. In reply to my eager in-

quity, Who was the author? or when did he live? you may tell me perhaps that no one knows; or that he lived and died a million years ago; or you may say that the book itself has always been in existence, and is eternal. You do not mean the paper and the ink, for these are perishable, and are even now, as it appears, in course of decay. That, then, which is eternal, must be the thoughts—the feelings—the tastes—which are therein embodied. What I hold in my hand—the paper—is recent, is perishable, for it is material; but that which is imperishable is the symbolized mind and soul of the author; this, whencesoever it may have proceeded, allies itself instantaneously with my own mind, and claims kindred with it irresistibly: with this mind and soul—with this intelligence—with this feeling, I hold communion—like with like commingling; and this communion of spirits quickens, elevates, expands my own faculties, intellectual as well as moral. But now I lay aside *this* book, and turn toward a greater book—even the Material Universe. Is the world—the Cosmos—eternal? I do not know: but whether it has had its birthday or not, yet let me open its pages where I may—and this is true of every page which hitherto I have been able to open and to read—it sheds light upon my reason, and gives instantaneous energy to my thoughts: it kindles the intellect, it kindles the noblest emotions; it awakens tastes: every page of this Book of the World becomes to me, as I go on to read it, a new education; the study of it is a new life to the mind, to the heart, to the imagination. In the study and contemplation of this material universe I am daily abiding in the company of a Teacher whose every word is wisdom and goodness. Where does He dwell? I know only that “He inhabiteth eternity.” He is not visible as the material world itself is visible; but that He is, I have evidence which is more copious, a thousand times, than any which I have of the existence of other minds around me. If there be, indeed, any meaning in the noted axiom—“I think, therefore I am,” there is the same meaning in this version of it—other minds around me think, and therefore they are; that they do think, I have proofs numberless, and proofs as good as that which I take as evidence of my own existence. But if other minds exist, so does that Creative Mind, with which I hold communion in the material universe.

But further: Chalmers risks more than he should have risked, when he goes about to make the theistic evidence of the origin of the world rest upon the chronology of the Mosaic books. In doing this he misstates the case as to the Modern Geology. Instructed persons who maintain, as well they may, the truth of the Bible, geology allowed, carefully abstain from a pugnacious style, as if they felt themselves, while standing on their own ground, to be confronted with “geologists.” They well know, that what they have to do with, and what they should make room for in their religious belief, is not “the daring speculations of geologists,” but the incontestable facts of geology, and that to kick at geology can be no proof of wisdom. The modern astronomy convinced our predecessors, that the Hebrew Scriptures are true, if only they are interpreted under the guidance of common sense. The modern geology repeats this same lesson, although in other terms. Chalmers, in another mood, or if he were writing at *this* time, would readily have granted as much as this; indeed he does grant it in other places.

Very much of this Natural Theology, as of his other writings, would be quite proper in a popular lecture, or as a sermon, for it is substantial as well as impressive; but, in its actual form, the tendency of some parts of it is to suggest an atheistic rejoinder to the mind of any reader whose habits of thinking are exact, and who is well informed in abstract philosophy. There are young men whose atheistic surmises would become ripened into absolute atheism while reading this treatise. In the first place, the frequent repetitions are disheartening to those who easily admit an idea if it be *once* expressed with perspicuity, and who are offended by its recurrence a dozen times in a single chapter. A neat thinker takes all care (if he be composing a philosophical treatise) to convey his meaning, once for all, in the fewest and in the best terms. But Chalmers, when a notion or a doctrine strikes him as highly important, and especially if he regards it as subversive of some serious popular error, is never content with a first, a second, a third, presentation of it: he must say the same thing, in almost the same words, until the patience of the reader is fairly exhausted. It would be easy, but not useful, to adduce instances from the first and second chapters of the second

book, more than enough of this kind. We should not now advert to it at all, if it did not seem to us seriously important to caution a certain class of readers against the mistake of supposing that well-instructed theists at this time would be content to abide by the issue of an argument conducted in the manner of Chalmers, as seen in his philosophical writings.

Candid as he was, and superior to the small jealousies of mere authorship, he would himself, we fully believe it, have allowed Paley's superiority to himself, in respect of style, and as to the mode of treating a subject of this kind: his eulogy of Paley conveys implicitly, almost explicitly, a disparagement of himself. Paley, he says, "attempts no eloquence; but there is all the power of eloquence in his graphic representation of classic scenes and natural objects: without aught of the imaginative, or aught of the ethereal about him; but, in virtue of the just impressions which external things make upon his mind, and of the admirable sense and truth wherewith he reflects them back again, does our author, by acting the part of a faithful copyist, give a fuller sense of the richness and repleteness of this argument than is or can be effected by all the elaborations of an ambitious oratory." In his writings, "we have altogether a performance neither vitiated in expression by one clause or epithet of verbiage, nor vitiated in substance by one impertinence of prudent or misplaced imagination." To cite the entire passage which Chalmers generously devotes to the praises of Paley, would be to bring forward a curious sample of his own overdone style.

A passage which concludes the second book of this treatise, is noticeable, as being an instance—somewhat rare, we think, in the author's works—of his sympathy with those saddened meditative speculations which sink some minds almost down to the abyss of despair. We may, perhaps, find occasion to recur to this passage. But it is when the course of his reasoning in this treatise leads him upon the ground where he was always at home, that we find his great powers of thought and expression fully expanded, and this with such energy as to induce in the reader a happy oblivion of everything but the writer's genius.

In the chapters "On the Supremacy of Conscience," as well as those which follow on analogous subjects, Chalmers may have

been more or less indebted to his predecessors, especially to Bishop Butler, to whose sermons he makes a careful reference; but the staple of thought is his own, and these chapters, occupied as they are with the weightiest moral and theistic doctrines, possess a merit which ought to give them permanence in this department of philosophic literature. Or, if this perpetuity be questionable, it must be on the ground of those interpolated discussions upon political or ecclesiastical subjects, which the author's peculiar opinions induced him to admit, and in admitting which, his vehement feelings overpowered his sense of fitness. The "English Poor Law," and the "Tithe System of the English Church," hurry him away from the prosecution of a lofty argument, and give a polemical and an ephemeral aspect to a treatise in the perusal of which one class of ideas—the moral and the theological—should, without distraction, have occupied the reader's mind. A serious and a right-minded reader, when he comes on a sudden upon a social question which is now quite obsolete, relating to the stormy controversies of times gone by, is likely to throw the book aside in a fit of disgust. Yet in giving way to any such impatience he would do himself a disservice; for the chapters which follow well deserve his careful attention. The several topics which they treat of have been ably handled by recent writers; but if by some with more precision, by none with more power.

MORAL AND MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—In all departments of thought or of action with which he concerned himself, Chalmers appeared, first as the Champion, and then, and in a secondary sense, as the Philosopher—or we might say, he was the well-instructed Philosopher, just so far as was needful to constitute his qualification as the Champion of religious principles, considered under their philosophic aspect. It was in this manner that he put forth the principal truths of the Christian system, as worthy of "all acceptance;" and thus also whatever relates to the welfare of men in society. In very few instances, as we think, has he made any noticeable contribution to science strictly speaking. But it was with instinctive sagacity, and with a robust force, that he seized upon whatever is of primary importance.

As to truths already admitted, these he

took up almost without scrutiny, concerning himself little with their constituent elements; but he saw where they had got mingled with popular errors, and where they had suffered obscuration from the advances of a false philosophy; and then, with a high hand, he came in to the rescue: he overthrew his opponents right and left; he cleared up popular misapprehensions, and came off with applause; and it was a well-earned applause. This, as we venture to affirm, is the light in which we should look at this great man's philosophic writings; they are powerful, common-sense pleadings for certain momentous principles, which, in his day, had become entangled, either popularly or learnedly, with errors that had crept over the national mind through a period of spiritual slumber. Chalmers, on behalf of a recovered Christianity, appears in the pulpit, and he rushes into the halls of universities, to seize and recover its own, for the Gospel.

It cannot be thought a good omen when a treatise, professedly scientific, opens in the style of theologic animation, as thus: "All must be aware of a certain rampant infidelity which is now abroad." A feeling of this kind, however warrantable it might be in the *Preacher*, ill suits the *Professor*; and under its influence he will fail to do, from the Chair, the work which might have been effectively done from the Pulpit, if the Chair had kept itself to its office—namely, the conveyance of abstract truth, in a purely scientific style—condensed, unimpassioned, yet not soulless. This "rampant infidelity," which seemed ever present to Chalmers' thoughts, whence had it come to darken Scotland to so great an extent—a religiously-minded and piously-educated country? or how was it that in Scotland, notwithstanding the strictly religious discipline through which all men had passed in their boyhood, how came it that so many of its brightest and strongest intellects had forsaken the religion of their early homes, and had, some of them, become the apostles of atheism—noted as such throughout Europe? An inquiry of this sort had not presented itself to Chalmers' mind: the mere statement would have startled, and perhaps have angered him; but if he had been led by it to institute a comparison between Scotland and England, (ecclesiastically considered,) between Scotland and Geneva, between Scotland and Germany

—Calvinistic and Lutheran—his sagacity and his stern integrity, and his high moral courage, might have brought him into a position to discern the root of the mischief, and to attempt a remedy; and thenceforward leaving "rampant infidelity" to run out its own reckless course, and to work its own ruin, he would have given his giant energy to the more hopeful task of ridding his country and its Church of the thraldoms imposed upon them in a dark and evil age.

How little he had allowed himself to look into things remote from his path, and in how slender a degree he had made himself acquainted with facts out of his range, appears in that passage of the preface to the *Moral Philosophy* (and again in the first chapter) in which he denounces at large the German biblical criticism: he seems to have misunderstood its quality and office; yet we should keep in mind the fact, that a true discrimination, setting off the genuine German criticism from the spurious, had scarcely been effected, or even attempted, by the biblical scholars of his time.

Well and ably, in the first chapter, is the important distinction between Ethical Science and Intellectual Science, which in Scotland had been too little regarded, set forth and defended. Throughout this treatise, what might be called the independence of the moral element in human nature is boldly affirmed; Bishop Butler's doctrine is stated and elucidated, and Dr. Thomas Brown's signal failures on this ground are pointed out. In this respect, the *MORAL PHILOSOPHY* has, and will continue to have, a substantial value: Chalmers here makes it his task to rectify the mistake of his distinguished predecessors, of whom he justly says, that he "does not see in the writings either of Stewart or Brown any tendency to restore these topics (those of *Moral Philosophy*) to the place and the preëminence which belong to them." A merit may also be claimed for Chalmers, as compared with Brown, (whose proper merits he himself, however, fully admits,) on this ground, that whereas this acute analyst is always throwing himself back among the evanescent phenomena of his individual consciousness, as if to be the anatomist of his own mental structure were his only calling as a philosopher, Chalmers affirms the fact that—especially as to the emotions with which Ethical Philosophy has to do—the pheno-

menn themselves are gone, when they are thus subjected to scrutiny, and when the proper external excitement is no longer present. While we are analysing an emotion, we are not feeling it—we are only recollecting something about it. On the ground of this incontestable fact, he demands that Moral Philosophy should be made, far more than it has been, a science of observation, and that its materials should be sought for on the great theatre of common life, and among the palpable realities of the open and busy world—not in the darkened closet of the recluse philosopher.

Brown and others, although exact thinkers, have barely kept in view considerations so essential as are those which Chalmers insists upon in the first chapter of this treatise: "To learn the phenomena of moral feeling, the varieties of human life and character must be submitted to its (the mind's) contemplation. In a word, it is the mind that is most practised among externals, which is most crowded with materials for the philosophy of its internal processes; and we again repeat, that the way to be guided through the arcana of our subject is, not to descend into mind as into a subterranean vault, and then shut the door after us; but to keep open communication with the light of day, which can only be done by a perpetual interchange of notices between the world of feelings that is within, and the world of facts, and of illustrations, and of familiar experience, that is around us." Passages of this order, and they are more than a few, not merely give to this treatise a permanent value, but, on the ground of them, a claim might be advanced on behalf of the author, as entitled to special commendation, when placed in comparison with some of the leaders of the "Scotch Philosophy."

The following chapters of this treatise possess much substantial merit, and if they be perused as *Essays* on subjects intermediate between Moral Philosophy and Christian Ethics, or as occupying a ground common to both, they will be read with much satisfaction and great advantage. They suffer disparagement in the reader's esteem only when the volume is opened on the presumption that it is a strictly scientific disquisition: viewed in this light, large portions which the plain Christian reader may think the most instructive and the most "edifying," will,

to the well-informed reader, seem out of place. If, as Chalmers so often says, the sciences should not be allowed to interfere with each other obstructively, it is also true, and it is well to be remembered, that the several functions of public instruction should observe their proper limits—the professor of philosophy not attempting to preach from the chair; while the preacher should abstain from addressing to a promiscuous Sunday audience the themes of abstract science. But we are willing to grant to Chalmers an exceptional liberty, inasmuch as his powerful and impetuous mind, filled with vivid conceptions of momentous truths, pursued its course, whether in the chair or the pulpit, with an earnestness which gave uniformity to his style, and to his manner of treating all subjects—regardless almost of time, place, or of conventional modes.

CONGREGATIONAL SERMONS.—When we find this great man in the pulpit, we find him in his place—we find him where his mission, as related to his country, and to his times, makes itself the most conspicuous. Chalmers was the man—every intelligent hearer felt it with force, and every such reader of his Discourses must feel it in measure—why should we hesitate in saying it?—who was "sent from above" to revive, to restore, and to reëstablish the Christianity of Scotland. He had, in ample measure, the natural powers and the visible aspect—he had the form, the force, the vehemence, the earnestness, the boldness, and the majesty which befits a man who, without presumption, demands to be listened to, and who can always command the attention which he challenges. He was a man whom none could condemn—whom none could affect to turn away from, as if he were a fanatic, or a demagogue, or a caterer for popular applause. He seized upon the principal subjects of the Christian ministry—he did battle with those universally prevalent illusions, those fallacies and those various modes of self-deception which are springing up always and every where from the ground of human nature, such as it is, and which show nearly the same front in all countries and in all ages.

Chalmers, as a preacher, was a great preacher in this sense—that (for the most part) he occupied himself with First Truths, and treated them with a boldness, and a force, and a largeness of apprehension, which were in keeping with their in-

trinsic importance. To be great upon small matters is bombast; to be small upon great matters is imbecility; but to be great upon the greatest themes is that sort of fitness which the human mind recognizes always, and which the conscience bows to, whether willingly or unwillingly, and to which even the most contumacious dare not openly oppose themselves. Such a preacher was Chalmers; and on this ground it is safe to claim for him the benefit of a decisively advantageous comparison with two distinguished men—men whom he admired, and whom, to some extent, he followed—men as much his superiors in structure of mind, as greatly inferior to him when the three are thought of as Heaven's messengers to the world and to the Church. Every reader will know that we are thinking of Hall and Foster.

That affectionate reverence with which we think of Chalmers would quite forbid our bringing forward any one of the discourses included in these three volumes, with the intent of placing it side by side with the best of Robert Hall's discourses. We refuse to do this: a reader gifted with correct taste, and right feeling too, would resent an endeavor so ungenerous and superfluous. It is enough to say that while the one composition may be read and pondered, and relished in every sentence, and may be read again with undiminished zest, the other composition too often tempts the impatient reader to jump from page to page, and is rarely taken up a second time in the way of an intellectual indulgence. Grant all this: but what was the upshot of the ministrations of these two accomplished men? Here again, but on the other side, we will stop short of carrying an invidious comparison too far. Robert Hall, it is true, occupied himself with the highest themes in the circle of Christian teaching: and he treated these themes—need we say it?—with a graceful majesty, exquisitely fitting them. What could be looked for that was not actually found in the best of this orator's discourses? One went far to hear him; one risked ribs and life, almost, to obtain a sitting or a standing in the meeting-house where he was to preach; one listened to him breathless, or breathed only as if by permission at the measured pauses of his periods. At the conclusion of each head of discourse, one looked round to exchange nods of delight with

friends in the adjoining pews, or in the farthest corner of the distant gallery. "What a treat have we had this morning!" This accomplished preacher won in his day, and he deserved, a splendid reputation—a reputation perhaps unmatched in recent times. Nor should it be doubted that, in the long years of his ministration as the pastor of a congregation, he well fulfilled his part, and "gathered some fruit unto life eternal." Hall's sermons will always be sought after as classics in religious literature: but is not this nearly the sum of the account that can be given of him as a preacher of the Gospel? He made little or no appreciable impression, either theological or spiritual, upon the English religious mind; he brought about no crisis; he introduced no new era. As to the effect of his sermons upon the conscience of the individual hearer—let us be indulged for a moment in so speaking—it would have been quite a *contre-temps*, to have undergone a change for the better on such an occasion—in fact, no one nerved himself for the struggle of getting in where he preached with any such thought as that of coming out another man.

Chalmers' admiration of John Foster is well known. It was an admiration of that sort which may be taken to indicate the relative position of any two minds on the scale of intellectual endowments. He could not for a moment think of taking Hall as his exemplar, yet he *might* think so as to Foster, albeit Foster, as a profound and original thinker, was greatly Hall's superior; but between Foster's mind and that of Chalmers, there was one ostensible or apparent analogy, for there was the cumulative tendency in both; but this tendency in the one mind was as to its products, the heaping up of opulence, while that of the other (do not let us be misunderstood) was the filling a large space with few materials. But now, if these two men are to be measured, one against the other, either as masters in the great world of mind or of moral life, or as Christian teachers, Chalmers moves as a bright and burning light in a high sphere, where the flickering, melancholic lamp of Foster's overshadowed spirit could make no appearance—would be quite dimmed. Foster ministered to the religious intellectuality, to the mental luxuriousness, of a class of minds, many arithmetically; but they were not the masses. Chalmers held in his grasp almost the

entire mind of Scotland, (not now to speak of any wider influence,) and he so moved and so moulded that mind as to issue it forth anew, other than it was when he addressed himself to his task, and greatly amended.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.—We must here refer to a former article (in No. XXXIII.) as conveying briefly, but with deliberate conviction, our opinion of the high merits of this Exposition. It is our part now to say that further acquaintance with it has confirmed and enhanced that opinion. Yet this is not all. Chalmers' Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans have, in the years that have run out since they were delivered, acquired a new *relative* position, regarded as exponents of a form of Christian belief from which several highly accomplished writers have been, and are still, laboring to disengage the religious mind of this country. This is not a place suitable for entering upon a criticism of the recent philosophic Christianity; but it is a place, as we think, and we shall use it accordingly, for setting forth, in its fundamental principle, Chalmers' Christianity, as conveying implicitly a protest against these unsubstantial parhelion gospels.

In expressing, as we do, the hope that Chalmers' Discourses, and especially that these Lectures on the Epistle to the Romans, may long hold their place in the esteem of the Christian laity, and be regarded also as models of biblical interpretation by the rising ministry, we must be understood as doing so on the ground of a principle of biblical interpretation, which we consider to be at once definitely ascertainable, and clear of any such ambiguities as would render it nugatory, or slenderly available in practice. What then is this guiding principle? or otherwise to put the question, What is it that is tacitly assumed as unquestionable by *this* expositor, and which he takes for granted as between himself and his hearers or readers? In answering this question, let us shut off all grounds of exception; that is to say, let us exclude those exegetical principles in advancing which we should ask leave to differ from Chalmers; as, for instance, when, as in the closing chapters of the Essay on the Christian Evidences, he propounds his belief as to the inspiration of the canonical writings: we think his assumptions in this case are quite untenable; in truth, that they become *unintelligible*

when they are brought to bear upon the facts, such as they are; or rather, when these facts are brought to bear upon those assumptions. We think, moreover, that a belief so crude and so impracticable would at once have been abandoned by a mind as free and as large as was that of Chalmers, if only there had been placed before him the alternative of a consistent and integral DOCTRINE OF INSPIRATION, which, while it should save the *authority* of Holy Scripture in the most absolute manner, should allow scope for, and should invite, the freest methods of historical criticism. He had no such saving doctrine within his view; and therefore, conservative as he was in temper, and reverential too, and moreover, as a theologian, more of the Scotch than of the English school, he went over bodily to what he thought the safer side; not staying to adjust difficulties in the rear, or to square his belief with the stern realities of criticism. All this ground of difference we set off, therefore, as well as several other matters in relation to which, if the books before us were the work of a living author, we might think ourselves bound to take exception, or to make a protest. But further, although Chalmers does in various instances give his reader the benefit of his own acquaintance with the Greek text, yet, as we think, he might well have done this more frequently than he did; and also with a more precise regard had to the much advanced practices of modern biblical criticism—and especially to historical criticism. And again, to take another step forward, we imagine ourselves to discern, in certain of his doctrinal interpretations, the too binding influence of the national confession. There is a theological straitness, from the entanglements of which English churchmen, who are bound only to their Thirty-nine Articles, feel, or believe themselves to be happily exempt.

These several grounds of difference, more or less important as they may be, and open to discussion as they are, being allowed for, then we are at one with Chalmers on the vital question of the authority of the canonical writings, in matters both of moral conduct, and of religious belief. Or, instead of taking this wider range implied in the term, the Canonical Writings, we may confine our thoughts just now to that portion of them which is before us, namely, Paul's Epistle to the Romans; and, to give the greater preci-

sion to our averments, let us state the case as it touches the religious belief and the behavior of the individual man; even of every one who professes himself to be, in any intelligible sense, a Christian. If I call myself a Christian, I must believe that Christianity is, in a sense peculiar to itself, a conveyance of religious and moral truth from God to man; and if it be so thought of, then this system must be held to differ essentially from any of those other (real or supposed) leadings of the human mind toward truth and virtue, of which sages, and the founders of ancient religious systems, may have been the instruments. In a word, I must believe that the heavenly descent of the Christian doctrine was attested by the accompaniment of supernatural events; or to put my belief into the fewest words, I believe that Christ died, and that he rose from the dead. But then I believe that those principles and those precepts which are peculiar to the Christian system, and which stand out as characteristic of it, were, by the explicit authority, and (in whatever method) under the sovereign guidance of Christ, consigned to writings, even to the Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament canon. Further, after taking due pains to convince myself that, among these, the Epistle of Paul to the Romans is entitled to hold a place, I must believe that it conveys the mind of Him whom I regard as having been sent of God, to be at once the Saviour of the world, and its Sovereign Teacher.

To this writing, therefore, supposing that I read and interpret it in the sense intended by the writer, there attaches, in my view, the sanction and the caution conveyed in the words, "See that ye refuse not," or fail to listen to, "him that speaketh from heaven." It is in this persuasion, then, that I give myself to the perusal of the Epistle before me. I hold myself bound to gather thence my religious belief, and to be governed by its precepts, (rightly understood, in the spirit of them.) If thus I am governed in temper and in conduct, it is well; but if, wilfully, or from negligence, I fail to do so, it will go ill with me, here and hereafter.

On this ground we have before us what is perfectly coherent and intelligible, and what is practically available on all those occasions of the Christian life when a sure support is the most needed—when the

conscience is troubled, when the understanding has come under a cloud; and especially on those trying occasions when perplexity attaches to our path—morally considered. Differ as we might from an expositor such as Chalmers, we can imagine no shadow of difference to come between him and ourselves on *this* ground. We need to know authentically the mind and will of Him with whom we have to do; and we look to Holy Scripture that we may know it.

But is it so, at this time, that all who "profess and call themselves Christians," thus think, and thus acknowledge themselves to owe submission to the apostolical Epistles? Far from it: there are those—and they are not Unitarians, for they assure us that they are not; on the contrary, they call themselves orthodox—who admit no such obligation as this. How can they do so, for "modern modes of thought" refuse to conform themselves either to "Jewish" or to "Pauline notions"? Besides, if the Pauline Epistles are to be regarded as exhibiting the spiritual life in its highest and its normal state, then does it include certain extreme modes of feeling which (so we are assured) no calm and well-disciplined mind at *this time* can imagine itself to pass into, or could even wish to realize. This being the case, something must be done for the relief of those who, resolved as they are, from whatever motives, to remain within the Christian pale, cannot tolerate or listen to—say, an expositor of one of these epistles who takes the ground that is here taken by Chalmers. What, then, can be done to meet the difficulty? We apprehend nothing; or nothing which will bear looking into.

It is alleged that, in the course of a twenty years' ministry among heathen nations, barbarous and civilized, the religious opinions of Paul underwent many changes; or that they were so much moderated as that, at the time of writing the Epistles to the Thessalonians, he had held articles of belief which, at the time of writing his later epistles, he had seen reason to discard. If this were granted, then the consequence, if we are to take up this hypothesis as our guide in understanding these writings, is this: that we are free to choose, nay, we must make a choice, between the earlier Pauline belief and the later; we *must* do so if we propose, in any way, to gather our notions of

apostolic Christianity from the New Testament. But to which of these Christianities shall we give the preference? The later-dated theology may be that of a matured mind—its early extravagances and its exaggerations having been corrected by a more enlarged knowledge of the world. But, in fact, it may be the earlier-dated theology that is the very truth—even a bright and unimpaired impression of the heaven-given original! This pristine Gospel, perhaps, in the course of many toils, sufferings, perils, and mental depressions, may have lost its sharpness and its lustre. What we have before us, therefore, is an evenly-balanced alternative; and if we are free to choose the one of these theologies, and to reject the other, then are we not free also to reject both? If A. B. may take the first, and may refuse the second; and if C. D. may elect the second, and may disallow the first, how can we refuse to F. N. the liberty to spurn as well the first as the second? And if this be done, then it is certain that the Pauline Epistles must henceforth go to their place among other curious remains of ancient religious literature; they are indeed singular compositions, which the philosopher and the historian will think themselves bound just to look into, if not to peruse with care.

As far as the east is from the west, so far is any hypothesis of *this* sort remote from the principle assumed, and so religiously adhered to, in the Lectures before us. But are there not exegetical theories of an intermediate kind, by aid of which we may effect some sort of coalescence between the apostolic writings, and "modern thought"? We answer there are several such theories, and each is *apparently* available for saving our Christian consistency on the one hand, and our philosophic integrity on the other. Yet if this were the place for attempting such a task, we might undertake to demonstrate that every imaginable hypothesis which may be put together for serving a purpose of this sort, will bring us round, by a more or less circuitous route, to the same point, the issue of all being this, that the canonical writings have, in the process, been stripped of every claim to our regard, beyond that which may still attach to them as records of the opinions of a remote age.

But even if space and the fitness of the occasion did allow of our engaging in an

argument of the kind here specified, there would be room to put the previous question, and to ask, At whose challenge is it that we are required to debate this question at all, between Scriptural authority and its formidable antithesis, Modern Thought? An answer to the question is to be obtained by submitting Modern Thought itself to some analysis. What, then, are its elements, and whence has it come? How old is it? and who are the men that give it their support? To dismiss the last of these queries first, we must say that, as we are not intending to enter upon criticisms foreign to our subject, we abstain from introducing names, and shall simply express the wish, that those who believe themselves to have reached a position much in advance of that occupied by their educated contemporaries, and who designate themselves, and each other, as "the most advanced thinkers of the age," would be content to speak of themselves, individually, and not of any others, when they assure us, that no man who is not encased in obsolete prejudices, will now attempt to defend such and such positions. Let these "advanced thinkers" be content to say—if indeed anything so nugatory be worth the saying—that none of those who think precisely as they do, think any otherwise! If they would condescend to look about them, they might convince themselves that men who are every way their equals in power of mind, in freedom and independence of spirit, and in accomplishments, do profess, and are well prepared to maintain, those principles and doctrines which themselves have so inconsiderately rejected.

How old is Modern Thought? A few years only—we think ten years—in this country, will include the time within which this peculiar tendency and feeling has distinctly shown its characteristics. But whence has it come, and what is it?

Modern Thought, regarded as the opposite and the antagonist of an unexceptive submission to the authority of Holy Scripture, is, as we think, the indication, and it is the measure too, of that silent progress which Christianity has very lately made in embracing and in surrounding the educated and intellectual classes in this country, and in Germany. In times that are gone by, men of the very same class, and who did not come over to Christianity, allowed themselves either to assail it as an imposture, or they covertly

scorned it; and in society, as often as occasion served, or whenever none of the "cloth" were of the party, they put forth their rank ribaldries, and their stale morsels of atheism. No doubt there are those still who do the same thing; but they are the malign, the paradoxical, the ambitious, the overweening. One knows them in a moment by their flippancy and cant: there is no depth in them, no honest intention, no seriousness; they are scoffers; they have been such from their boyhood upwards; they blaspheme Heaven; they mock whatever they have no comprehension of; they vilify human nature in the concrete, and deify it in the abstract: they have a foul mouth whenever they can eject poison with an aim, and the mouth of adulation when praise is destined to come round to themselves.

Men of this class are becoming every day fewer; and they are descending lower in the social scale. But if persons such as these are set off, then there are everywhere to be met with, even in the best society—in and around colleges—and throughout the professions, (must we not admit it? and in truth in the clerical profession,) men who are highly cultured, who are correct in their habits, and nice in their tastes, and who might be pointed at as samples of intelligence and good feeling: they are the "elect" of the world of mind. At length Christianity has made these men its own, at least, so far as this, that they regard it, and speak of it, with respect: they have ceased to think it possible, or even desirable, if it were possible, to call in question its historic reality. The difficult problem of its supernatural attestations, they relegate. Among these persons there are differences on this question; some avowing their belief in the resurrection of Christ, and many of them wavering, from day to day, in their own convictions regarding it. There are those, still coming under the general description, who step forward much beyond this negative position, and who even profess a faith that is ample enough to warrant their subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. Nevertheless, as often as the undisputed grammatical sense of any doctrinal passage of Scripture is pressed upon them, as if it were authoritative, they draw back, and ask to take a position on much lower ground. Holy Scripture, with these ambiguous persons, is of authority in a broad or universal sense; but it is of little

or no authority in any particular instance to which it might be applied.

Historical criticism, in many cases, and philological criticism also, in many, and often the two conjoined, afford grounds enough of exception, which come in between any given passage of Scripture, and any one interpretation of it which should command our assent, as if it might rule, or overrule, our religious opinions. These special exceptions, founded on the criticism of the canonical text, considered as a merely human composition, are not of the substance of "modern thought:" they are its defensive weapons only. Modern thought, in its *substance*, is a congeries of all those refined theistic speculations, of all those baffled aspirations, of all those deep and distracting surmises—those exhalations of the abyss, and those miasmas of earth, to which Christianity itself has given intensity, and toward which it has rendered intellectual and sensitive natures cruelly alive. Or, if now we were to express nearly the same meaning in the old theological style, and after the fashion of our puritanical grandsires, we should say, that modern thought is "the striving and the wrestling of the natural man against the things of God when the conscience has become enlightened." Though it be so, yet we must exclude Christianity altogether from the regions and neighborhood of a highly developed intellectuality, and of refined moral feeling and taste; we must confine the Gospel strictly to the masses whose culture, from childhood, has been biblical *only*, if we would free ourselves entirely of this spectre, this modern thought, which, in a word, is Christianized thinking and feeling—short of Christian thought and feeling.

But we return to Chalmers' Lectures, which suggest a comparison full of significance at the present time.

Let an intelligent reader, who has himself passed through exercises of mind—through conflicts, the deepest and the most trying—let such a reader take up any of those recent books—we need not name them—in which Modern Thought has uttered itself—some covertly, and some boldly. We appeal to him, Will he be able to gather, out of these volumes, an intelligible and coherent religious system, as put together by these various laborers on the same field? We think he will not be able, with his best endeavors, to achieve any such task, nor even to

make an approach toward it. But our second question, unless it can be favorably answered, carries still more meaning. Let the reader—one who is candid and instructed—let him take in hand the writings of any one of the noted expounders of Modern Thought, and try his skill in the endeavor to make out exactly what it is which this one author means, or what it is which he wishes us to accept from him as a scheme of religious belief—a belief which we may profess, and may defend against assailants; or a belief to which a man might have recourse, as his stay and consolation, in the day of sadness and trial. We do not think that this could be done in any single instance; for the one characteristic, which is the *most characteristic* of the writers whom we have now in view, is mistiness, incoherence, and self-contradiction. Each of them is found to be building up a belief on one page, which he is seen to be pulling down on the next. It must be so; for principles eternally contradictory, the one of the other, are at war within him. It must be so, by the rule of an inexorable necessity, for those elements of confusion, which have jarred the universe, are, in these writers, racking the reason and the moral sense. In accordance with our statement of the case, vacillation and inconsequence should be the conditions of this Modern Thought; and we ask any reader who is familiar with this class of literature, if it be not so in fact.

But, now, let this same reader, whether or not he may relish all points of Chalmers' theology, let him institute a comparison on this ground: whether or not he may think his criticisms, in single instances, the most exact and the best possible; yet he will find, in these expository Lectures, a conspicuous unity of principle, a firm coherence of the parts as related to that principle; he will find the very opposite of that waywardness and variability, and that petulant contrariety, which are the characteristics of Modern Thought. Throughout these Lectures there is a deep and serious intention; there is a devout cogency, an honest explicitness, leading, and urging, and inviting us onward still upon the same path, toward the same conclusion. To *this* teacher we are never tempted to apply the apostolic dictum, "a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Throughout these Expositions all lines of thought

are tending toward one centre, namely, the indisputable authority of Holy Scripture in matters of religious belief. Here, then, a religious man—letting alone what does not seem to be of the substance of the author's meaning—will find that which every religious man will be looking for and must desire, and must meet with before he finds rest and peace: he is here presented with the constituents of a faith which satisfies the conscience, which elevates the affections, and which, in a sovereign manner, assumes to govern the life and temper. These four volumes a Christian man will open in those seasons when he needs all the aids which the Gospel can afford him; but as for the books which embody Modern Thought, even the best of them, he will, at such a time, turn away from them with the reproachful utterance, "Miserable comforters are ye all!"

And why is it so? Clearly from the very nature of the case. If we withdraw ourselves from that circle within which the apostolic writings are granted to exercise a determinative authority, we must either be content to remain to the end of life destitute of any settled religious opinions—and what discomfort, nay, misery, is this!—or we must frame a system for ourselves. But if we do this, it can never be more than a negation, as related to the belief which would have resulted from a submissive exposition of the text of Scripture. And not only must our religion have this negative character, but, between it and the next negation lower down on the scale, there is no fixed boundary, nor can there be any. What should prevent our receding and taking a still lower standing? And then, when we have reached it, why may we not repeat this descending movement, again and yet again? There can be no other reason for making a stand at any stage, than that which springs from an instinctive dread of sliding away toward the brink of a precipice.

THE ASTRONOMICAL DISCOURSES, which at the moment of their delivery, did so much in securing for Chalmers the lofty position which he thenceforward occupied as a pulpit orator, will probably maintain their place in our religious literature, and they may even take the lead among those of his writings that will be permanently popular. The line of argument pursued in these Discourses is *substantially* philosophical and warrantable, and it may always be appealed to as presenting a sufficient reply

to those vague assumptions that have been urged as if they involved a hypothetic contradiction of Christianity. Moreover, at the precise time when these Discourses were delivered, they were in a peculiar degree seasonable; and although considerations of the same order as those so eloquently urged by Chalmers had been advanced and urged by preachers and writers, (among these by Andrew Fuller with very good effect,) yet, when brought forward by him with so much force and freshness, they produced all the effect of novelty; and the religious argument—the Christian argument—was felt to have won a signal triumph in his hands. The logical value of the Discourses was immeasurably enhanced, too, by the circumstance that the preacher was known to be himself quite at home among the facts and the principles of the modern astronomy, and of modern science generally. He was not (and some such Christian champions we have seen) a frightened and angry theologian, denouncing as sheer atheism the surest deductions of physical philosophy. Chalmers could not be treated superciliously by those whose unbelief he assailed; for he knew quite as much as themselves of the “Modern Astronomy:” this was his vantage ground, and he took his stand upon it in a manner equally free from overweening boastfulness and from timidity. An antagonist could bring forward nothing of importance on the side of science, which the preacher had not already taken possession of, either explicitly or implicitly, as the basis of his own argument. If this argument failed to carry conviction, or wholly to remove discomfort, it was not because it had been handled incompetently, or had been carried forward under shelter of any concealments.

This Christian advocate, with open eye and with well-instructed vision, stands upon this petty planet, reverently conscious of the immeasurable vastness of the material universe around him—a vastness which to us is infinite—and yet he is not astounded; he is not disheartened while he still grasps in his hand the book of the Christian revelation. Nay, he feels that this very gift of reason which has enabled him, from off this planet, small as it is, to measure celestial space, and to bring the remotest worlds within the range of his calculus, and to put these worlds in his scales—this Reason, this Intelligence, it-

self affords a ground whereupon we may argue concerning human nature, while we assume for it, and for its destinies, all the importance which the Christian doctrine supposes. Ought we to think, whatever may be his stature, that MAN is insignificant, who, laboring as he does, under the abatements, the obstructions, the infirmities, attaching to his animal structure, has, nevertheless, spite of them, mastered the mechanism of the heavens, and has only now at length come to imagine himself unimportant in the universe—how and why? because by his own science, and by his own instruments, he has convinced himself that these our visible heavens are only a nebula amidst nebulae, more vast than it, and numberless!

Those who now for the first time take up the Astronomical Discourses, should carry themselves back to the day of their appearance. Even the agitation of the same general subject within the last three years may seem, to younger readers, to distance the argument of Chalmers, or in some degree to abate the value of it, at least as conducted by him; but we think it is not so in fact. The distinguished men who have recently come forward on this ground, must not be thought to have dislodged Chalmers, much less to have damaged his reputation as a philosophic theologian: what they have done is to bring the argument into its bearings with the latest ascertained facts in science; and more than this, they have assigned to it its genuine significance, as related, not to the flippancy of objectors, such as those with whom Chalmers believed himself to be contending, but much rather to a deeper tone of thought than he had in view, and to the perplexities of men who are serious, sincere, and open to conviction, if it might but be fairly attained. It is a circumstance much to be noted, that this argument, just at the point where it was left by Chalmers, has been taken up by men who not only are of the highest standing in science, but who, although assailing each other somewhat vehemently, are decisively Christian in their professed belief. Chalmers, as we have said, takes a tone towards opponents which has too much of the eager champion, aiming to crush his antagonist, whom he treats with scorn. This tone and manner, which is always of questionable policy, should now be condemned and avoided, not merely as impolitic, but as inappropriate

too. Serious argumentation, and a showing of reasons, are always thrown away upon men of a reckless and flippant temper, whose infidelity is mainly an affectation, or a means of satiating a vicious ambition. It is to minds altogether of another class that arguments on the side of Christianity should be adapted, if we expect to do any good. Readers of this class—thoughtful, disquieted, and honest—who take up the *Astronomical Discourses*, will do well to remember that the line of argument pursued in them would remain quite as substantial as it is, although all those passages and expressions were removed from them which attribute a shallow, impertinent arrogance to the preacher's opponents. Let the reader of these *Discourses* suppose that the term so often meeting his eye—"the infidel"—has been erased from his copy.

Chalmers, in his day, would hardly have allowed himself to imagine that the common belief or hypothesis concerning the worlds around us would ever again come to be seriously called in question, much less that a leading mind in the scientific community should adventure a book in disproof of the persuasion that there are "more worlds than one," and other families endowed, like the human family, with reason and a moral sense. Nevertheless, improbable as it might have seemed, such an argument has actually startled the reading public—has darkened the intellectual heavens; and the ingenious statements so ably advanced by the Master of Trinity, have taken at least so much hold of the thinking community as this, namely—to show that many of those assumptions, or *à priori* conclusions, or those inferences from analogy which had been allowed, unexamined, to sustain a belief in the plurality of worlds, regarded as the dwelling-places of intelligent races, were in a great measure conjectural, and might be shown to be of small logical value; inasmuch as they would support a belief which, in relation to this planet, (and the moon,) the modern geology explicitly contradicts.

Beyond this reasonable abatement of our confidence in certain astronomical conjectures, Dr. Whewell's Essay has not, we think—how should it do so?—dislodged from our minds that almost irresistible belief to which the modern astronomy has given, not merely expansion, but distinctness—namely, that the material universe

—the solid masses around us—the luminous and the illuminated—has a worthy purpose—a high final cause—that it is everywhere the platform of life—of *conscious* life, and if so, of life intellectual and moral. Let us be told, when at night we are looking upward and around us, that we know nothing of this universe beyond the girt of this our own planet; and that all conjectures which take a bolder flight are mere creations of a distempered brain—destitute of even the shadow of logical evidence! We must persist in refusing to grant this; for if, by the help of a factitiously severe mode of reasoning, we bring ourselves to disallow our involuntary belief in the "Plurality of Worlds"—worlds inhabited by rational beings, then, and in the very act of doing so, we have also, in some measure, contravened those instinctive convictions by aid of which it is that we advance upward from the spectacle of order, fitness, beneficence, beauty, around us, and go on until we confirm our belief in the creative power, wisdom, and goodness of God. We are far from affirming that this, our theistic belief, is logically dependent upon the other belief—in the plurality of worlds—nevertheless, we say that, in attempting to dislodge this last persuasion from its accustomed place in our convictions, the very framework of our intuitive principles must so have been disjointed or shaken, as must render our hold of the theistic belief thenceforward so much the more difficult and precarious.

It is quite lately that the progress of science, in the departments of physiology and natural history, has opened up views of the system of animal life which would go to strengthen the belief assumed in the "*Astronomical Discourses*" as unquestionable. The ground on which Chalmers takes his stand, is—may we venture to say so?—becoming every day consolidated, as if from beneath. The creation—the world of conscious life—life such as it is *now* developed on this planet—is not a blind process of physical development; but it is a scheme, within which a plan—an idea—the intention of a Mind, has been moving forward through its preconceived stages. Man—the last-fashioned of all orders and species—so we must believe—Man was from the first contemplated; for we find that his animal structure, in its peculiarities, has been kept in view from the very dawn of animal life. Let it be

true that, through cycles of incalculable ages, this earth was lorded over by no rational species—and yet it is also true that Man, such as he is, was, from of old, noted in the book. Yes, it may be affirmed that, “from the beginning,” in the book of the creative purposes, “all his members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them;” even then they were wrought (in type or symbol) “in the lowest parts of the earth”—that is to say, among the lowest orders of animal life.

These recently admitted principles, so far as they may be regarded as authentic deductions from facts, have then this significance as related to our immediate subject—they give indication of a purpose which, incalculable as may be the reach of its chronology, does not, will not halt, until intellectual and moral life has come to combine itself everywhere with the conditions of animal life. But if a purpose such as this—if an eternal intention, forewritten upon the tablets of animal life, implies, when we carry it up to its source in the attributes of the Eternal Being—if it implies a law of the Creative Mind, the same law will not fail to take effect, sooner or later, throughout the broad platform of the Universe; and if so, then Man is not alone on the platform, and there *are* “more worlds than one.”

But if the worlds around us are peopled; or if some of them are peopled, then how does this belief, or this reasonable supposition—how does it affect our religious belief? or, to put the question more pointedly, what is its aspect toward our Christian belief? In the second of these Astronomical Discourses, Chalmers lays down the law—which, if we profess ourselves to be obedient disciples of the Modern Philosophy, ought to govern our reasonings on this ground: we profess to admire Bacon, and Newton, and La Place; let us then deal with the question above stated in a mode becoming the disciples of this school. This law of the Modern Philosophy, which demands submission to *evidence* wherever it can be had, and which requires also a corresponding abstinence from unsupported conjectures—a law so signally illustrated in the whole of Newton's course, takes effect upon the subject now in view, in this way—it forbids our invading or intruding upon any precincts within which our conclusions rest upon substantial evidence, by conjectures, how-

ever plausible such conjectures may be, but which are mainly gratuitous. Yet such an intrusion does take place where a hypothetic difficulty, drawn from the vastness of the universe, and from the comparative insignificance of this planet, is brought forward as if it might avail to upset those definite conclusions which sustain our belief as Christians. This belief claims to have a peremptory hold upon our assent—as an argument it is irrefragable; whereas the difficulty insisted upon by “Infidels,” can appeal to no *proof* whatever; at the best it is a bare surmise; it is a mere suspicion: there is, as the ground of it, the gratuitous assertion that Christianity is a scheme which is taking effect upon this planet only; but the fact may be far otherwise; for aught we know the redemption effected for man may be taking effect also upon many other races—even upon the intelligent universe. It may be so; thus it is that we oppose conjecture to conjecture; meantime, what we have to do with is the historic evidence which sustains our faith in the Gospel; and the rules of our Modern Philosophy demand that we should yield ourselves to what is positive—to what is demonstrative—while we reject whatever wants this kind of support.

To this line of argument the men whom Chalmers combatively designates as “our infidels” would find a reply—they would say: “We deny that the historic evidence which you appeal to is in so strict a sense peremptory as that it should exclude all further question: to make the best of it, it must not be placed alongside of those mathematical demonstrations which form the basis of our Modern Philosophy. The conjectural difficulty which, in our view, possesses an overwhelming weight, may, therefore, stand good as a counterpoise to your historic proof.”

In fact, the species of reasoning upon which Chalmers, throughout these Discourses, expends the treasures of his cumulative eloquence, while it may well give contentment to the easily contented, must leave, as well the melancholic as the phlegmatic sceptic, dissatisfied, or at best only where he was before. Reasoning which is to loosen the hold of any other species of reasoning upon the mind, or still more upon the imagination, must be of a homogeneous quality. A vague, and yet a very powerful impression—a conjectural argument—very strong in ap-

pearance, is not to be dislodged, and will not be made to relax its grasp, merely by bringing to bear upon it a train of reasoning which is wholly of another order, and which demands the exercise of another class of the intellectual faculties. Such, for example, is the historic argument in support of the Christian system. Reasoning which is inferential and circuitous, although it be absolutely conclusive on its own ground, takes its effect upon one mood of mind; but the conjectural difficulty, or the antichristian hypothesis, has already got its hold upon another mood of mind; and even if a highly-disciplined intellect be capable of alternating between the two, very few are so nicely equipoised as to be able to bring the two together upon the same parallel of thought.

Now, although the hypothesis which stands in the way of our Christian belief is confessedly vague, as well as destitute of positive evidence, nevertheless it has continued to present itself as a potent objection in the view of almost every thoughtful mind in modern times. There *are*, however, facts which are not vague, and are neither questionable nor ambiguous, in giving attention to which this adverse conjecture fades away into a more and more phantom-like dimness, until it ceases to show any definite contour. It is in the third of these Discourses that the preacher opens a way for some of these countervailing positive data: such are those abounding illustrations which this earth affords, and especially when the eye is aided by the microscope, of the Divine attributes of intelligence, power, and benignity—contradicting the unphilosophic surmise that the vastness of the material universe—its infinitude—must imply a negligent regard to what is small or minute, and apparently insignificant; no single indication of any such forgetfulness or indifference presents itself within the realm of nature; the microscope teaches us a theology that is more in harmony with the conclusions of Abstract Philosophy.

Further on in this third Discourse, an appeal is also made to the individual experience of the hearer (or reader) in attestation of the truth that the Divine Providence follows each one of us from day to day, from infancy to age—saving, providing for, and comforting even the least and the lowest of us. But here this course of reasoning reaches its close, although it

might well have been pursued some steps further. The difficulty which the preacher has to do with, and which he is laboring to dismiss, has, in fact, been logically disarmed by the arguments he so powerfully urges; nevertheless it will, after a time, recover its footing, and it will continue to disturb thoughtful minds until it has met that true counteractive force which the meditations of an enlightened conscience will supply; and yet *this* is a treatment which it would be a hopeless endeavor to bring to bear upon that class of persons, toward whom, principally, Chalmers turns his eye; we mean, professed unbelievers. Those who might *properly* be the object of a Christian preacher's hot rebuke, are men whose language and behavior show them to be wholly destitute of the moral consciousness and the religious sentiments to which the appeal, in such a case, must be made.

The question is of this sort: may human redemption be thought of as a worthy object of a special interposition on the part of the Infinite Being? But we must not carry such a question into the halls of colleges: let us carry it rather into the depths of the soul that has been taught to meditate upon its own immortality, and has thought of its terrible prerogative of boundless suffering, and of its yearnings and aspirations towards goodness and happiness: then carry the question into yet deeper depths—even into that recess wherein an awakened conscience holds its throne—the representative, as it is, of Inexorable Justice: it is in that court that man finds himself standing in the presence of his Omnipotent Judge; and it is there, and it is while he is alive to the fearful realities which attach to the future life—it is there that those vague surmises, out of which the difficulty in question has framed itself, melt away, or are so lost to the sight as that they do not return until some season when, the moral and spiritual life having fallen into decay, Redemption has come to be thought of with indifference.

The fourth and the following Discourses of this series, although highly declamatory, are yet substantially good in argument, for, as related to infidel objection, they rest either upon principles of Natural Theology, which the deist is supposed to allow, or upon facts embraced in the Christian scheme, which, if duly regarded, weaken, or wholly turn aside, the ob-

jection. Human redemption is declared, in its own record, to be of much wider bearing than the human family—how wide, who shall say?—and until its width be known, and until its enduring consequences be understood, none here on earth can reasonably reject it as an interposition unworthy of the Infinite wisdom and benevolence.

On the whole, the *Astronomical Discourses* are such as that they must recommend themselves to the perusal of the thoughtful and intelligent, through years long to come. They will delight and edify many, and they will satisfy (rightly, not delusively) some. They will convince few among those against whose cavils they are immediately directed. At this time what we need for the confirmation of our faith in the Gospel must carry a more severe aspect in its logical processes—it must be exempt from combativeness, wrath, scorn—it must show, in the writer or preacher, good evidence of his own susceptibility toward subjects of painful and perplexing meditation; and it must prove that he himself has trod paths where the feet bleed at every step, and where the pulse falters, and the head fails. Moreover, the Christian reasoner must prove himself to possess a keen and fearless critical faculty. It is the want of this one qualification which renders Chalmers' writings generally less applicable to these times than they might otherwise have been.

The seven Discourses that are appended in the collected Works to the *Astronomical*, as being of kindred character, are, some of them, we think, of still higher value; they are less declamatory, and their effect is less damaged by that polemic tone which too much rings in our ears throughout the others. Chalmers is listened to with most advantage when his eye does not glance at an opponent who must be crushed—not that his temper was soured, or that he harbored ill-will against men of any sort; but the robust orator was apt to take a too animated impulse from the idea of a sophistical antagonism, which it was his duty to rend into shreds. The sermon on the Constancy of Nature is at once true and sound in its reasoning, and deeply impressive in its inferential passages. With one fact or one principle fully or clearly before him, or held in hand, he turns it on all sides, lavishes upon it his illustrative compari-

sions, and, in the tone of a faithful messenger from God, presses the genuine consequence upon the consciences of men. A single volume of *selected sermons*, of this order, could not fail to take its place among the most useful of standard religious publications.

The three volumes of the *POSTHUMOUS WORKS*—namely, the seventh, eighth, and ninth, containing the "*INSTITUTES OF THEOLOGY*" and the "*PRELECTIONS*" on Butler's Analogy, Paley's Evidences, and Hill's Lectures in Divinity—are likely to be regarded as those of his works in which the most matured views and opinions of Chalmers are to be found. It is with these three volumes before us that, if at all, we should incline to offer any suggestions of a general kind upon that form of Christian doctrine which this eminent man left as his legacy to the Church of Scotland, and to English religious literature. It was as Theological Professor, first in the University of Edinburgh, and then in the New College of the Free Church, that these prelections and these lectures were delivered. Of the most general kind must be any remarks we should venture to make upon a theological system, such as that which is embodied in these Institutes. Theology is not our province; but the volumes now in view suggest an inquiry, incidental, indeed, which may thus be put into words: What is the bearing of this Body of Divinity upon those three forms of Christian opinion which, for some time past, have been, and are now at this time, competing among us for the uppermost position? or, to be more correct, we should say—one of them, for continued existence, and the other two for supremacy.

The three are these—*first*, and it is the elder of the three—*Logical Theology*, or Christianity drawn forth into propositions, and into inferences thence deduced by methods of formal reasoning. The *second*, to which we have already made allusion, is *Philosophical Theology*, or Christianity fashioned into conformity, as far as possible, with the notions and the tastes which distinguish Modern Thought. The *third* is, or more properly, it is coming to be, Christianity derived ingenuously and fearlessly from the Bible—Holy Scripture, regarded as the source of belief, and as the rule of life.

The utmost that we propose to do at

present is this: to look into these three volumes, and to direct the attention of the studious reader to such passages as indicate, if they do not plainly declare, Chalmers' views, and his inclinations and feelings, in relation to the rival Christianities which we have here specified. But in attempting, within the compass of a page or two, a reference of this kind, we must not lose sight of the fact, that Chalmers, as a theologian, was a clergyman of the Scottish Church: his training had been national, and when he woke up to a consciousness of Christian doctrine, it was to this doctrine as he found it embodied in the "Confession," and in the "Catechism," and in the polemical literature of Scotland. It does not appear that the idea had ever presented itself to him in a distinct form, that an entire Christianity, religiously drawn from the canonical Scriptures, differs from that logical theology under the shadow of which he had been nurtured. Whenever, therefore, passages occur in his writings which seem to have been prompted by an uneasy and almost unconscious sense of a dissonance between the two—a jar which had given him a pain of which he does not understand the cause—such utterances of his spontaneous feelings have the more meaning, and they should command the more attention; and let us say it, they should command peculiar attention in *Scotland*.

We have ventured to affirm of Chalmers' doctrine of the Inspiration of the Scriptures that it is crude, inadmissible, unintelligible. This is not all; for it is such that, if it be insisted upon, we must needs give in to the frivolous cavils of writers like F. Newman, and must admit them to be conclusive against the Divine origination of the Bible. Let the reader consider the entire paragraph, page 174. If we misunderstand the lecturer, we shall gladly acknowledge the error. The affirmation that "Marcus was sister's son to Barnabas," is there allowed to be one which is wholly unimportant *in itself*, as related to our religious state of mind. *Nevertheless*, a rejection of it (or hesitation in admitting it—"the want" of this belief) may indicate another want of fearful magnitude and effect, for it may indicate "the want of a full and settled faith in Scripture." Herein comes out the dangerous consequence of an assumption which is unwarrantable in itself, and which is not only *liable* to be broken up in

the course of a young man's critical studies, but which inevitably *must* be broken up at an early stage of his acquaintance with biblical criticism. It is painful to think of the case of a timid and conscientious student, who, having yielded himself without question to the guidance of such a teacher as Chalmers, meets with evidence—irresistible evidence—which must lead to his coming to doubt the truth of a biblical assertion, like the one above mentioned. Is it not high time that we should know what we mean when we affirm that the Bible is God's book? We think we do not misunderstand Chalmers; and, in support of our supposition as to his meaning, we refer to a passage on page 188, beginning, "There are articles of information in Scripture." If once we yield ourselves to this tremendous dogma, that a Christian man's safety for eternity is put in peril by his entertaining a doubt of the historical accuracy of the canonical books in any single instance, then, what is his position? what is his alternative? He must, with alarm, put far from him every means and material of biblical criticism; he must cease to read and to think; and then how is he to rebut the taunts of the infidel who says: "You hold to your Bible in wilful blindness: you dare not inform yourself concerning its contents." We do not know in what way Chalmers would have reconciled his own doctrine of inspiration with his own often-repeated exhortations to his class—to prosecute biblical criticism. We have looked through chap. ix. in the Institutes, in which so much is said in commendation of critical proficiency—supposing that a paragraph might therein occur, throwing some light upon this difficulty, but have not found one. The question does not seem to have presented itself to the mind of Chalmers in any distinct manner.

In that chapter of the Institutes, as indeed throughout the writings of this large-minded champion of the truth—such unquestionably he was—we are met, far too frequently, with those terms of reprobation and scorn, applied to "infidels," "heretics," "gainsayers," which have come down from a furious and fanatical era, and which, so long as they are indulged in by teachers and writers of repute, will not merely serve to foment the worst passions, and to indurate the narrowest prejudices, but will effectively shut out from the view of "the orthodox," of "us who are in the

right," those inveterate infatuations, those overweenings of personal arrogance, which still stand in the way, as they have so long stood in the way, of an honest and ingenuous acceptance of the entire sense of Scripture. In a page now before us—215, of the Notes on Hill's Lectures—there is an admission that the tendency to indulge lawless speculation, whence have sprung heresies, has "misled *even* the Church and the orthodox into lamentable extravagances of speculation, and laid open the whole subject of the Trinity, in particular, with its cognate and correlative topics, to the ridicule of the profane, to the merciless satire and severity of the infidel." True, indeed, but it is a part only of the truth.

And now a word in acquitting ourselves of our task. It may have seemed to some of the admirers of this great man—justly entitled as he is to the affectionate and reverential regards of Christian people of all Protestant countries—that, on some counts of the eulogy due to him, we have done him less than justice. Let it be so thought, and we shall willingly stand corrected by any who will come forward in this behalf, armed with reasons, and animated by a well-considered zeal, as his champion. None will so come forward more thoroughly impressed than we are with a sense of his high merits in all those departments within which he was most at home.

More than this—we have a feeling in thinking of Chalmers of which exceedingly few among the illustrious dead could be the objects. We think of him wistfully, as if we believed that, various and large as were his labors, and great as were his

actual achievements in behalf of the Church and the world, there was yet a something more which, with faculties so eminent, he might have done for our benefit.

Ordinarily, when a writer who has well served his time, and is gone, comes to be thought of as a contributor to the general stock of moral or religious literature, we dismiss him gratefully, accepting at his hand what he has done; for it was his best, probably, in the employment of the talent that had been assigned to his care. But once or twice in a century, or not so often, when a distinguished man passes away from us, we think ourselves to be deprived of a further good, which might have been ours if he had longer lived. So it was when, in the very midst of his course, ARNOLD was snatched from his place; the Christian community lost, by his sudden death, the fruit of those mature years which we had supposed he would have given to its service. Chalmers, indeed, lived out the ordinary term of life, and of active labor; and yet his death, even at so ripe an age, was in this same way felt to be a loss.

It does not appear what homage more emphatic than this can be rendered to the memory of a great man, when it is said that the high estimate which the world had come to form of his powers and qualities—moral and intellectual—has outstepped the measure of his actual performances, so as that when at length he falls, although full of days, and worn with years of self-denying labor, we yet think that he is gone too soon, and he has left a work unfinished which he only could well have done. It is thus that we think of THOMAS CHALMERS.

EQUESTRIAN STATUES.—Seven castings in bronze are in progress at the royal foundry at Munich: 1. An equestrian statue of Washington, destined to form the centre of an immense monument to be erected in the State of Virginia, and which is to be surrounded by forty colossal statues of men who distinguished themselves in the War of Independence; 2. An equestrian statue of the King Maximilian the First of Bavaria, for Munich; 3. A statue of Wieland, for

Weimar; 4. A group of Schiller and Goethe, for the same place; 5. An equestrian statue of Ferdinand the First of the Two Sicilies, for Messina, destined to replace one which was destroyed by the revolutionists, and which also was cast at Munich; 6. An allegorical monument to the memory of the Fugger family, the chief of which are considered as the creators of manufacturing enterprise in Germany, for Augsburg; 7. A statue of King Louis the First of Bavaria, for Munich.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE NUNS OF PORT-ROYAL.*

"An event," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "which happens sometimes even to philosophers,"

"has happened to M. Cousin. He has fallen in love with Madame de Longueville in person; yes, with the Great Condé's sister. The place in which he has most particularly shown his passion for her is where he has to deal with La Rochefoucauld. He does not speak of him as a judge or a critic would speak, but as a rival. 'She never truly loved but a single person,' says he; 'it was La Rochefoucauld;' and this leads him to add, 'I don't deny it; I do not like La Rochefoucauld.' La Rochefoucauld is for him the great adversary, the rival who, two centuries ago, supplanted him."

The sarcasm launched against M. Cousin by M. Sainte-Beuve was not without a personal motive. The author of the *History of Port-Royal* was the first to rescue the subject from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and he had no sooner entered the holy monastery than he would fain have shut the doors on all after-comers. Among the poachers upon his domain M. Cousin has been the most persevering and successful. In fact, his depredations were not confined to Madame de Longueville. Notwithstanding her noble birth, her remarkable beauty, and the important part which she played in the intrigues of the Fronde, she was, after all, but a secondary actor in the scenes of Port-Royal. A far greater offence of M. Cousin was to have denied to M. Sainte-Beuve the privilege of showing Pascal in a new light. Before his narration could reach the period at which this surprising genius shone forth in all his glory, his discoveries were anticipated, and his principal hero torn away from a frame which, it must be confessed, was too narrow for so illustrious a man. Others joined in pursuit of the game which had been started, and there was even a contest for the right to use the manuscripts preserved

in the public archives. In compliance with an old and mischievous usage, students are permitted in France to borrow and retain as long as they choose the books and documents which are necessary for their researches. The right gives rise to incessant inconvenience and frequent abuses. The manuscript which is taken at first for the honest purpose of investigation may afterwards be kept to prevent a rival from making use of it. Whether this was the motive in the Pascal chase we will not attempt to determine, but certain it is that M. Faugère, who published a new edition of the *Pensées*, was obliged to have recourse to a ministerial order to obtain some papers detained by a fellow hunter. The republic of letters has hitherto rather gained than lost by the emulation which has been excited, but we should be of a different opinion if M. Sainte-Beuve allows himself to be driven away by this irruption into his territory. The hedge sparrow, it is said, forsakes the eggs which have been handled, and, fearful for the safety of an offspring which she is too weak to protect, refuses to give them life. But the stronger eagle fights for her young, and, if an enemy succeeds in ravishing one from the nest, the remainder of the brood does but become the dearer. Let M. Sainte-Beuve copy the example of the nobler bird, and, after an absence already too prolonged, return to his beloved nest of Port-Royal. If M. Cousin has not yet conquered his resentment against his fair Longueville for having been admired by La Rochefoucauld, M. Sainte-Beuve should be more generous, and forgive her for having been loved by M. Cousin.

The monastery of Port-Royal exists no longer. All that remains of it are some shapeless ruins, situated in a dark and marshy valley not far from Versailles. It is supposed to have been founded by Bishop Eudes of Sully, and Mathilda of Garlande, in the year 1204, that prayers might be said there for the happy return of Mathieu I. of Montmorency, Mathilda's

* *Port-Royal*. Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Paris: 1840-48. 3 vols. 8vo.

husband, who was fighting in the Holy Land. A bull, in 1223, conceded to the convent the privilege of receiving secular ladies, who, disgusted with the vanities of life, might wish, without taking the vows, to give themselves up to God. It was perhaps the admission of these worldly recruits, who were not wholly detached from the frivolities of society, which was the cause of that taste for fashion which was reproved at the beginning of the sixteenth century by the superior of the house. The inmates had committed the enormity of wearing sleeves which were wider at the bottom than at the top, and the abbess was ordered to have them made narrower. Later it was found necessary to prohibit the use of masks, gloves, and starched linen. These trifles were the symbols of more serious irregularities. The service was not duly attended, the rule of seclusion was violated, and dances and banquets had greater charms than the offices of religion. Such deviations from monastic strictness were then general throughout France. The reform in Port-Royal was brought about by a girl who was forced against her will into the office of abbess, and who not only succeeded in making her community a model of discipline and virtue, but who attracted into her sphere so many persons illustrious for piety, for learning, and for genius, that, of all the institutions of the kind which ever existed, this is the one which has obtained the largest renown and the most universal admiration. No glory was wanting to it—not even the distinction of bearing nobly a long and cruel persecution. The means by which these results were obtained are a rare example of the power of simple and persevering rectitude, and give a perennial interest and importance to the history of “Mother Angélique,” though the house over which she presided is in ruins, and the succession of her disciples was not permitted to continue.

Antoine Arnauld, the representative of an ancient and distinguished family in Auvergne, married the daughter of M. Marion, an *avocat-général*. This M. Marion was a favorite of Henry IV., and obtained from him the abbacies of Port-Royal and St. Cyr, for two of his grand-daughters. The eldest, Jacqueline Marie Arnauld, was then only seven and a half years old; the younger, Jeanne, was six. Abuses of this kind were fre-

quent at that era, but it was not always easy to obtain the ratification of the appointments at Rome; and Antoine Arnauld, who was noted for a famous speech which he had delivered against the Jesuits, was not likely to obtain much indulgence from the Pope. In consequence the fraud was committed of representing the sisters to be older than they were, and, the better to dissemble the truth, they were described not by their true Christian names, but by the names which they received at confirmation, and which became their religious appellations. This was the reason why Jacqueline was ever after called Mother Angélique, and Jeanne, Mother Agnes. The opening of the drama does not prognosticate reform. The next scene in the history was still less promising.

The two child-abbesses, who were set to preside over religious communities long before they were themselves emancipated from the bondage of the nursery, first spent a year together in the convent of St. Cyr, which belonged to Mother Agnes, the younger sister. At the close of a life devoted to humility, she still reproached herself with an outbreak of domineering authority, when, in a quarrel with her elder sister, she asserted her right, if she pleased, to turn her out of her abbey. “She was proud and romantic,” says M. Sainte-Beuve, “to such a degree as to ask God why he had not permitted that she should be born *Madame de France!*” It would be idle to moralize on traits like these. The whole case may be summed in the fact that she was six and an abbess.

Mother Angélique, with whom we are more immediately concerned, next spent two years at the abbey of Maubuisson, the last place which was calculated to inspire a young girl with religious sentiments; for it was presided over by Madame d'Estrées, the sister of the fair Gabrielle, so famous for her beauty, and the visits which the royal lover paid to the convent were an open insult to morality and religion. It was from Madame d'Estrées that the future reformer of Port-Royal was named Angélique at her confirmation. This most assuredly was not a very edifying beginning.

At first Mother Angélique was only the coadjutor of Jeanne de Boulehard, the existing abbess. The latter died in 1602, and her successor, when hardly eleven years old, was definitively installed in her

office, and invested with all its functions and prerogatives. One day when Henry IV. was hunting in the neighborhood, he took it into his head to visit M. Arnauld, who was at Port-Royal with his daughter. The little abbess went out to meet him at the head of her community, and marched gravely along with ludicrous dignity upon thick-soled shoes, some five or six inches high, that she might appear to have the stature of a woman. That merry monarch could not fail to be delighted with the mock-heroic scene. He left with reluctance, and kept shouting as he rode away, "I kiss my hand to Madame the Abbess."

Nothing as yet seemed to foreshadow the changes which were soon to take place. On the contrary, Mother Angélique felt no vocation for a religious life. She regretted the world from which she had been cut off so young, preferred the reading of Plutarch's Lives to her Breviary, and often meditated joining two of her aunts who had embraced the Protestant religion and resided together at La Rochelle. She even desired to marry, for she justly thought that a holy domestic life was more agreeable to the Almighty than the unnatural austerities of a monastic seclusion. By degrees the conflict of her feelings reduced her to a state of melancholy which impaired her health, and she was taken home to be nursed. She was not then sixteen. Her father detected the causes of her despondency, and with the vehemence of will which was the characteristic of his race he one day entered her room with a document in his hand, and said, "Sign this, my child." Awed by the profound respect which she entertained for her father, but her heart bursting with rage, as she instinctively divined the purport of the unread paper, she complied with his demand. She felt that her honor was pledged, that she had definitively engaged herself against her will to lead a religious life. And, in fact, the act was the ratification of her vows; it was her sentence upon herself!

Her health restored, she returned sad but resigned to the convent, which she accepted henceforth for her destiny. The renewal of her vows, it is true, had been obtained by a trick, but it was a trick played by a beloved father. Filial respect threw a veil over the artifice, and the poor child only thought of her signature, and forgot the mode of obtaining it. Religion had as yet no part in her resolution, but it

was close at hand. One evening at the approach of twilight, as she came from a walk in the garden, a Capuchin friar arrived at the convent and requested to preach. A sermon was an entertainment which broke the monotony of the ordinary convent life, but as it was growing late the abbess was on the point of refusing the offer. Suddenly she changed her mind, and ordered the bells to toll. What the Capuchin said she did not herself recollect: but while the discourse, which was on the humility of the Saviour, was proceeding, a complete revolution took place in her feelings. "God so touched me," she said, "that from this moment I found myself more happy to be a nun than I ever before was unhappy at being one." She perceived, however, that the Capuchin preacher was not capable of guiding her in the path which a divine light had just displayed to her, and she kept her emotions to herself. The new thoughts which now agitated her heart, again affected her health, and she was removed to her father's country seat of Andilly. "That dwelling appeared to me so lovely," said the poor girl, "that I would gladly have remained for ever amidst such beautiful scenes, for God had not yet given me the eyes of a Christian." Nevertheless she assumed a coarse dress, lay on a hard couch, and curtailed her sleep to go and pray secretly in the remotest parts of the house. Sometimes she was found inflicting punishments upon herself that she might become accustomed by degrees to bear bodily pain. Dreading the effects of such austerity, her family, who had hitherto employed their endeavors to engage her in a monastic life, now united their efforts to check her enthusiasm. The nuns, when she got back to Port-Royal, were not less averse to the new spirit which had come over her. In spite of relations and nuns she followed her own conscientious convictions, and resolved to persevere. The first change she introduced was to bring back the community to the strict observance of their vow of poverty. It was not the easiest part of the undertaking, for the best were those who were most opposed to the step. They remarked with some reason that when everything was in common, clothes included, (for such was the rule,) all providence would cease, and nobody would have any interest in economizing. Mother Angélique did not hesitate to acknowledge that in a temporal point of view, the rule might

be disadvantageous, but temporal considerations had no longer any weight in her mind. Her principal aim was the spiritual good of her flock. She considered that the sole choice lay between not being abbess at all, or fulfilling to the letter the requirements of the office, and while the contest was pending she was once more seized with a deep melancholy, accompanied by fever. The nuns asked her what made her so sad. She replied that they knew the cause well enough, and that it depended on them to put a period to her grief. "Tell us what you want of us," they said, at last, touched by her sorrow, "and, provided you are satisfied, we promise to do anything." She reiterated that what she required was that they would renounce the system of individual property; and the following day they brought her their clothes. One nun, named Johannel, who was deaf and dumb, had not been informed of what was going on, and it was intended, in consequence of her infirmity, to exempt her from the law; but on seeing the others produce their wardrobes, she guessed the meaning of the action and imitated their example. From that day, which was the eve of St. Joseph, 1609, and which was religiously inscribed in the *Fasti* of Port-Royal, the community of goods was permanently reestablished, and the Mother Abbess was cured of her fever.

There still remained one refractory member in the person of an aged nun, Dame Morel, who fondly cultivated a little garden. She brought everything except the key of this garden. "We all of us have our little garden," says M. Sainte-Beuve, with his usual grace, "and we often cling to it more strongly than to the large one." Dame Morel flew into a passion whenever any nun or father Capuchin sorrowfully spoke to her of that unlawful reservation. At last, one day, when no one had breathed a word on the subject, she surrendered by a sort of inward miracle. She sent in a letter the key of the garden as of a last citadel. In fact, it was the key of her heart.

When Mother Angélique had overcome this difficulty, and established the community of goods, she made up her mind to strike the great blow. She was determined to restore the rule of seclusion, to sever herself from the world, and with her nuns devote herself completely to God. This involved the separation from her fam-

ily, whom she so dearly loved, and by whom she was so tenderly beloved. But the Arnaulds were not to be disunited by this daring act of filial disobedience, by this richly rewarded sacrifice of feeling to duty. One by one, sisters, brothers, mother, nieces, and nephews, came clustering round the young saint whom they began by opposing, most of them attracted by her virtues, her example, and her insinuating charity. She began by drawing to her her little sister, Mother Agnes, abbess of St. Cyr, whom we have already seen priding herself on her official supremacy. In a few months she renounced her once cherished dignity, and took her vows as a simple nun at Port-Royal.

The law courts rose, and Antoine Arnauld, as was his custom in vacations, repaired to Port-Royal. In one of the huge family coaches of the period were the father, the mother, the eldest sister Mme. Le Maître, a younger sister named Annie, who was then fifteen, and the eldest brother Arnauld d'Andilly, who was twenty. It is difficult for us now to realize the full force of the paternal authority of that age, and the immense hardihood which it required to resist its will. Mother Angélique was hardly seventeen, and had never swerved from the most profound obedience, which was seconded by such love as strong minds only are capable of feeling. Prayer was her weapon against the coming attack, and the nuns of her party joined with her in her supplications. She had taken possession, at dawn, of every key, to prevent a surprise, and, with her supporters, waited the arrival of the dreaded coach "like a little force under arms awaiting the enemy." So daring did the act appear, that few of the inmates could believe she would have the courage to persist. At length the noise of wheels was heard in the outer court, and Mother Angélique, advancing to the wicket, announced her resolution to her father, and begged him to proceed to the grated parlor, where alone she could receive him. No sooner did she utter the words, than he flew into a passion, knocked louder than ever at the door, and fiercely demanded admittance. Madame Arnauld joined in the clamor, called her daughter an ingrate, and swore an oath, which afterwards cost her many a tear, that if she was not admitted at once, she would never again set her foot in Port-Royal. M. d'Andilly, with the impetuosity of youth,

went further still, and declared that his sister was a monster and a parricide. The Abbess stood firm. M. Arnauld, unable to prevail by force, had recourse to stratagem. He demanded to see his two other daughters, Mother Agnes and Marie-Claire, intending to rush in as these were let out. But they were sent round by the church door, and the opportunity was lost of surprising the citadel. As they joined the infuriated group, M. d'Andilly poured forth bitter reproaches against Mother Angélique. Mother Agnes immediately took up her defence, observing that her sister had done nothing more than was prescribed by the Council of Trent. "Oh! forsooth," exclaimed M. d'Andilly, excited beyond endurance, "this is a pretty case; here is another little pedant who quotes to us canons and council!" All this while there were some dissentients in the camp, and among them was old Dame Morel, who clung so fondly to her little garden, and who now exclaimed, "It is a shame not to open to M. Arnauld." Mother Angélique was of another opinion, and at last her father, without relinquishing his anger, yielded to her entreaties, and went to the reception room. Pale and agitated, he spoke to her through the grating, of all that he had done for her, and of the love which he bore her. Henceforth he renounced it; he would see her no more, and as a final request he conjured her to take care of herself and not ruin her health by reckless austerities. This pathetic adieu, in which tenderness mingled with resentment, proved too much for the overwrought mind of Mother Angélique, and she fell senseless on the floor. A paroxysm of alarm now took possession of M. Arnauld. He called wildly upon his daughter, he stretched out his arms to the opposing grate, he vociferated with all his might for help, and his wife and children screamed as loudly as himself. The nuns, believing that the uproar was only a renewal of the original contest, kept carefully out of the way, and it was some time before they could be made to comprehend the situation of their abbess. Her first words on opening her eyes was to request her father not to leave that day. She had a couch prepared for herself by the grating; a calm and loving conversation ensued, and Mother Angélique was victorious over her family. Her ecclesiastical superiors afterwards gave permission for Madame Arnauld and her daughters to enter the convent when

they pleased. But the fatal oath was for a year an insurmountable barrier. At the end of that period she heard a sermon in which hasty and foolish vows were declared not to be binding, and she immediately ordered her carriage and set out for Port-Royal. The day of her reappearance was ever after kept as an anniversary in her heart by the delighted Mother Angélique.

The grand contest which had taken place was known in the annals of the monastery by the name of "the day of the wicket." M. Royer-Collard used to speak of the scene as one of the great pages of human nature, and one which was not surpassed by anything in Plutarch. His admiration, all must agree, was not misplaced. The object for which Mother Angélique contended was indeed mistaken, or rather the mistake was in her vocation itself. But what is beyond all praise is, the unflinching adherence to what she conceived her duty—the sacrifice to conscience of every opposing feeling of her heart:

"—unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified,
Her loyalty she kept, her love, her zeal;
Nor number nor example with her wrought
To swerve from truth, or change her constant
mind,
Though single."

This was her true glory, her chief distinction, and it was this quality which enabled her to produce such wonderful results.

"Let us," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "recapitulate the actors in the events of the day of the wicket: Mother Angélique, M. Arnauld, Madame Arnauld, their three young daughters—Agnes, Anne, and Marie-Claire—Mme. Le Maître, and M. d'Andilly. Well, these actors or spectators, M. Arnauld excepted, who died in the world respected as an honest man and a Christian, all, with Madame Arnauld at their head, entered finally into Port-Royal." Marie-Claire, who, we have seen, was already domiciled with the Abbess at the time of the battle, had been a lovely child, but was completely disfigured by the small-pox. When she first caught sight of her face in the glass, she covered it with her hands and cried out, "It is no longer I." The involuntary exclamation was true in a sense which she little imagined. It was probably not only her face but her heart which was changed by the

event, and her moral being profited by the destruction of her beauty. Anne, who was six years older, had her religious impressions strengthened by the same disorder. Her convictions continued to gather force until in 1616 she renounced the world for Port-Royal. "When I first entered," she wrote, "I felt a painful void in my soul, and, having mentioned it to Mother Agnes, she answered that I need not be astonished, because, having quitted all the things of the world, and not being yet consoled by God, I was as between heaven and earth. About a year afterwards this void was filled." From this time she considered the convent a paradise. The marshy and unwholesome valley, the damp and narrow cell, seemed delightful to her spirit, soothed by the religious exercises which were indissolubly associated with the locality; and she imagined, as she gazed at the sky, that it was more serene than elsewhere. She once, when she was alone, danced with joy at the recollection that she was a nun, and when she saw one of the sisterhood sorrowful she thought if she did but look at her black veil she would be sad no longer. But mortification was the rule of the house. Her passion was prayer and solitude, and she was subsequently set to perform the uncongenial task of instructing children. For fifteen or sixteen years she continued to obey, but it was, she said, as it were at the point of the sword. Mother Angélique set the example of self-denial. "It would be difficult," wrote her niece, "to find such another piece of serge as she used for her dress—so coarse, rough, loose, yellow, and greasy. What I say of her clothes I might say of everything; she never took for herself anything but the refuse." M. Arnauld had been accustomed to assist in defraying the expenses of the establishment, and she endeavored by economy to dispense with his gifts and render the house self-supporting. In spite of the poverty which resulted, she managed to relieve the poor families in the neighborhood. To the inmates she compensated for the deprivations she imposed on them by redoubling her tenderness. It was on the sick sisters especially that she lavished the tokens of her inexhaustible charity, nursing them and rendering them the most repulsive services. Whenever she was wanted it was almost always in the infirmary that she was to be found. She was discovered there one day

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lying on the feet of a sick nun, whom nothing would warm, and she said, with a laugh, that she was performing the office of a blanket. In fact, the irresistible gift of persuasiveness which Mother Angélique possessed, consisted mainly in this, that she was more severe towards herself than towards her flock. She oftener taught by example than by precept. When she had determined upon suppressing the use of meat in the community, she began by trying the practice upon herself. For a month she ate nothing except a piece of omelette, and to conceal the fact, she had it covered with a thin slice of mutton. A petty deception like this does not accord with the nobler proceedings of the holy Angélique; but tricks in some shape or other seem an incurable vice of the Roman Catholic religion. Having undergone the probation in her own person, she invited the rest to repeat the experiment, and abstinence was embraced by the entire community.

Port-Royal set in order, Mother Angélique was called upon to perform the same duty for another establishment. Her former mistress and namesake, Madame d'Estrées, still presided at Maubuisson, where matters had proceeded from bad to worse. She locked up and ill-treated the monks who were sent to inquire into the scandals which prevailed, and her last feat in this kind was to imprison one M. Deruptis in a tower of the abbey, keep him on bread and water, and have him flogged every morning. It was determined, as she refused to vacate her office, to remove her by force and shut her up in the house of the "*Filles pénitentes*," though it was certainly not to this body that she belonged. The king's archers arrived on the 5th of February, 1618, and, being denied admittance, they scaled the walls, broke open the doors, and carried away Madame d'Estrées on her bed. On the 19th of February Mother Angélique left Port-Royal to supply her place. It was the day after the profession of her sister Anne, who remained unmoved while the rest of the nuns were weeping for the loss of their beloved abbess. The gloom which overcast a portion of the novitiate of sister Anne was passed, and she had entered into that joy at her calling, of which we have seen the evidence. "God," she said, when astonishment was expressed at her seeming indifference to the departure of Angélique—"God conferred too great a favor

upon me yesterday to permit me to mourn to-day."

The reception which Mother Angélique met with at Maubuisson was a complete contrast to the regrets she left behind. The report of the reform of Port-Royal had frightened the dissolute nuns, and they pictured to themselves a stern mistress whose very aspect would cause them to shudder. They had none of them the slightest idea of the duties of their profession. They attended the holy services without reverence, and spent all the remainder of their time in entertainments. They gave numerous parties, played comedies to divert their guests, had collations served in gardens where they had had summer-houses built, and often walked to the ponds on the road to Paris, where they were joined by monks who danced with them. The age was dissolute, and there was nothing of primitive innocence and simplicity in these rural amusements, which, even at the best, were a contravention of the rules of monastic discipline. The ignorance of the Maubuisson nuns of everything which appertained to religion was hardly credible. To confess is one of the first demands of the Roman Catholic church, the very alphabet of its faith; and people whose lives were supposed to be passed in pious exercises knew not how to discharge a duty which was performed by the meanest peasant.

"They presented themselves for the purpose to a Bernardin monk who did not bear the name of their confessor for nothing, since it was he who always made their confession for them, and named the sins that they were to acknowledge, although perhaps they had not committed them. It was all that he could do to get them to pronounce a 'Yes,' or a 'No,' upon which he gave them absolution without further inquiry. At last, wearied with the incessant reproaches of this father, on account of their ignorance, they hit on what they thought an excellent method. They composed in conjunction, with much difficulty, three kinds of confessions—one for high festivals, one for Sundays, and one for working-days, and, having written them in a book, each took it when they went to confess, which they might just as easily have done all together, since they all repeated the same thing."

Mother Angélique did not underrate the difficulties of her task. She believed that she was sacrificing herself to others, and that her health and energies would be exhausted in the task. She took with her her young sister Marie-Claire, "and

before setting out," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "she showed her the bed she would one day have to occupy in the infirmary of Port-Poyal on her return from this rude and ruinous campaign, as a general might point out the *Invalides* to his soldiers on the eve of a battle." The Abbess began by endeavoring to win the coöperation of the old nuns whom she had known in her childhood. Her gentle manners diminished by degrees the fright which her arrival had caused, and at last terror was changed into admiration. She next, to infuse a better spirit into the house, introduced thirty new nuns of tried piety, lodged them in a separate quarter, and bestowed all her care upon their training. As in Port-Royal, she was the first to perform the tasks she imposed. She swept the house, carried the wood, washed the porringers, and weeded the garden. Her cell was the narrowest, darkest, and most uncomfortable in the house; a sewer near the window rendered it unwholesome; insects made it a place of torture; and, to complete the self-imposed hardship, she slept in serge sheets upon a straw mattress which was placed on the ground.

Maubuisson was destined, like Port-Royal, to have its "day of the wicket," but the contest was of another kind. Madame d'Estrées had been violently ejected by the King's archers, and she resolved to copy the tactics of her enemies. She had escaped from the house of the *Filles pénitentes* in the night, and appeared suddenly at Maubuisson, accompanied by the Count de Sanzai and an armed escort. She went up to Mother Angélique as she was entering the choir, and, addressing her, said: "I have come to thank you for the care you have taken of my abbey during my absence, and to request you to return to yours, and leave me to manage my own." "Madame," replied Mother Angélique, "I would do it gladly if I could, but you know that our superior has ordered me to take charge of this house, and that having come here from obedience it is only from the same obedience that I can depart." Having said these words, she sat down in the choir in the seat of the Abbess. "What audacity!" exclaimed Madame d'Estrées, "to assume my place in my presence!" and rushing out she demanded the keys of the house. She was answered that they were in the possession of "Madame." "Is there any other Madame here but myself?" she cried out in

a rage. The storm soon ceased for a while, but was renewed when Mother Angélique and her nuns returned after dinner to the chapel. Count Sanzai and four gentlemen advanced towards her, sword in hand, and exhorted her to yield. One of them, to terrify her, fired a pistol. She still replied with calmness that she would not stir until she was turned out by force, since this alone could justify her before God. The nuns thronged round her to protect her, while Madame d'Estrées poured upon her a torrent of abuse, and at last took hold of her veil as if to tear it from her head. "Immediately," she says, "my lamb-like sisters became lions, and one of them advanced towards Madame d'Estrées, and exclaimed, 'You wretch! do you dare to pull away the veil of Madame de Port-Royal? Ah! I know you well. I know who you are.'" And upon this she caught hold of the veil of Madame d'Estrées and flung it away. The gentlemen now seized Mother Angélique by the arm, and hurried her into a coach which was waiting for the purpose. The nuns rushed in a crowd to the carriage; some ascended the box, some got up behind, or on the roof, and others clung to the wheels. "Drive on," said Madame d'Estrées to the coachman, but he answered that he dare not, for he should kill the nuns. Mother Angélique alighted, formed them into a procession, and two-and-two they walked to Pontoise. The plague was in the place, but the people thronged about them, exclaiming "that they had left the real plague behind in the person of that infamous and abandoned woman who had turned them out." Their sojourn at Pontoise was short. At the first outbreak Madame Angélique sent to Paris to announce what was going on. A troop of the king's archers were immediately dispatched, and Madame d'Estrées and her bravos fled at their approach without waiting to dispute the field. At ten at night, Madame Angélique and her nuns set out from Pontoise, escorted by a hundred and fifty archers, each carrying a torch in his hand and a musket on his shoulder. It is evident that exciting episodes like these would only increase the sense which the community might before have entertained of the importance of their mission, and would give an impulse as marked as it was unexpected to the efforts of Mother Angélique.

The danger from the myrmidons of Madame d'Estrées did not entirely cease

with this memorable day. They sometimes appeared at the convent, and fired under the windows. A garrison of fifty archers was ordered to watch over the safety of the inmates, but Mother Angélique refused to retain them. Her religious faith was equal to all emergencies, and that calm and enduring heroism, essentially feminine, which she displayed before the drawn swords of the brutal creatures of the infuriated ex-abbess, was the only shield she desired against a renewal of the outrage. She continued for five years her work of reform, and was offered the appointment of abbess, but refused to accept so rich a post. Madame de Soissons was named to the office, and Mother Angélique remained some months to assist her. Disagreements, however, arose, and one of the complaints was that she had filled the monastery with poor girls without dowry. "I answered," she said, "that if a house with thirty thousand livres rent was too much burthened by thirty nuns, I should not consider that Port-Royal, which had only six thousand, would be incommoded by receiving them." She accordingly removed them there the 3d of March, 1623. The Port-Royal nuns chanted the *Te Deum* on the arrival of their sisters from Maubuisson, "welcoming them as a present from God to enrich the house more and more with the inexhaustible treasury of poverty." Mother Angélique, who had business in Paris, was unable to accompany the adopted thirty to their new home; and fearing that the sudden influx of such numbers, when she was not there to keep order, would occasion an inroad on the strictness of the rules, she commanded them not to utter a syllable till her return. Each had a label on her sleeve, upon which was written her name, for the guidance of the officials of Port-Royal. It was not till the 12th of March that Mother Angélique returned, and unlocked the tongues of her thirty mutes. They had already been trained to preserve frequent silence, and, above all, to a general unquestioning obedience. A novice, on proceeding to the cell which had been allotted to her, and which was supposed to be furnished, found nothing but faggots. She accepted the accommodation without one word of inquiry, and slept on the faggots for several consecutive nights. On another occasion, some medicine was carried by mistake to a nun who was in perfect health. That it was brought to

her was sufficient, and she immediately swallowed it. The excesses of a system, if they lead to nothing worse, at least result in the ridiculous.

The Abbé de Saint-Cyran was intimate with M. Arnauld d'Andilly, the eldest brother of Mother Angélique. He happened to be present when she sent to ask for carriages to take the poor nuns of Maubuisson to Port-Royal, and he was so deeply impressed with the disinterestedness of the transaction that he wrote the abbess a letter of congratulation. Such was the commencement of her connection with this remarkable man, who exercised so large an influence over the present fortunes and future fate of Port-Royal. Richelieu, who appreciated his talents and feared his worth, made great efforts to attach him to himself. He offered him several sees, and the persevering refusal of Saint-Cyran to accept the bribe was the principal cause of the persecution to which he was afterwards subjected. "The narrow way," he once observed, "obliged me to marry a prison in preference to a bishopric, because the refusal of one led necessarily to the other, under a government that could tolerate only slaves." "Richelieu," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "like Bonaparte and all despots, could never bear that a person of any consideration should remain beyond the sphere of his power. He did not scorn to make advances, but woe to those who did not yield to them! Whoever was not for him, and wholly his, was soon deemed to be against him." In truth, the aims of Saint-Cyran and Richelieu were as remote as ambition and humility, as state-craft and simplicity, as worldliness and Christianity. While the Cardinal was intent upon wielding the sceptre of kings, the Abbé was engrossed with dreams of reforming the Church. "Formerly," said he, "it was like a large river, of which the waters were clear, but now it seems nothing but mire." The evil was notorious, and was bewailed by every man who had the slightest pretension to goodness. "My daughter," said St. François de Sales to Mother Angélique, "to talk of such disorders to the world would give rise to useless scandal. These sick people love their diseases; they do not choose to be cured. I know this as well as the doctors who speak of it, but discretion prevents me from mentioning it. We must weep and pray in secret to God, that his hand may be laid where men are

not qualified to set theirs." The man who uttered these expressions cannot certainly be taxed with an over-scrupulosity, for he believed that he would be justified in cheating at cards for the purpose of increasing his alms! It was the same in Italy as in France. "Zeal and affliction for the disorders of the Court of Rome," said Frederico Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, "incited me to write a book on the subject three fingers thick. But, having seen every avenue closed against reformation, I burnt my work, well assured that these moral truths did but cause scandal, and proclaim the excesses of those who refuse to mend." The whole soul of M. Saint-Cyran was up in arms against the spirit of an age like this. The world, the flesh, and the devil were in the Church, and, while Richelieu was in league with them, the business of the abbé was to fight against them to the death.

Before the acquaintance of Mother Angélique with M. Saint-Cyran had ripened into intimacy, some disastrous changes took place in the Port-Royal community. "This house, so inconvenient and so small," wrote one of their number, in allusion to the influx of nuns from Maubuisson, "became suddenly enlarged by the ample charity of those who desired to be straightened for the advantage of others." The sentiment was admirable, but the walls did not expand with their hearts, and they felt the annoyance of being crowded too closely in their hive. The marshy valley, too, generated fevers, and fifteen of their number had died in two years. They consequently purchased a house in Paris, and thither the colony was transferred in 1626.

The Mother Angélique, who had long been desirous of resigning her post of abbess, petitioned the King, about the period of the change of residence, to allow the nuns to choose their own superior. The prayer was granted, and a triennial election was substituted for the appointment for life by the Crown. A short time before she abdicated her own authority, she became acquainted with M. Zamet, bishop of Langres, and gave him the directorship of Port-Royal. If M. Zamet had been a M. Saint-Cyran, his fervor and wisdom would have supplied the place of the watchful piety of Mother Angélique, and rendered her resignation innocuous. But she was deceived in her man. Cautious as she was, she had mistaken the

character of this wily bishop, who was of Italian descent—

"For oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

Through the new abbess he began with all speed to undo the work which Mother Angélique, with endless toil and prayer, had labored so many years to effect. In lieu of the customary plain fare served up on stoneware, they had now delicate viands on enamelled china. The dresses of the nuns were of beautiful white shalloon, their scapularies of brilliant scarlet, and perfumes, fine linen, and nosegays, were employed to give an air of luxury to the chapel. In short, M. Zamet avowed that he desired to introduce all the refinements which could please the young ladies of the Court, and allure rich and highborn maidens into the house. The discipline was relaxed to keep pace with these indulgences, and the nuns were encouraged to cultivate jesting, ridicule, and mimicry. It was evident that Port-Royal, under such influences, would soon relapse into the indolence and sensuality which experience shows to be the natural tendency of monastic institutions. Mother Angélique's heart was hot within her, but she held her tongue. "I often felt grieved," she says, "but I did not speak; and when I asked myself, What is the good of all this? I answered, To confound my own judgment." But though she forbore to remonstrate, her demeanor told what spirit she was of. "Your shadow is obnoxious to us," said M. Zamet to her one day. "Then send me where you please," was her reply. Her submission did not disarm his indignation, for he wanted her to be as worldly as himself; and since he could not subdue her goodness, he resolved to persecute it. The nuns were forbidden to talk to her, lest she should give them bad advice. On several occasions an account of her life, filled with calumnies, was read aloud in the refectory. She continued eating all the time, and on the Abbess expressing surprise at her composure, she replied, "I did not give it a thought." Once she was taken into the room with a large paper mask on her face, and the nuns who escorted her said, "Sisters, pray to God for this hypocrite; pray to God that she may be converted." Another day she

was ordered to rise from the table, a basket filled with dirt was tied round her neck, and as they led her round the room they exclaimed, "Sisters, behold this wretched creature, whose mind is more stuffed with perverse opinions than this basket is with filth." After acts like these, to walk barefooted and bareheaded was a trifling penance. The meekness with which she endured every insult that could be devised is the surest proof of the extraordinary worth of her character and the depth of her Christianity. In her reforms she appeared as a leader and a model; like a captain who goes in advance of his soldiers that he may conduct them to victory. Admiration, success, and obedience, were a full compensation for past self-denial, and the stimulus to new. But when she who lately ruled was mocked and reviled by her former pupils—when austerity only provoked contempt—when piety was branded as hypocrisy, and innocence as guilt—she had nothing to sustain her except the reality of a religion which was all-sufficient for itself. Of the many signal passages in the history of Mother Angélique this is the chief; the unflinching resolution of "the day of the wicket" fades before her un murmuring submission to protracted persecution.

There is little interest in the events which restored Mother Angélique to the favor of M. Zamet, and which, ultimately destroying his authority, placed the monastery under the direction of Saint-Cyran. We pass at once to the year 1637, which was marked by an event that produced a new appendage to Port-Royal, and was a fresh source of distinction to it. The nephew of Mother Angélique, Antoine Le Maitre, was the most eloquent advocate who had been heard at the bar in the memory of man. "The days on which he pleaded," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "the preachers, out of prudence, and for fear of speaking in a desert, left their pulpits to go and hear him. The Great Hall was too small to contain his audience." These famous speeches were published after the revision of the orator himself. M. Sainte-Beuve confesses that they do not vindicate the admiration of his contemporaries. They are filled with quotations from poets, historians, and fathers of the Church. The ancient mythology is freely introduced, and Mars and Neptune are cited in the case of a servant-girl seduced by a locksmith. It was the age of pedantry, and

all antiquity was ransacked for precedents and allusions. An advocate once talked of the Trojan war and Scamander. "I beg to remind the Court," said the counsel on the opposite side, "that the name of my client is not *Scamander* but *Michaut*." In the time of Le Maître the Scamander would have been thought a rhetorical ornament, and such frigid interpolations were the admiration, however little they may have moved the feelings, of the auditors. The pious mother of the great advocate dreaded his fame, and thought it a snare of Satan to inflame his pride. She prayed fervently that the danger might be averted; and the request was heard. His aunt, the wife of that M. d'Andilly who inveighed so frantically against Mother Angélique on "the day of the wicket," fell mortally ill in August, 1637. M. Saint-Cyran attended her on her death-bed, and M. Le Maître heard the words he addressed to the dying penitent. As the prayer for the flitting spirit was read—"Depart, Christian soul, from this world in the name of the Almighty God which has created you,"—the young advocate thought of the terrible day when this tremendous order should be pronounced over him. The sudden impression did not pass away. He determined to abjure the bar, and went to impart his resolution to Saint-Cyran. "I foresee," replied the holy man, "whither God is conducting me in intrusting me with your salvation: but no matter; we must follow him, even to prison and to death." The Port-Royalist historians explain the allusion. "Cardinal Richelieu could not endure that persons on whom he had views should quit the world and escape from his hands, so exclusively did he consider them as his property and his creatures;" to which M. Sainte-Beuve subjoins, "And what indeed would Bonaparte have said if a Saint-Cyran had converted and carried off from him one of his marshals? He likewise would have had a Vincennes for the converter."

It was settled that M. Le Maître should continue to plead till the arrival of the vacation enabled him to withdraw less obtrusively than in full term. But his mind was no longer in his profession, and his addresses diminished in power. Mortified by the disparaging comments of a rival advocate, he summoned up all his energies to render his last speech worthy of his reputation, and he succeeded to his desire.

He believed he had renounced in his heart, as he was about to renounce in fact, the pomps and vanities of the world, but he could not endure that his fame as an orator should suffer an eclipse, and he did homage to the glory he thought he despised at the very moment of abjuring it.

He had a brother, M. de Séricourt, who was in the army, and who visited him in his retreat. "Will you, who appear so surprised to see me in this condition," said M. Le Maître in greeting him, "do me the same honor as some in the world who report and believe that I am mad?" "No," replied M. de Séricourt, "from the moment that I heard the news at the army I wished often I could imitate you. I came here more than half conquered, and this finishes me." Nor did the results stop here; a third brother, M. de Saci, entered into orders and became confessor at Port-Royal. It is a singular instance of the rigid pride which mingled in the domestic relations of those days that the Le Maître who voluntarily renounced the fairest prospects of worldly ambition, and was content to bury himself in a secluded oblivion, underwent the severest conflicts of soul before he could bring himself to accept M. de Saci for a confessor. The eldest son could not serve the younger. He could exchange distinction for insignificance, but his pride revolted at the notion that he, the first-born, should show any symptom of obedience to his brother. He at last, at the instance of his ecclesiastical superiors, vanquished his scruples, and he wrote to M. de Saci to tell him that he entirely resigned to him his heart.

The recluses at first were lodged in a building contiguous to Port-Royal of Paris, which was run up for the purpose. The persecutions which were commenced soon after caused them to retire to the original Port-Royal in the Fields, from which they were driven in turn. But they finally settled there, and it is there that M. Sainte-Beuve exhibits to us the eloquent ex-advocate performing the functions of a day-laborer, "digging, reaping corn, making hay in the heat of noontide, wiping away the perspiration in summer, his beads in his hand, and refusing a fire in the hardest of winters; then plunging deep into study on his return from manual labor, devouring Hebrew that he might penetrate into the hidden meaning of Scripture, examining all the

doctrine of the fathers, translating them, compiling little treatises, composing learned biographies, and collecting materials for the writings of M. Arnauld his uncle." He once resumed his ancient functions, and pleaded for the nuns of Port-Royal before a village magistrate who had never heard anything so beautiful. He loved to teach the pupils at the schools, and it was still the master of eloquence which spoke in his lessons. "He read to me and made me read," says Du Fossé, "different passages of the poets and orators, and pointed out to me their beauties both of sense and elocution. He taught me also how to pronounce both poetry and prose, which he did admirably himself, having a charming voice and every other quality of a great orator." But what more than all shows how his affections lingered over the profession he had renounced, and with what fond recollections he reverted to the arena of his triumphs, is that, having detected the genius of young Racine, he wanted to make him an advocate!

The forebodings of Saint-Cyran were not long in being realized. On the 14th of May, 1638, he was arrested and conducted to Vincennes. M. d'Andilly met him as he was carried guarded in a coach, and, not guessing what had happened, said to M. Saint-Cyran, "Where are you taking all these people?" "Oh!" said M. Saint-Cyran, "they are taking me." The exact cause of his imprisonment was never declared. He himself enumerated seventeen reasons for it, but tyranny does not want seventeen reasons for persecuting virtue. The papers containing the vast labors of his studious life were seized and carried away. Two or three volumes escaped the search, and they were burnt by his nephew, M. de Barcos, for fear they should furnish materials for an accusation. They were the memoranda for a gigantic work on the Sacrament. "The thoughts," said M. de Barcos, "are not lost, for they have returned to their source." M. Saint-Cyran did not regard their destruction with equal complacency. "If," said he, "a man has amassed by the pious studies of years those riches of the divine word which are infinitely more precious to him than pearls and diamonds, and which he loved as having been given to him by the hand of God, and if this man consents that God destroys them by an unexpected accident, it is an excellent preparation to lead such a person to the voluntary abne-

gation of himself." In effect it was to acknowledge that if he could resign himself to the destruction of his theological labors he could resign himself to anything. Of all the losses of property none would seem so disheartening as to lose the proceeds of protracted mental toil, and it is surprising with what patience these trials have usually been borne, and with what fortitude and resolution they have been repaired. The resignation of Fénelon surpassed that of Saint-Cyran himself. His papers were consumed in a fire which burnt down the palace of Cambrai. The Abbé de Langeron hastened to Versailles to inform him of the disaster. He found him quietly conversing with some friends, and the Abbé endeavored to break the news by degrees. "I know it," interrupted the Archbishop; "but it is better that my house should be destroyed than the cottage of a poor man;" and he tranquilly resumed the former conversation. When Cooper, the author of the Latin Dictionary, had been employed eight years upon his work, his wife, who was a shrew, put it on the fire. The indomitable lexicographer commenced it anew, and in eight years more completed his task. Porson spent ten months of incessant toil in copying in his beautiful hand the almost obliterated manuscript of the Lexicon of Photius. When the copy was burnt he sat down unruffled to make a second, which he completed in the same perfect style as the first. Audubon likewise, the American ornithologist, had one thousand of the drawings for his great work on birds destroyed by fire. "The burning heat," he says, "which rushed through my brain when I saw my loss, was so great that I could not sleep for several nights, and my days were oblivion; but I took up my gun, note-book, and pencils, and went forth to the woods again as gaily as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before. In three years my portfolio was filled." All authors, however, have not displayed the same self-command. A fire consumed the observatory and manuscripts of Hevelius, and such was his regret at the destruction of some astronomical notes that he wrote eight years afterwards that he never thought of it without shedding tears. Father Simon, the author of the well-known "Critical Histories of the Old and New Testament," was denounced by the Jesuits to the Intendant of Rouen, and,

fearing that his manuscripts would form the ground of a charge against him, in the first impulse of alarm he committed them to the flames. No sooner was it done than his regret brought on a violent fever which killed him in three days. An accidental fire destroyed a work of Urceus, which he had just completed. Pouring forth a torrent of abuse on the Virgin and the saints, he rushed into a wood, where he spent the day in a continuous delirium. He passed the night on a dunghill, and next morning took refuge in the cottage of a poor joiner, and remained with him six months, renouncing alike the companionship of his books and his friends. What an effectual antidote it would have been to his grief if he could have rated his works at the same value as they were rated by the world! But the best consolation was that which awaited Thomas Gale, the learned author of the "Court of the Gentiles." The great fire of London burnt the house of the friend who had care of the manuscript. Gale had scarcely subdued his mind to resignation when his friend came to tell him that the manuscript was saved.

The male recluses who lived within the precincts of the monastery of Port-Royal at Paris were ordered to leave on the arrest of Saint-Cyran. It was then they took refuge at the old *Port-Royal-des-Champs*, which had been now twelve years uninhabited, and was going to decay. The cells within were damper than ever, the grounds without more marshy, the surrounding woods more dense and gloomy. The enemies of Saint-Cyran grudged his disciples even this retreat, where they were cut off from all possibility of working mischief, and where malaria promised to deal more rigorously with them than tyranny itself. One M. Laubardemont, of infamous memory, was sent to interrogate them, that he might extract some evidence against M. Saint-Cyran. "The examination of M. Le Maître in particular," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "excites at once laughter and disgust. It is folly, but wicked and cruel folly, and it is just that it should tarnish the grandeur of Richelieu." Among many other puerile questions, Le Maître was asked if he had not had visions. "Yes, certainly," he replied; "when I open one of the windows of my chamber I see the village of Vau-murier, and when I open the other I see the village of Saint-Lambert. These are

all my visions." The ex-advocate was in his element here, and he triumphed as easily over M. Laubardemont, when performing the office of Inquisitor, as he would have done if of old he had been pitted against him in the courts. The recluses, driven from their solitude, took lodgings in Paris; but in the summer of 1639 they went back secretly to *Port-Royal-des-Champs*.

The Prince of Condé interceded for M. Saint-Cyran with Richelieu, and the Cardinal replied, "Do you know for what kind of man you are pleading? He is more dangerous than six armies." Hope of mercy there was none; and it was not till the death of Richelieu, five years afterwards, that M. Saint-Cyran was released from his confinement, the 6th of February, 1643. "All Vincennes," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "was in transports; the monks of the place came to congratulate him, and the guards wept with joy and sadness to see him depart." Mother Agnes was the first who heard the news, when the community were assembled in the refectory, which was a period of the day devoted to silence. Not choosing, even on such an occasion as this, to infringe the laws of the house, she unfastened her girdle to intimate that the bonds of their beloved director was broken. The sign was instantly understood. Every face beamed with gladness, and in the midst of their silence the nuns spoke a language more expressive than words.

The health of M. Saint-Cyran was undermined by his long imprisonment, and he died in the October of the year that witnessed his release. He bequeathed his heart to M. d'Andilly on condition that he withdrew from the world; his bowels were claimed by Mother Angélique for Port-Royal of Paris; and his hands, "which had been so often raised to God, and which had written so many truths," were cut off for M. Le Maître. These ghastly relics of corruption, which are shocking to men of another faith, wear to the eyes of Roman Catholic superstition a hallowed appearance. But if the Port-Royalists honored his remains, they also endeavored to emulate his spirit, and at least in this instance did not substitute for saintship the worship of a fragment from the body of a saint.

Several ladies of rank were attracted by the piety of Port-Royal, and had occasional relations with it. Marie de Gonza-

gue, the future Queen of Poland, possessed an apartment there to which she frequently retired. In her high estate her counsellors exhorted her to save, but she answered that it was needless, for she would always have enough to be received into Port-Royal by her old friend Mother Angélique. "No, no," replied the Abbess, when these words were reported to her; "unless a queen is completely holy she causes a relaxation of the rules. Kings and queens are naught before God, and the vanity of their station rather excites his aversion than his love." There is not a little religious pride in this speech, which was unworthy of Mother Angélique. Another of the frequent visitants at Port-Royal was the Princess de Guemené, and above all the Marquise de Sablé, who built a house within the precincts of the monastery. There she led a placid and agreeable existence, receiving excellent company, and allowing herself a thousand dainties. Her retreat was an odd compound of *bel esprit*, devotion, politics, and confectionary. "Here is all my stock of maxims," La Rochefoucauld wrote to her; "but as people give nothing for nothing, I beg to have in return a carrot-soup and a mutton-stew." And again—"You cannot do me a greater charity than to allow the bearer of this note to enter into the mysteries of marmalade and of your genuine sweetmeats, and I most humbly entreat you to do all you can for him. If I could hope to receive two platefuls of those sugar-plums, of which I do not deserve to eat, I should feel myself indebted to you all my life long." How did Mother Angélique put up with these excellent carrot-soups, these exquisite stews, and these mysteries of marmalade? We are not informed; but her ardent wish to return to the beloved *Port-Royal-des-Champs* serves as an indication of her opinions. Paris, it is easy to perceive, marred her work, and she felt the necessity of a deeper retreat.

It was not till the 13th of May, 1648, that Mother Angélique and a portion of the nuns returned to Port-Royal in the Fields. The dilapidated mansion had been repaired, and the surrounding grounds, drained and cultivated by the exertions of the increasing band of recluses, were healthier than before. Mother Agnes asserted that the place inspired a devotion which was not felt elsewhere; and if, she said, the nuns of Paris, of whom

many preferred to remain in the city, had experienced the sensation, they would desire the wings of the dove, that they might fly there and be at rest. She seemed unconscious, like her sister Anne, that her feelings were derived from incidents associated with the locality, and not from the locality itself. It was here that conviction first dawned upon her mind when the fascination of novelty and the ardor of youth conspired to maintain her in a perpetual joyfulness. These were days never to be renewed, and the recollections of that glorious time haunted the scenes in which they were born, and impregnated every nook with the primitive spirit.

The war of the Fronde, at the commencement of 1649, gave for a while a new aspect to the monastery. The people of the neighborhood brought their movables to this sanctuary to preserve them from the ravages of the hostile armies. The courts were crammed with beasts and fowls till the scene reminded the nuns of Noah's ark. The church was closely packed with corn, peas, pots and pans, and all manner of miscellaneous effects. The dormitory was full of sick and wounded. Many of the peasants who took refuge at the monastery were crowded together with the animals to such a degree, that, except for the coldness of the weather, Mother Angélique was convinced that the plague would have broken out. Even the cold itself was an evil, for their wood was exhausted and they did not dare to stir abroad to cut more. Many of the people were starving in consequence of the general pillage, and they owed their lives to the charity dispensed at Port-Royal. But what, above all, gives a shocking idea of the wanton brutality of the soldiery, is, that the inoffensive inhabitants of the surrounding villages were obliged to forsake their houses and hide themselves in the woods to avoid being killed by their countrymen.

Such as we have seen Mother Angélique she always remained. We pass on to the year 1651 that we may get a glimpse of another remarkable woman, Jacqueline Pascal, who then entered the monastery. "Heaven," says M. Cousin, "had granted her, with the loveliness of a woman, all the gifts of genius. She was inferior to her brother Pascal neither in intellect nor in character." At the age of fourteen, she won the annual prize which was given at Rouen for the best poem on the Immacu-

late Conception. When her name was announced, Corneille rose on her behalf and thanked the President in verse. M. Cousin considers that the poem of Jacqueline surpasses that of the author of the "Cid," and it must be confessed that the woman who was the equal of Pascal and the superior of Corneille must have been one of the marvels of the world. But we cannot accept the estimate of M. Cousin, who is prone to exaggerate the merits of his heroines to a degree which we should not have expected from the rigorous precision of a metaphysician. Whether or not he has fallen in love with them, according to the theory of M. Sainte-Beuve, he certainly writes of them with the blindness of a lover. Jacqueline Pascal, in moral force of character, was not inferior to her celebrated brother, but she was no more his rival in intellect, if we are to judge from her writings, than she was a hundred feet high.

In 1646 her father fell upon the ice and broke his leg. Two brothers in the neighborhood, who, though they were not surgeons by profession, had acquired great skill in the setting of limbs, attended him on the occasion. They were as well versed in the Port-Royal divinity as in the treatment of fractures, and introduced the Pascals to the writings of Saint-Cyran, Jansenius, and Arnauld. In the autumn of 1647, Jacqueline accompanied her brother to Paris, and, having been strongly impressed by the treatises of the Port-Royalists, she was induced to go to their church. The sermons completed what the books had commenced, and she made up her mind to become a nun. She at last disclosed her desire to her father. He answered that his days would probably not be many, and he entreated her to have patience till he was in his grave. In the mean time he promised that she should live as she pleased. She thanked him, gave no direct reply to his request that she would not desert him, but said that he should not have reason to complain of her disobedience. It is seldom that good qualities are mixed together in the mind in their just proportions. Jacqueline's grand merit was the homage she paid to the conclusions of her conscience, and the inflexible resolution with which she acted upon her convictions. Her defect was to yield too much to her personal desires, and to give too little weight to the feelings of others. She was not by nature

deficient in domestic affection, but it was overborne by her conventual aspirations, and the intensity of her individual will. The touching appeal of her father deserved a warmer answer, and a more hearty compliance. In truth, in all her traits, Jacqueline was a complete personification of the virtues and errors of Port-Royal. Within its walls there was a bond of affection which rivalled in its strength the ties of nature, but the tone adopted to those without was hard and chilling. The fountain of love in the monastery itself was never dry, but the stream was not suffered to flow beyond.

In 1649 she went with her father to stay with her sister Madame Perier in Auvergne. She never left her room except at meals or to go to church, and if any one intruded on her privacy it was evident that the interruption was irksome to her. She passed the winter without a fire, and would never approach it when she came down to dinner. Her abstinence was so great that she destroyed her health, and when it seemed necessary, from her debility, to increase the allowance of food, her stomach was unable to bear it. The candles she consumed showed how little she slept, and it is surprising that exhausted nature did not sink under the discipline. The dress of the monastery was so trying to novices, that by fretting the body it acted injuriously on the mind. Jacqueline resolved to prepare herself beforehand for the change. She discarded her corset, cut her hair, and wore a head-dress which was larger and more troublesome than the veil. Prevented from entering the convent, she adopted the conventual life in her home. The moral courage this required was immense, for it was opposed to all which prevailed around her, and was certain to provoke incessant censure and ridicule. In Port-Royal it was the system, and everything there contributed to make it as easy as it was difficult in the world. But here again we come upon the errors and follies which mingled with her high resolves, and deprives them of much of their praise. It almost seemed as if the votaries of Port-Royal held pain to be piety, and comfort to be wickedness. They were not content to declare war against criminal sensuality; they thought that physical deprivation was an essential part of moral beauty. Jacqueline expressed a doubt whether dirt was the most

perfect state of man; but it was encouraged and practised by some in the monastery, and was quite as rational as many of their other observances. It would be difficult to say whether particular portions of their rules are most fantastic or revolting. In the dreary directions which Jacqueline drew up for the management of the children at Port-Royal, she states that in the brief periods of recreation each must play by herself to avoid making a noise! As if the noise of childish sports was a sin! They were strictly forbidden to caress each other, or to show marks of fondness, for nature was not to be directed, but extinguished. Good and bad, they confounded it all in a common anathema, and not content to root out the weeds from the heart, they converted it to a desert.

During the sojourn of Jacqueline with her sister, a monk employed her, as she had a turn for poetry, to translate some of the Latin hymns of the Church into vernacular verse. She imparted the project to her friends at Port-Royal, and they enjoined her to desist. They told her it was a talent of which God would not demand from her an account, and that humility and silence were the attributes of her sex. It was still the same delusion. They would not permit the use of gifts for fear they should be abused. The notion was at the root of the monastic system itself. They fled from the world they should have ameliorated and adorned, for fear the world should overcome them. It was not strength but weakness which drove them into retirement, and to preserve their individual health they ran from the infected, whom they should have remained to cure. When it was literally a physical malady instead of the moral plague with which they had to deal, they acted like true heroines. Jacqueline sat day and night for an entire fortnight by the bedside of a niece who had the confluent small-pox, and hardly left her for a moment. She had, however, passed through the disorder herself, which diminished very greatly the danger of infection.

In September, 1651, her father died. Being now her own mistress, she determined to gratify her cherished project without further delay, and enter Port-Royal. Her brother fondly hoped that she would defer her intention for a couple of years, and remain to soothe his grief and relieve his solitude. He was hurt

when he found she was bent upon leaving him, although she spoke of it at first as a temporary trial of the conventual life. She entered the monastery in January, 1652, when she was twenty-six years of age, and two months afterwards she wrote to her brother to declare her final resolution. "It is just," she said, "that others should do a little violence to their feelings to compensate me for what I have done for the last five years." To compensate her, that is, for not abandoning a loving father! Such was one side of the spirit of Port-Royal, often selfish in its seeming self-denial. When she sent word to her brother that she should take the veil on All Saints' day, he went to her nearly wild with the pain produced in his head by the announcement, and implored her to postpone the final step, that he might have time to get reconciled to the project. He could only obtain a fortnight's respite, which he rejected as useless. To have satisfied the affection, consoled the sorrow, participated in the thoughts, and cheered the home of Pascal, will not seem to healthy minds a less worthy and religious act than to have shut herself up in Port-Royal.

Irritated, perhaps, by the ungenerous obstinacy of his sister, Pascal availed himself of his legal rights to avoid putting the portion bequeathed her by her father into her power. This step threw her into an agony of distress which nearly cost her her life. Unable to endow the monastery with her inheritance, she must either forego the vocation which was the predominant passion of her soul, or submit to be received gratuitously, which was gall to the proud independence of her mind. To escape the alternative she desired to be admitted as one of the lay sisters who were the menials of the establishment, and in fact worked for their scanty board. But this request was refused. Mother Angélique and Mother Agnes thought the dowry a matter so indifferent that they gaily advised her to renounce the property and trouble her brother no more upon the subject; but M. Singlin, the director of Port-Royal, replied that, if some maintained their rights with too much warmth, others relinquished them with too much facility; that it was necessary always to stand neuter, and, regardless of interest on either side, to consider what was right; and that, if a person was disposed to be unjust to ourselves, charity to him obliged

us to endeavor to show him his error and bring him back to his duty. After delivering this wise counsel he yielded to the opposite opinion, and Jacqueline was instructed to write to Pascal and abandon her claim. She would have been inconsolable if he had taken her at her word; but when he found her resolution to assume the veil was unalterable, he paid her portion of his own accord with perfect good will. Thus ended Jacqueline's "day of the wicket." It was as much more trying to her fortitude than the grand conflict of Mother Angélique as it was inferior in dramatic interest and less justified by the circumstances. The Abbess had been compelled by her father himself to take the vows against her will, and having subscribed them she did but claim the right to keep inviolate the solemn obligations she had been forced to contract. Jacqueline, on the contrary, insisted on taking the veil against the wishes of her relations, and forsook a greater duty for a less. The result justified her obstinacy to the person whom it chiefly concerned, for Pascal himself was won by her example to follow her into seclusion, and outdid her in the observances of monastic austerity.

Later events displayed under a more favorable aspect the true grandeur of her character. The Jesuits, who hated Port-Royal because, being famous and influential, it was yet not Jesuit, procured at Rome the condemnation of five propositions which they professed having extracted from the "Augustinus" of Jansenius the friend of St. Cyran. A formulary, as it was called, founded on the bull of the pope, was drawn up in 1656, and ordered by the parliament in 1657 to be signed by all the ecclesiastics of the kingdom. The command slept till May, 1661, when it was determined to put it in force, and the nuns of Port-Royal—the very focus of Jansenism—were required to sign it. For some time previously this party was satisfied to draw a distinction between a question of fact and a question of doctrine. They admitted that the doctrine was false, and that the Pope was empowered to pronounce upon it, but they denied that it was to be found in the work of Jansenius. To satisfy the conscience of the Port-Royalists, a declaration was attached to the formulary, of which the substance, according to Jacqueline, was to

require simple silence as to the fact, and obedience to the bull as to the doctrine. The Jansenist divines consented to the compromise, but the inflexible Jacqueline repudiated it with indignation. She treated it as an evasion, and a cowardly relinquishment of the truth. To bind themselves to silence, and to leave their adversaries free to speak and to triumph, was for practical purposes to admit that the propositions were in Jansenius. This, she said, was consenting to a lie if it was not denying the truth, and she protested loudly against virtually signing a statement that a doctrine was in a book where they themselves had not seen it. Nor was she a whit more willing to give up Jansenius himself. While admitting that they were bound to obey the Holy See in matters of faith, she in reality rebelled against it, maintaining that the author and his doctrine were alike holy, and that they ought to defend them to death. Her position was a triple invasion of Roman Catholicism. Not only was it a *private* judgment, not only was it a *lay* judgment, but it was the judgment of a *woman*. She herself alluded to this objection. "I know it is not for women to defend the truth, although unhappily it may be said that, when the bishops have not the courage of women, the women ought to have the courage of bishops. But if we are not to defend the truth we can at least die for it, and suffer all things rather than abandon it." That the ministers to whom God had confided his Gospel, should be so unfaithful to it pierced her, she said, to the heart. "What is it," she exclaimed, "we fear? Banishment and dispersion, loss of property—if you will, imprisonment and death; but is not this our glory, and ought it not to be our joy?" Her letter, full of such indignant expostulations as these, she, a simple woman trained up in the obedience of the Roman Catholic system, had the courage to send to the great Doctor of her church and party, Antoine Arnauld, who had agreed to adopt the declaration, and was believed to have been concerned in drawing it up. She did not dispute his creed, for it was the same with her own. It was his betrayal of the belief he held, the duplicity, the cowardice, which she denounced, and, by the boldness with which she upbraided him, showed him how to be daring in a righteous cause. She declared that if the compromising conduct continued, the agitation would kill her; and kill

her it did. She expired on the 4th of October, 1661, a martyr to her lofty sense of moral rectitude, and the disgrace of shrinking, at the dictation of power, from the avowal of truth. The Mother Angélique had gone to her reward in the preceding August. On her death-bed she checked a nun who was taking down her words. She was answered that the dying remarks of a preceding abbess had been of considerable use. "Ah!" she said, "that dear mother was very humble and very simple-minded, but I am neither." Doubtless she had had her hours of pride, for she had accomplished mighty things, and could not look round upon her holy flock, and the celebrated men who had gathered round her house, or mark her influence over the minds of others, and the impulse which her example had given to piety throughout France, and not be tempted to feel some complacency at the contemplation of her work; but if a momentary vanity ever intruded, it was quickly expelled, and she was as truly humble as she was good. Not only as the reformer of her convert does she occupy the chief place among its celebrities, but she appears to have been really the most remarkable, as was testified by her associates and successors when they proudly called her the "*Great Mother Angélique*."

It would be doing these holy women a grievous injustice, and would entirely destroy the value of their example, to suppose that they were actuated by the hope of that fame which has eventually fallen to them. It was the hatred which Port-Royal excited, the opposition it provoked, the injustice it suffered, which raised it to the place which it occupies in the eye of the world, and, far from presenting a field for ambition, its insignificant endowments, its homely buildings, and its secluded position, seemed to doom it to

perpetual obscurity. The decisive part of the life of Mother Angélique was passed in an arduous struggle with lukewarmness, laxity, or vice, and she could have no notion that her steady devotedness and gentle wisdom would ever be heard of beyond the walls of the convent which they adorned. The incidents of her career which most attract the reader were, after all, but brief episodes in her humble, unobtrusive existence, and were done in a corner and not in the market-place. The "day of the wicket" was a domestic scene which subsequent events alone caused to be recorded; and if anything could have added to the grief which the Abbess felt in that memorable conflict, it would have been the knowledge that the particulars would one day be published to the world. The noble remonstrance of Jacqueline Pascal against the covert surrender of the most cherished principles of the Port-Royal community was contained in a private letter which was never intended to see the light, and would doubtless have passed into oblivion except for the splendor of her brother's reputation, which, like a sun, illumined every object within its system. The conflicts of mind which killed her were on behalf of views which were discountenanced by the great names of her sect, and she undoubtedly must have supposed that her sorrows and remonstrances would be buried with her in the tomb. Even as it is, the names of Mother Angélique and Jacqueline Pascal have waited two centuries for the honor which, however little it was desired, was so eminently their due. It was in the party of the Jansenists that Roman Catholicism made its nearest approach to the Protestant creed, and rarely indeed have any adherents of the Papal church shone forth with such a pure and steady light as the Nuns of Port-Royal.

QUANTITY OF SALT IN THE SEA.—The amount of common salt in all the oceans is estimated by Schaffhault at 3,051,342 cubic geographical miles; or about five times more than the mass of the Alps, and only one third less than that of the Himalaya. The sulphate of soda equals 633,644.36 cubic miles, or is equal to the mass of the

Alps. The chloride of magnesium, 441,811.80 cubic miles; the lime salts, 109,339.44 cubic miles. He supposes the mean depth to be about 300 metres, as estimated by Humboldt. Admitting, with Laplace, that the mean depth is from four to five miles, the mass of marine salt will be more than double the mass of the Himalaya.

From Titan.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS IN SCIENCE.

WE have to record the safe arrival, in March last, of Dr. Livingston at Yeté, on the river Zambesi, about three hundred miles from Quillimane, on the east coast of Africa. The heroic and indefatigable missionary traveller left St. Paul de Loanda on the west coast, towards the close of 1854, and entered upon the perilous and formidable undertaking of penetrating an unexplored country, occupied by barbarous tribes, and of reaching the east coast, at the distance of more than two thousand miles from his starting-point. The long interval that had elapsed since the last accounts reached this country of Dr. Livingston's progress, had given rise to serious apprehensions for his safety, when the intelligence of his safe arrival at Yeté not only allayed the anxiety of his friends on this point, but proclaimed the virtual accomplishment of his hazardous undertaking. By this journey across a portion of the African continent never before traversed by Europeans, Dr. Livingston has discovered a shorter and more healthy route into the interior than has hitherto been known. In a report of his journey which Dr. Livingston has forwarded to this country, he gives many interesting details respecting the physical features of the portion of the continent he has traversed, of its climate, and the character of its inhabitants, and of the openings it presents for trade, and the ultimate spread of civilization and Christianity. In speaking of the trading spirit springing up amongst the native tribes, Dr. Livingston hopefully ventures the opinion, that, if the movement now begun is not checked by some untoward event, the slave-trade will certainly come to a natural termination in that part of Africa; commerce speedily having the effect of breaking up the sullen isolation of heathenism, and letting the different tribes see their mutual dependence.

In another part of Africa, far removed from that in which Dr. Livingston has

been exploring his way, preparations are being made to add to our knowledge of this interesting part of the world. Two separate expeditions are in preparation for the purpose of clearing up the mystery in connection with the Nile. One of these expeditions is being undertaken by Captain Burton, of the East India Company's Service, and the English Government have contributed £1000 towards the expenses it will involve. The second, and more important expedition, is being fitted out at the expense of the Pacha of Egypt, and will be under the care of Count de Lauture, an experienced African traveller, and the author of a recent work on Sudán, and of other treatises on African geography. The expedition will be accompanied by twelve Europeans, two of whom are to be English officers, accustomed to astronomical and meteorological observations, and the management of boats. Count de Lauture has been in London, taking counsel with the secretary of the Royal Geographical Society on the subject of the expedition, which is to start from Cairo early in October, and is expected to take about two years for its completion.

One other matter pertaining to geographical science, and we pass on to other topics. It is a notice that should have appeared a month ago—namely, that the Russian Government are fitting out another expedition for a scientific voyage round the world, making the thirty-ninth such voyage that the Russians have undertaken since the beginning of the present century. The command of this expedition has been given to one of the most distinguished officers in the Russian navy, who will enter upon his duties in the course of the present month, when the two corvettes of which the expedition is to consist are appointed to leave Cronstadt. If the expedition prove anything like so fruitful of important results as some of those previously sent out by the Russian Government, we shall have something to

say about it by-and-by that will be worth the telling.

In two or three consecutive numbers of the journal of the Society of Arts, a certain "Augustus Edward Bruckmann, Ph. Dr., Consulting Engineer, and Geologist," has recently been discoursing to the public, in a lengthy, learned-looking paper, stuffed out with numerous quotations and passages put in italics, and well buoyed up by imposing foot-notes, on what he terms "Negative Artesian Wells," or, in plain words, borings for the purpose of draining off surface-water, and allowing it to escape in subterranean channels or fissures. The erudite German expresses himself throughout his paper in the tone of a person first making known an important discovery that has hitherto been locked up in his own breast, and to which too much importance cannot be attached. Of this pleasant delusion he is first of all disabused by a short note from Mr. Anstead, the late Professor of Geology at King's College, who writes to say, that if the worthy doctor will only refer to a work of his on geology, published in 1844, he will find that the subject, for which he takes such great credit to himself for introducing into this country as a novelty, is referred to and illustrated by engravings, and that England is not so much behind in the matter as he supposes. In the next week's number of the journal Mr. Hyde Clarke begs to call the doctor's attention again to an article in the *Civil Engineer* for April, 1840, where the system is fully described; and then, to complete the discomfiture of the good man, the number following contains another letter, stating that the device announced with so much pomp and circumstance, and under the learned title of "Negative Artesian Wells," has long been commonly practised in many parts of England, under the most undignified appellation of "swallow-holes;" and further, (and cruellest out of all,) that the practice of sinking these holes is in many cases greatly to be deprecated, as the drainage-water will rise and cover the surface of the ground, and destroy the crops that may be growing there. Dr. Edward Augustus Bruckmann, Consulting Engineer and Geologist, has made no reply to his uncourteous correctors; and as he took care to announce that he had come to England for the purpose of applying his grand discovery, he may probably by this time be of opinion that his occupation is gone.

Mr. Hind, the astronomer, has sent a letter to the "*Times*," suggesting to those who are provided with suitable telescopes the importance of at once commencing operations in search of the long-expected comet of 1556, the reappearance of which has been anticipated about the middle of the present century. The expectation of the reappearance of the comet about the present time is founded, Mr. Hind reminds his readers, on a rough chart of its path, copied into several works, from an original publication by Paul Fabricius, which, after having been lost to science, has recently been brought to light at Vienna, as well as a hitherto unknown, but far more important, treatise by Joachim Heller, astronomer of Nuremberg, which gives the comet's positions during an interval of fifty-three days, and consequently affords a very complete series of data for determining its orbit in 1556. Mr. Hind states, that the calculations necessary to do justice to Heller's observations are not yet brought to a close; but so far he is inclined to think they will give an earlier period for the comet's return; and on this ground advises that a rigorous examination of the heavens should be instituted at once, and continued until the limit assigned by the calculations for its reappearance is past. He is sanguine himself that this reappearance of the great comet of 1556 is near at hand.

The readers of this Journal were informed some months since, in a "Discourse on Ocean Matters," of the existence, in the bed of the Atlantic, of a far-extending ridge of elevated land stretching east and west for several hundred miles across that part of the Atlantic lying between Newfoundland and the west coast of Ireland; and of the design to take advantage of this ridge, already known as the "Telegraphic Plateau," for laying down a telegraphic cable between the two countries. The *New York Times* of the 8th July states, that a small steamer (the Arctic) had just left that port, under the command of Lieutenant Berryman, for the purpose of taking soundings, preparatory to laying down the cable for this projected telegraph. The plateau is composed of sand and shells, and presents a remarkably level surface. It appears to be undisturbed by currents or icebergs, and seems as if marked out by nature for the very purpose for which it is now about to be made available.

If the survey now being made prove satisfactory, the work of laying the cable will immediately proceed. The plan proposed to accomplish this object is, to have the two steamers, each with half the cable on board, proceed together to a point midway between the two coasts, over the plateau, and then, parting company, for the two vessels to make for the opposite shores, each paying out the cable as she proceeds. It is estimated that ten or fifteen days will suffice for laying the cable; and little doubt is entertained, amongst persons practically conversant with the subject, of the perfect and triumphant success of the experiment. If the result prove that they are right, it will add another and still more powerful bond to those which already bind England and America together in peaceful and fraternal intercourse.

The New York correspondent of the *Times* gives us, in one of his recent letters, an interesting *morceau* of historical lore, in connection with the destruction of the old "Charter Oak" of Connecticut, which stood near the city of Hartford, and was blown down on the 21st August by a gale of wind. The incident whence this venerable tree derived its name is rather curious. In 1686, James II. dissolved the government of the colony, and demanded the surrender of the original charter—a very liberal one—granted in 1662 by Charles II. The Governor and council refused to surrender their charter, and even resisted the terrors of three several writs of *quo warranto*. The consequence was, that on the 31st of October, 1687, Sir Edmund Andross and a guard of sixty soldiers entered Hartford, to seize the charter, if necessary, by force. The sitting of the assembly was judiciously protracted till evening, when the charter was brought in and laid on the table, and, as it appeared, was about to be given up. But now the lights were suddenly put out, and all was darkness and silence; when the candles were again lighted, the precious document had vanished. The council had not refused to surrender their charter, but it was gone. The stratagem, however, did not succeed; the Governor was deposed, and the royal orders carried out. But, on the abdication of James, the charter, which had been concealed in a gigantic oak, was again produced; the old Governor was reflected under it, and it remained the organic law of the colony till

1818. It was from this incident that the veneration of the people sprung up for the "Charter Oak," which is supposed to have been a very old tree when America was discovered. The loss of the old tree is greatly regretted by the inhabitants; and the day after it was blown down, the city band played solemn music over its trunk for two hours, and the city bells tolled at sunset in token of the public sorrow.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO "THE GREAT MAJORITY."

No less than four of our veteran leaders in art and science have recently been stricken down, and added to the muster-roll of the illustrious dead. Dr. Buckland, the geologist; Sir John Ross, the Arctic navigator; Mr. Yarrell, the good old British sportsman and naturalist; and Sir Richard Westmacott, the Royal Academician, have gone from amongst us within a few days of each other, each in a ripe old age, and after a life of more or less distinguished service.

The Rev. Dr. Buckland will long be remembered with gratitude, as one of the band of eminent men who first redeemed geology from the puerilities and absurdities of fanciful hypothesis, and gave it a high and prominent position among the physical sciences. Born in Devonshire, (one of the most favorable districts to develop a taste for geological pursuits,) he early became enamored of the science, and having, after a school life at Winchester, obtained a scholarship at Oxford, we find him, at the age of twenty-nine, appointed to the readership in mineralogy, and five years later to that of geology. The interest excited by Dr. Buckland's advocacy of geology at Oxford not unnaturally brought up many opponents to its claims, and in 1820, only two years after his appointment to the readership, he published his "*Vindiciæ Geologicæ*;" a work in which he shows that there can be no opposition between the works and the word of God, and that the influence of the study of natural science, so far from leading to atheism and irreligion, directly tends to the recognition of God and to his worship. This work was speedily followed by a paper in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," on the extraordinary assemblage of fossil teeth and bones, of various animals now no longer inhabiting our island, found in Kirkdale Cave, Yorkshire; and, in 1823,

the discoveries at Kirkdale, and others of a similar character, were made the basis of a work which he published under the title of "*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ; or, Observations on the Organic Remains attesting the Action of an Universal Deluge.*" The hypothesis advocated in this work, as announced in its title, had previously been advanced by Dr. Buckland in his "*Vindiciæ*;" but in his great work, published in 1836, the famous Bridgewater Treatise on "*Geology and Mineralogy considered with reference to Natural Theology,*" he gives up this idea of an universal deluge as no longer tenable, and adopts the views previously announced by contemporary geologists. Notwithstanding the number and variety of Dr. Buckland's contributions to the literature of geological science, it is in connection with this treatise that his name will chiefly be remembered, and on it that his fame will mainly rest; and though many and important discoveries have been made in geology since the time when this work was published, it still retains in great measure its original value as an exposition of the leading truths of the science. Dr. Buckland was one of the founders of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and he also took an active part with Sir Henry de la Beche in the establishment of the Museum of Economic Geology, now connected with the Government School of Mines in Jernyn street, St. James's. In 1845 he had the Deanery of Westminster bestowed upon him by Sir Robert Peel; and being thus brought to reside in London, he immediately took a lively interest in all such questions as enabled him to bring his great knowledge of geology to bear upon the social amelioration of the people. In 1850 his intellect gave way, and from that time to the period of his death, he was wholly laid aside from literary and mental occupation.

The name of Sir John Ross is chiefly to be remembered on account of his having been the first in the present century to enter upon the difficult task of navigating the Polar seas. The command of an expedition sent out by the Admiralty in 1816 was given to him, then a captain; and he was accompanied by the since equally celebrated Parry, in the capacity of his lieutenant. In 1829, Captain Ross undertook the command of a second expedition for Arctic discovery, fitted out at the expense of Sir Felix Booth, and not

only added considerably to our knowledge of the inhospitable regions of the north, but discovered the position of the northern magnetic pole. On this occasion Captain Ross was locked up for four years in the ice; and the incidents of this long imprisonment, together with the narrative of the expedition as a whole, was devoured with the utmost avidity, when at length it was published to the world; on which occasion it was that its author received the honor of knighthood, with the Companionship of the Bath. The last public service of Sir John Ross, and one that reflects the greatest honor on his memory, was his undertaking the command, in 1849, and when he had passed his seventieth year, of the private expedition fitted out by Lady Franklin to search for her lost husband. The veteran navigator took a deep interest to the last in the proceedings of several scientific societies.

William Yarrell was one of the best representatives of the genial, hearty, and upright English sportsman and naturalist—a man whose pleasures and professional pursuits alike take him out among the beautiful scenes of nature. The son of a West End news-agent, Mr. Yarrell knew far more, in his boyhood, of London streets and the bustle of town life, than of either fish or fowl; but as he grew apace, he acquired a love for angling, and with old Izaak Walton's letters in his basket, would often go out for a day's holiday, to try his skill in the gentle art in the streams in the vicinity of London. Fishing led to shooting; and it was not long before the name of Yarrell was mentioned in sporting circles as that of one of the best marksmen of the day. Early in his sporting career, Mr. Yarrell became acquainted with Manton, the famous gun-maker, and with Shoo-bridge, the well-known hatter of Bond street, better known among sporting men as an unerring shot; and with the latter of these he often made shooting excursions into the country, all this time laying the foundation of that extensive acquaintance with the feathered tribes which was afterwards displayed in his "*History of British Birds.*" It was not until Mr. Yarrell had reached the age of forty, that he began to think seriously of using his pen to give to the world the result of his long years of observation in natural history. In the early part of 1825, he sent to the *Zoological Journal* his first composition, in the shape of "*Notices of the Occurrence*

of some rare British Birds, observed during the years 1823, 1824, and 1825," which at once brought Mr. Yarrell into intercourse with several distinguished naturalists; and in the same year he was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society. Several papers from Mr. Yarrell's pen now speedily followed, and about the year 1829 the Zoological Club of the Linnean Society, of which he had for some years been an active member, gave rise to the present Zoological Society, in the welfare of which he has always taken the greatest interest. It is to Mr. Yarrell that we are indebted for the discovery of the oviparous propagation of the eel, and the specific identity of the white-bait; but the great work of his life was the production, during the years 1830-1840, of the two well-known Histories of British Birds and British Fishes, published by Mr. Van Voorst, and forming part of the splendid series of works on British natural history which owe their origin to that gentleman's public spirit and love of science. Mr. Yarrell died on Sunday, August 31, at Yarmouth, whither he had gone from London for a summer trip to the sea-side.

The veteran sculptor whose name stands the last on our list of lately-deceased celebrities, was the son of a statuary in Mount street, Grosvenor Square, London, and it was here, in his father's studio, that young Richard Westmacott imbibed that ardent love for his profession which was at once the sign and the earnest of his future distinction. In 1793, at the early age of eighteen, he was sent to Rome, to study under Canova, where he made such speedy progress, that upon one occasion he obtained the first gold medal of the year for sculpture, which was given as a prize by the Pope at the Academy of St. Luke. In 1798 Westmacott returned to England, and speedily rose to a high position in the estimation of the private patrons of the arts, who were then both numerous and discerning. St. Paul's Cathedral contains a large number of Sir R. Westmacott's productions, and may be consulted with advantage by those who are unacquainted with his works. He received the dignity of knighthood in 1837. He took an active part in the proceedings of the Royal Academy, and was a member of the council of that body. He leaves a son to inherit his name—one who bids fair to win a reputation as a sculptor.

PIECEMEAL NATURAL HISTORY.

We recently announced the addition of an Australian pteropus to the collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; we have now another and still more interesting addition to record, in the shape of three fine specimens of the rare and beautiful Honduras turkey, (*Meleagris ocellata*), from the dense forests of Central America. These fine birds have been sent to the gardens as a present from Her Majesty, and are the first of the kind that have ever been exhibited alive in this country.

The Honduras turkey was first described by Cuvier, from a specimen captured by the crew of a vessel while ashore cutting wood in the Bay of Honduras; and though repeated efforts have since been made to introduce it to this country, yet, until the present time, every attempt has proved unsuccessful. The bird is one of the most splendid of the poultry tribe, and almost rivals, in the gorgeousness of its metallic lustre, the diminutive humming-birds of its own clime, or the gaudy peacock, that has so long been domesticated amongst us, from the remote regions of the coast. It is fully equal to the common turkey in height; but, with a more slim and graceful form, a more erect bearing, and its brilliant tints of green and gold, it has altogether a most attractive appearance. The gaiety of its coat may very probably add but little to its worth on a Michaelmas dinner-table; but assuredly one would like to see such a brilliant creature at home in our poultry-yards. The birds now being exhibited in the Zoological Gardens were, until lately, in the possession of Mrs. Stevenson, the wife of the British Superintendent of Belize, and were sent here by that lady, as a present to the Queen, under the care of Mr. Skinner, the well-known collector of orchidaceous plants, who, by great care and attention during the voyage home, managed to preserve his feathered charge in excellent health and condition. The strangers are now accommodated with comfortable quarters in the near neighborhood of the pelicans and the family group of flamingoes, and are, of course, for the time being, "the observed of all observers."

One of the newspapers in the west of England lately announced another curious zoological importation, which it might not

be amiss for Mr. Mitchell to look after—namely, a live scorpion, which came here with some sedge bags, it is supposed, from Egypt. It was found at one of the canal wharves among some luggage, and sufficiently alert and active to spring about on being placed at large. The last accounts left the venomous little fellow in the possession of a druggist, near its place of capture, in good health, and in the daily enjoyment of a meal of flies.

In a paper which Sir W. Jardine read before the British Association at Cheltenham on the artificial propagation of the salmon in the River Tay, a curious illustration was given of the way in which various races of animals check and countercheck each other in nature, and of the evil and derangement that often result from the short-sighted interference of man. It has been customary, in waters preserved for salmon-fishing, to destroy the common river trout, as one of the worst enemies of the salmon fry; but it has recently been ascertained that the larvæ of the May-fly, on which the trout feeds, carries on far more serious depredations, by preying on the salmon ova; and that the trout, therefore, by keeping down the number of the May-fly, should rather be regarded as a friend than an enemy to the fisherman. Obviously, to destroy the trout is only another way of diminishing the number of the salmon. As an illustration of the same law of nature, it was mentioned, that in parts of the country in which the hawks had been ruthlessly extirpated, with the object of encouraging the head of game, wood-pigeons had increased to such an extent as to become a source of great injury to the farmers. There is clearly a balance in nature, which we, with our partial knowledge, can interfere with only to impair or destroy.

M. C. Davaine has recently published some remarkable facts respecting the vitality of the common *anguillula* of mildewed wheat. It appears that in the larvæ state these insects are endowed with the power of remaining dry and apparently dead for several years, and of again recovering their power of movement on being moistened with water, as in the case of several of the infusorial animalculæ. These larvæ also exhibit a very remarkable power of resistance to the action of violent poisons, provided they are not of a nature to act on the tissues of the body. M. Davaine found by ex-

periment that opium, salts of morphine, belladonna, atropine, and strychnia and its compounds, have no action on these minute animals, though so deadly in their effects on those of more complex organization. In a concentrated solution or paste of these substances, they continued to live and move for a fortnight. Nicotine, on the contrary, soon destroyed their movements, but not their vitality; for, after remaining several days in contact with this substance, they became as lively as ever when freed from it by washing. It was also found that organic matters in a state of decomposition, and especially those of animal origin, had the same effect upon the *anguillula* as nicotine; small pieces of meat, cheese, or a little paste, put into water containing them, rendering their bodies straight and stiff in the course of a few hours in hot weather, although they would speedily recover their movements on being washed in pure water. And this resuscitation may frequently be repeated with the same individuals.

It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding their tenacity of life, these *anguillula* are speedily destroyed by contact with acids, a circumstance the more singular, as other animals of the same class live and breed in vinegar. Sulphuric acid diluted with two hundred volumes of water kills them in a few hours, and may advantageously be employed to destroy them in seed corn. Another remarkable circumstance is, that these larvæ are able to support an intense cold, though heat is speedily fatal to them. M. Davaine has exposed them to a temperature of 4° below zero, Fahrenheit, for several hours, without killing them; though they perish at 148° Fahrenheit; while the *rotifera* and *tardigrade* animalcules support a heat of 212°. These observations make an interesting addition to our knowledge of the economy of the more minute forms of animal life.

A few weeks ago, a huge whale, sixty-two feet in length, was picked up at sea, and taken ashore about twelve miles from Wick, where it was speedily resolved into its commercial components of whalebone and oil. It was supposed at first that the animal had drifted dead from the Greenland seas; but from information which has since transpired, it is more than probable that the monster was killed only the day before it was taken, in a single combat between himself and another monster.

of the deep. The conflict, which took place about a mile and a half from the land, and which was witnessed from the shore by a number of fishermen and others, is described as having been of the most determined and exciting character. The two monsters kept battling with each other, at times with their heads, and at times with their tails, raising a tremendous spray for a distance of many yards around. After a fierce and close encounter, they would each retreat for a considerable distance, and, after a brief rest, would again meet in collision, dashing against each other with fearful rapidity and force. On recovering from the effect of such a sudden attack, they would again resume their fight at close quarters, rising up in the water, springing sometimes to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and coming down on each other with terrible violence. For three hours this desperate battle was carried on, the sea meanwhile assuming a bright red tinge, from the blood that had been shed; and, at the close, one of the whales became motionless, while the other retired from the hard-fought field. The next morning, as early as four o'clock, the carcass was found not far from the spot where the engagement of the previous afternoon had taken place; and from various marks upon the body, and a broken jawbone, there was no reason to doubt that it was the vanquished belligerent in the affray.

One other matter more to our taste, and we must have done for this time with natural history. Mr. Gosse has just announced the discovery of a new British *actinia*, allied to *Edwardsia vestita*, referred to in the article "Aquarium Mania," p. 325. The discovery was made at Torquay, in July last, by Miss Pinchard, an accomplished student of our marine natural history; and the discovered is a very gem of anemones, a little fellow scarcely more than half an inch in length, and with its expanded disk of tentacles not more than the tenth of an inch in diameter. It has a roughened tubular epidermis like its relative aforementioned, out of which, however, it can protrude itself at both extremities. Its body is a sort of fluted column, colorless, and showing its scarlet stomach within, while its tiny disk of tentacles, at top, is like a little complex star of creamy white. Mr. Lloyd's collectors will doubtless soon be at work to discover more of these pretty zoophytes, and no long time

is likely to elapse before it takes its place as one of the prime favorites of the aquarium.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN ON DECIMAL COINAGE.

It is not long since that, at one of the meetings of the Society of Arts, a gentleman from the west of England ventured the opinion, that great good would be done, if some competent person were employed to go through the country lecturing on Decimal Coinage, and treating the subject "poetically." The thought was no doubt a happy one, and was probably suggested by the spirited, not to say poetical, description to be found in the new volumes of Mr. Macaulay's History, of the evils resulting from the depreciation of the coinage in the reign of James II. Our popular lecturers, however, most unfortunately for us, are *not* Macaulays, and there is much reason to fear that the gentleman at Plymouth will have to wait some time before he can give the promised "cordial welcome" to a poetical lecturer on Decimal Coinage.

In the absence, however, of a competent person to do the thing "poetically," the Decimal Coinage Association itself has put forward a gentleman who has at least shown that this erewhile drier of dry subjects may be treated pleasantly and agreeably, and that, too, without at all losing sight of its distinctive character. The gentleman referred to is the redoubtable mathematician, Professor De Morgan, who, at the request of the association above mentioned, delivered a lecture explanatory of their object a few weeks since, in the large room of the Society of Arts, John street, Adelphi. Let us listen for a while; our readers will find the matter worth attending to, though there be in it nothing of poetry.

"Ever since 1816, sensible people have been desiring and dreaming of the possibility of a decimal coinage. There have been various systems of doing this devised, but all of them have now sunk out of notice. These are the *pound and mil* system, and the *tenpenny* system, those names being used in a somewhat sarcastic sense, which is anything but a disadvantage, as it fixes men's minds on the peculiar points of each system. But then your nicknames must be correctly given. Some opponents on the tenpenny side called themselves Little-endians, and the pound and mil people Big-endians. But that was a mistake. They had got hold of the poker by

the wrong end. Lemuel Gulliver, on whom everybody relied but the Irish bishop, who, when the Voyage to Lilliput appeared, declared he didn't believe the half of it, stated that the Endian dispute arose out of the following dogma: "True believers break their eggs at the convenient end." Now the pound and mil people believed that the small end was that at which the coinage ought to be broken, and a small crack of four per cent. in the copper served their purpose. But the real Big-endians (the tenpenny people) smashed the sovereign into tenpenny bits, and made such a hole as let out all the meat in getting rid of the pound and shilling. Both parties frightened the community by using the word 'decimal,' and so leading people to think they would be puzzled with the arithmetical difficulties of decimal fractions. It would be better for everybody who advocated a decimal coinage, to state plainly that it was counting by tens, twenties, hundreds, thousands, and not counting, as we now do, by fours, twelves, and twenties, the upholders of which system should be named the 'quarto-duodecimo-vicesimists.'

"Of the two systems now before the world, all that the pound and mil required imperatively was, that twenty-five farthings instead of twenty-four should go to the half-shilling. Of course it would be robbery to make people give twenty-five farthings for sixpence; but when we consider the great robberies committed by Parliament in taxation, we could afford to allow that, on account of the great benefits that would be obtained by it. In the tenpenny system there was nothing but inconvenience and impracticability, whether the decimalization was upwards or downwards. The advocates of the pound and mil system were in fault for not more distinctly pointing out the simplicity of the change which they proposed in the coinage, as compared with the entire subversion of the existing system that would follow from adopting the plan of the tenpenny people. In the tenpenny system it was proposed to retain the penny, introduce a tenpenny coin—a franc—and this new coin of tenpence and the existing shilling were to be allowed to circulate together until the shillings should be gradually absorbed by the Mint. There were a hundred and twenty millions of shillings now in circulation, and ten years at least would elapse before they would

all get back into the Mint. Old people could remember that, in spite of the re-coinage of 1696, silver coins of Charles II. were in circulation in 1816. The inconvenience and confusion that would arise from this concurrent circulation of the shilling and the franc would be very obvious, if they looked not so much at accounts and large transactions, as at the position of the poor man at the pay-table. The use of the shilling and the franc together, in such cases, would involve a difficult calculation in mental arithmetic, and would be the source of endless confusion with such as could only count without being used to mental calculation. But by the adoption of the pound and mil system no difficulty of the sort arose. It would not be essential to the poor man to know florins, cents, and mils. In receiving his wages, the 17s. 6d. might go down in his employer's books as 8 florins 75 cents; but that would be nothing to him; he would be paid in the same coins as now, or perhaps with more florins than is usual now. The whole point with him would be, that he would receive a farthing more in change for sixpence. In buying a threepenny loaf, he would know that he ought to get 3½d. back instead of 3d. To those who had no books to keep, and no sums to do, this was all that the pound and mil system required. There could be no doubt but that the tenpenny system would fail; any scheme was at once upset that required mental calculation in addition to counting. There is no more chance of the commercial world giving up the pound, which has held its place through all changes in our history, or of the poor transacting their little dealings by tenpences, than of the people rising and petitioning Parliament to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act, or to repudiate the National Debt."

At the conclusion of the lecture a sharp discussion took place, in which some of the ablest advocates of the tenpenny scheme defended their own system, and tried hard to disparage the arguments of the doughty professor. Neither he nor his partisans, however, were to be shaken in their affection for the pound and mil, and they evidently carried the meeting with them. Let future lecturers on Decimal Coinage handle the subject after the manner of Professor De Morgan; and it will be found not so very far removed from poetry after all—that best kind of poetry, the poetry of every-day life.

From Titan.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT-SIMON.*

At the very moment when the manly language of Pascal, Molière, and the grand school of Port-Royal, was tapering away into the refined and almost effeminate delicacy of Labruyère and the moralists of his school, Saint-Simon, a youth of twenty, nurtured in the traditions and phraseology of the past, was busy infusing into his memoirs something of the force and freedom of that vigorous and racy French written and spoken towards the close of the reign of Louis XIII. The style of Saint-Simon, variously appreciated by Frenchmen, has been particularly impugned by observers of grammatical niceties as loose and desultory. By those, on the contrary, who do not absolutely pin their faith as the slaves of such sciolists as Vaugelas and Dumasais, it is justly considered as affording one of the richest and most substantial specimens of the language in existence. With something of the length and musical sweep of our Clarendon's periods, it presents ever and anon a curtness, an elliptical abruptness, which, while it prevents the sentence from palling on the ear, it gives it additional zest and poignancy. It would be absurd, however, to assign any particular manner to a work, the essential characteristic of which is variety—a variety exhibiting at one time the austere and searching style of the inexorable historian, with a dash of the broadest humor, the richest comedy; at another, the most harrowing or bewitching narrative; graced, too, when occasion requires it should, by the elevated reflections of the moralist, or the still loftier strains of the Christian orator. These inimitable qualities of style, the exponents of almost unparalleled powers of penetration and portraiture, have long since assigned to the works of their possessor a

place on the same shelf with those of Tacitus and Bossuet. Saint-Simon's memoirs, now publishing for the third time in France,* made their first appearance *entire* (such is the statement of the early editors) in 1829; and created, despite a literary school thus openly at variance with the classical past, a sensation scarcely inferior to that produced by the first French translation of the Waverley Novels. They embrace a period of paramount importance in the eyes of Frenchmen—namely, the second half of Louis XIV.'s reign, precisely that of his contest with our English William and Anne, and the whole of the regency, closing only with the death of the Duke of Orleans, in 1723. They are the work of a man who traversed, undazzled, some of the most glorious years of the "Grand Monarque's" reign, and who resisted, notwithstanding his youth, the enthusiasm which blinded the rest of his countrymen; judging severely, nay sometimes harshly, a policy which his contemporaries all but worshipped. Macaulay's observation, that the French of Louis XIV.'s time were not aware, in their infatuation of king-worship, that their adored monarch was in stature even below the usual standard, cannot for an instant apply to a mind so vigorously tempered as that of the Duke de Saint-Simon. No man ever took the measure, either mental or bodily, of his sovereign with more provoking coolness than he. No man more clearly understood than he did the object of that sovereign's policy in calling his nobles around him. None ever went deeper into the vices of his administration, the vices of his education, the

* "Nous faisons une lecture l'après-dîner, les Mémoires de M. de Saint-Simon, où il m'est impossible de ne pas vous regretter: vous auriez des plaisirs indicibles."—Mme. du Deffand à Horace Walpole, (Nov. 21, 1770.)

* "Mémoires Complets et Authentiques du Duc de Saint-Simon, sur le Siècle de Louis XIV. et la Régence. Nouvelle édition collationnée soigneusement sur le manuscrit original, avec le consentement de M. le Duc actuel de Saint-Simon qui en est seul propriétaire; avec une notice de Sainte-Beuve de l'Académie Française, et une table alphabétique complète des matières rédigée spécialement pour cette édition." Paris: 1856.

vices of his temper and character. None ever brought out in more appalling or more ludicrous colors the vices and dangers of the bigoted and idiot piety which could repeal the edict of Nantes, and erect hypocrisy into a standing law of French society. It is he who tells us, that the king's education had been so neglected as to leave him in ignorance of the most vulgar facts connected with law or history, exposing him even in public to the grossest and most palpable absurdities. It is he who informs us that flexibility, meanness, a cringing, slavish air of admiration, or rather of helpless imbecility, seen save by and through the king himself, was the only means of winning his favor; and that this spirit of self-adulation and complacency was carried such lengths by a prince neither deficient in sense nor experience, that, though without either voice or ear for music, he would, in private, keep incessantly humming such opera prologue passages as were most outrageous in his praise. He admits, too, with a candor which communicates a deeper tinge to the darker parts of the portrait, that Louis XIV., though his intellect was below par, was possessed of many good qualities: had a remarkable power of appropriation, an air of natural grandeur; talked well, easily, and in good terms; and that even his ordinary conversation was not devoid of a certain stamp of majesty: adding, however, that his ears were poisoned by the most crying and hideous flattery; that he was deified within the very pale of Christianity, made drunk with his authority, his grandeur, and glory; and that, but for that fear of the devil which it pleased God to leave him a prey to as his greatest disorder, he would assuredly have had himself worshipped, and as certainly have met with adorers. On the score of the royal religion, we have one brief, pertinent, and conclusive anecdote. When the Duke of Orleans was about to leave for Spain, where, says Saint-Simon, he intended to join Berwick, (the bastard son of our James II.,) Louis asked him what persons he meant to take with him. The duke mentioned, among others, Fontperuis. "What, nephew!" replied the king, with emotion, "the son of that madwoman who ran after the Jansenist Arnauld?" "Upon my faith, sire," rejoined D'Orleans, "I know not what the mother did, but the son I uphold to be no Jansenist; he doesn't even believe in God." "Is it possible?"

was the king's exclamation; "and are you sure of it? Well, if that is the case, you may take him with you."

"Saint-Simon," says Sainte-Beuve, in his introduction to the present edition of that nobleman's memoirs, "is the greatest painter of his age, the age of Louis XIV., in the full blaze of its development. Till the publication of his memoirs, there existed not even a suspicion of the life, interest, and ever-recurring dramatic movement supplied by the court, court scenes, marriages, deaths, and sudden changes, nay, even the ordinary tenor of daily life, with the reflex hues of its hopes and disappointments thrown over the features of countless faces, not one of which is alike, the ebb and flow of conflicting ambitions imparting more or less visible animation to all the characters and groups seen in the great gallery of Versailles, once a mighty maze, but not now without a plan, inasmuch as, thanks to his labors, they give up the secret of their combinations and contrasts. Till the publication of Saint-Simon, we had but snatches, mere sketches of all this: he was the first to give, with an infinity of detail, a vast impression of the varied whole. If ever man has rendered it possible to re-people Versailles in imagination, and re-people it without a feeling of weariness, he is the man. His page, as Buffon says of spring, is warm with life. But they produce, at the same time, a singular effect with regard to the times and reigns which they do not include. On leaving off the perusal of his pages, to open those of any other history, or even memoirs, you are apt to find everything flat, stale, and unprofitable. Every period which has not had its Saint-Simon, at once appears something uninhabited and forlorn, something voiceless and colorless. Very few periods of French history, were the trial made, would stand such a test, resist such a counter-shock; for painters of his description are rare; indeed, for animation and fullness, there has been, down to the present time, but one Saint-Simon. Not but there have been memoirs varied and beautiful in form before his time. He would have been the first to protest against an act of injustice calculated to lessen his predecessors, who were, he makes the declaration himself, his prompters and pattern, the sources from which he derived a taste for living and animated history. Painters, too, were the Villehardouins and Joinvilles, in the

midst of their somewhat cramped but delightfully and artlessly awkward narrations. The Froissarts, the Commynes, also, had already attained to skill and art without forfeiting the graces of simplicity. Then what a galaxy, what a generation of writers, at once soldiers and civilians, was produced by the wars of the sixteenth century—a Montluc, a Javannes, a D'Aubigné, and a Brantôme. What originality of language, and all from the fountain-head, and what diversity in the accent and evidence! Sully, in the midst of his operoseness, evinces many really beautiful, solid, and attaching qualities, lit up by the smile of Henri IV. And the Fronde—what a crop of recitals of all sorts, what a sudden covey of unexpected historians hatched from among its own actors, at the head of which stands his eminently brilliant and conspicuous Retz, the greatest painter before the advent of Saint-Simon. But the generation of memoir writers, proceeding from the Fronde, pause, as it were, on the threshold of the real reign of Louis XIV. From that period we have nothing but rapid, unfinished sketches, traced by elegant, acute, but somewhat listless pens: Madame de La Fayette, La Fare, Madame de Caylus. They beget a relish, but do not satisfy it: they begin, but leave you half-way. Now, no pen is less liable to fail or leave you, less indolent, less apt to be dispirited, than that of Saint-Simon. He addicts himself to history, from his youth up, as to a task and a mission. He does not allow his pen to run on in old age like Retz, calling up dim and distant recollections; a method always perilous, and unavoidably the source of confusion and error. He stores up facts day by day, and writes them down night after night. He begins at the early age of nineteen, in his military tent, and plies his task incessantly at Versailles, and everywhere else. He is, like Herodotus, ever and ever inquiring. On pedigree he is second to none: on the past he argues with the learning of an antiquary. To the present he is all eye and ear, scenting whatever is on foot, and setting it down incontinently. He turns every spare hour to account. In old age, and when living in retirement on his estate, he arranges the whole mass of materials in one unique and continuous stream of narrative, merely dividing it into distinct paragraphs, with marginal titles; and the whole of this immensely lengthy text he once more copies

out in his own hand, with every the minutest attention to clearness and accuracy—qualities of authenticity which, had they been duly taken into account, ought to have challenged for his order and method, his style and phraseology, though certainly careless and redundant, the most religious respect." The introduction states as well as solves the question, why one so young should have evinced so early and decided an historical calling. It traces his instinctively historical qualities to his father, whose portrait, even after every allowance is made for its being drawn by the son, represents a man possessed of moral stamina rather uncommon at court. It discovers in the father a shortness of temper apt to degenerate into sourness—precisely one of the characteristics of the son, and which sufficiently accounts for the father's being laid on the shelf at the early age of thirty. He was a favorite with Louis XIII., but no courtier; and if he withdrew in partial disgrace to the government of Blaye, where he remained till the death of the Cardinal Richelieu, it was merely because he kept his honor, without being able to keep his tongue. To his son, Saint-Simon, born in 1675, when the father was sixty-eight, some say seventy-two, the latter transmitted certain hereditary qualities—pride, honesty, a lofty spirit, and all the instincts of high descent, with a degree of inveteracy they had not perhaps attained in the original. He was bred at home, under the eye of his mother, a person of merit, and his father, who was fond of recalling the manners and relating the anecdotes of the olden court, thereby instilling into the mind of his son a reverence for the past, and an early bias in favor of the beautiful in reminiscence. In fact, the youth's dearest wish and ambition was to be a man of consequence in the world, the better to know and chronicle the affairs of his time. And yet his calling as a writer, which now appears so clearly blazoned, was originally kept secret, masked and muffled, as it were, by all sorts of grandee and courtier-like pretensions, as well as other accessory ambitions appertaining at that time to a personage of his rank. His first attempt was a bulletin of the hotly-contested field of Neerwinden, (1693,) won by Luxembourg over our English William—a bulletin for the use of his mother and friends. In 1694, in the leisure of a camp life in

Germany, he decidedly began those memoirs, in the writing and finishing of which he was destined to employ sixty years of his life. And this he did in consequence of the pleasure he felt in the perusal of those of Marshal Bassompierre, which, though they spoke in disparaging terms of his father, he nevertheless declared to be extremely curious, albeit disgusting from their extreme personal vanity. Saint-Simon was a man of undoubted principle, with a strong and impulsive liking for people of honesty. Of this we have a whimsical illustration in the singular step he took in the direction of the Duke de Beauvillier, the most upright man of the court; one of whose daughters he was anxious to marry—the elder or the younger, no matter which, as he had personally seen neither. In fact, his real passion was for the duke and duchess; and if he failed in his immediate purpose, he succeeded at least in establishing an intimacy with the duke, and the virtuous as well as serious part of the court, thereby opening a vista into the future, connected with the early promise of excellence given by Fenelon's impetuous pupil, the enthusiastic and pious Duke de Bourgogne. Another connection, and one of a very opposite nature, was that he formed with the future regent, the Duke of Orleans, to whom he faithfully adhered through good and through bad report, being the only courtier who durst for a time be seen standing by the side of a prince who had incurred the deep displeasure of King Louis, and who lay besides under the popular and alarming suspicion of having poisoned, in the space of two years, no fewer than five members of the royal family, including the heir to the crown. In his perpetual contact with this most generous and witty of debauchees, Saint-Simon remained uncontaminated; and if any other testimony than his own were wanting to confirm the assertion, we have that of the duke himself, who said (thus profanely) of his steady and unrelaxing counsellor, that he was *immuable comme Dieu et d'une suite enragée*, (as immutable as God, and enragingly consistent.) While this prince's friend and advisor, he studiously declined every offer of personal aggrandizement; refusing to be appointed governor to the young king, captain of the royal guards, nay, even keeper of the seals, and obstinately repelling every attempt to make him par-

ticipate either in the speculative infatuation or more substantial profits of Law's famous system of finance.

Saint-Simon's pictures, though frequently drawn under the secret impulse of disdain or aversion, are startling likenesses. Impassioned as he naturally is, it is by no means a commendable feature in the moral character of any one to have exercised his avenging pencil. His indignation is never roused except in cases where there is a deplorable deficiency in certain fibres, a superabundance of servility, or an exclusive leaning to duplicity. With regard to characters of a different stamp, he may be carried away by error or prejudice, but the nature of his talent is ever more impartial than his will, and if there is any one good feature or quality in the object of his hatred, he feels as if impelled to give it. He stands aloof and alone, not merely for his thrilling portraits, but for the largeness of his dramatic conceptions, his powers of exhibition, his groups, and the endless involutions of his *dramatis personæ*. The two most conspicuous of these are his death of that dullest of Dauphins, Monseigneur, (King Louis's son, and father to the Duke of Bourgogne,) with the attendant and almost operative changes brought about in one night among the mob of princes and courtiers; and that most wonderful court or leet of justice, in which he has the supreme satisfaction to behold his enemies of the parliament compelled to run counter to the late king's will, and degrade from their rank of princes of the blood the legitimized bastards of the haughtiest and most licentious of monarchs. In this last scene, the spirit of patriotism is but too evidently alloyed by the spirit of heraldic pride. The duke and peer Saint-Simon is no longer bound by the law of ceremonial to humble his crest before the spurious seed of royalty; hence a whirl and rush of gratified malignity, which sweeps him beyond the limits of art, prompting a virulence of language bordering on absolute ferocity. In general, however, he is never more happily inspired than when he conceives he has to deal with a scoundrel or hypocrite. Of this we have an alarming instance in a portrait which appears in the very first chapter of his memoirs—that of the first parliament president, Du Harlay, the descendant of the great Du Harlay, of the tempestuous times of the Guises. Of

this obnoxious personage he gives a two-fold, or moral and physical sketch. We shall lay the moral man before our readers first: "He was learned," says Saint-Simon, "in the public law, thoroughly master of the various forms of jurisprudence, well acquainted with history, and knew how to manage his corporation with irresistible authority. A pharisaic austeriety rendered him formidable, by the license he assumed in his public censures of parties, barristers, or magistrates, so that every one trembled to have to do with him. Supported, besides, in everything by the court, of which he was the slave, as well as the most humble servant of all really in power, he was an acute courtier, singularly crafty and politic—talents which he applied solely to the furtherance of his ambition of rule and preferment, and to securing himself a character as a great man. In other respects, of no effective honor, of no principle in privacy, of no honesty other than exterior, even of no humanity—in a word, a perfect hypocrite, without either faith or law, without either God or soul, a harsh husband, a barbarous father, a tyrannical brother, a friend of none but himself, naturally perverse, fond of insulting and browbeating, and improving every opportunity of the kind through life." To complete the moral picture, we have Harlay in his own house, with his son, both demurely sitting opposite each other, and making diplomatic inquiries after one another's health; or we have them intrenched each within his apartments, separated by a mere landing-place, and exchanging together dry, ceremonious notes, which would have done no dishonor to a chancellor's office. Or we have the reverend fathers of the *oratoire*, and the equally reverend father Jesuits, tilting together in the chambers of old Harlay himself, the president listening alternately to each without betraying the slightest preference; thus showing both parties out as far as the door, when he looks sharp in the face of the Jesuits, known for the laxness of their doctrinal morals, with a "It's a pleasure, fathers, to live with you," rapidly establishing the balance of attention by addressing the stricter oratory with a "and a happiness, fathers, to die with you." The physical sketch, an apt embodiment of the moral outline, is as follows: "Harlay was a thin, small man, with a lozenged face,

a large aquiline nose, vulture eyes, that seemed to devour objects and look through stone walls; wearing a band and a black wig sprinkled with white, both considerably longer than they are worn by ecclesiastics; a *calotte* and flat wristbands, like the priests and the chancellor; always in his gown, though a scanty one; with a stoop in his gait, a slow, deliberate, marked utterance, an old-fashioned Gaulish pronunciation, and often words of the same stamp; his whole outward man cramped, constrained, affected; an odor of hypocrisy, a hollow, cynical deportment; making slow, deep bows; brushing the wall as he went along, with an air ever deferential, but through which would peer out a look of insolent audacity; using demure, set forms of speech, through which oozed all sorts of pride, and as much sneering contempt as he durst venture to show." The following short anecdote is so happy an illustration of this remarkable duplicate, that we give it without hesitation: "The Duchess de la Ferté," says Saint-Simon, "called to request an audience of the President du Harlay, and was obliged, like every one else, to put up with his ill-humor. On her way out she complained to her man of business, calling the president an old baboon. The president was close on her heels, but without uttering a word. Of this she became aware at last, and only hoped he had not overheard her; but he, as if nothing had happened, followed her to her carriage. Shortly after, her ladyship's case was called and immediately won. She made all haste to visit the president, returning him all sorts of thanks. He, humble and modest, ducked and bowed, then looking her straight in the face, replied aloud, in presence of everybody, 'I am very glad, madam, that an old baboon has been able to pleasure an old ape.' Whereupon, in all humility, and without uttering a word more, he began to follow her out, his usual practice when he wanted to get rid of a visitor. The duchess wished she could have killed him, or have dropped dead herself. She talked she knew not what, but could not get quit of him—always behind her, in profound and respectful silence and downcast looks, till she had fairly got into her carriage." His portraits, whether of the army, church, court, or parliament, have a truth of costume, a delicacy or vigor of touch, which mark

them as the work of a master. On Fénélon, so interesting a character, he dwells at considerable length; out of gratitude, he says, to his departed friend, the Duke de Beauvillier, who, when appointed governor to the *Children of France*, selected the graceful abbé as an assistant tutor in his noble task. We shall confine ourselves to the figure and face: "The prelate was a tall, thin, extremely handsome, pale man, with a great nose, eyes from which fire and wit streamed like a torrent, with a countenance such as I never saw the like—such as, once seen, could never after be forgotten. It combined all, and its contraries exhibited nothing conflicting. It was grave and courteous, serious and cheerful, savoring of the scholar, the bishop, and the grandee; but its prevalent expression (as, indeed, that of his whole person) was refinement, wit, gracefulness, decency, and, above all, nobleness. It required an effort to cease gazing upon it."

Saint-Simon has been charged with inaccuracies—a charge easily proved, and one just as easily obviated in an edition containing foot-notes, where slips of the memory, as well as hearsay errors or misstatements, are redressed. But a more serious charge has been brought against him, involving the general truth of the whole. To this there can be but one answer: history differs according to the different objects in view. There is a kind of history which may be termed political or administrative, the object of which is supposed to be sufficiently compassed when the narrative is the clear and combined result of a steady and conscientious examination of state documents, diplomatic papers, and reports. There is another of quite a different stamp—moral and contemporary history written by actors, eye or ear witnesses. The actor or witness lives at court, if it is a period of courts, where he looks on, or listens, or makes inquiries. His authorities are the aged, those living in disgrace or retirement, subalterns, too, nay, even valets. This requires caution, and a certain sifting or comparing of evidence. In what the actor or witness does or sees personally, the process is more rapid. If he is gifted with a power of observation, and to this power adds the equally felicitous gift of expression, his history is at once animated and picturesque, conveying the very sensation and illusion of reality, bringing

us face to face with a living, moving society which he had deemed to have vanished. Now, such a moral history may, in a certain sense, lay claim to as much relative truth as its more staid and buckram companion. In both, the pen is held by one who is swayed as much by his passion as he is directed or guided by his reason. Change the actor or spectator, it may be said; and the whole historical fabric changes its hue. This we are ready to admit. But change the examiner of reports, the collator of documents, and the result as immediately undergoes a similar metamorphosis. The main point is, that there should be one great painter, one great reflecting mirror at every great period. If not, you are reduced to get up your beautiful narrative or historical pictures with all sorts of positive documents: in which case your pages, however true as regards political results, will always be felt to be artificial, nor can you, with all your art, give life to the period of which you have written. Saint-Simon himself, however, appears to have maturely considered this grand question of truth, and this, too, at the very outset of his memoirs. We have in the present edition a letter of his, bearing date Versailles, 29th March, 1699, (he was then only twenty-four years of age,) addressed to M. de Rancé, Abbé de la Trappe, (the same whose life has been written by Chateaubriand,) requesting his ghostly counsel and direction in the matter. His object in addressing the holy man is, not to obtain permission to write, (this he had already long determined on,) but to obtain some more or less easy rule whereby he might be enabled to reconcile truth-telling, as regards others, with conscience, as regards himself. Truth-telling was an absolute passion with Saint-Simon, and one he was bent on satisfying, provided it could be done in Christian fashion, and with a Catholic warrant. To show how much he is in earnest, he favors the abbé with a sight of that part of his memoirs which concerns his lawsuit with his former general, De Luxembourg (a question of precedence in parliament)—one of the harshest, he says, and bitterest written of his pages. These, as well as others, the abbé is to read and judge, after which he is to prescribe to his penitent how he is to record the uncompromising truth without hurting his conscience, as he is resolved to show tenderness to none, and yet avoid

any scruples which might arise towards the close of his life, and tempt him to commit the precious and patiently-collected treasure to the flames. The question he puts to the abbé implies not so much absolution for past, as full and plenary indulgence for future severity; and the abbé, if we are to judge from the general tenor of the memoirs, must have subscribed to his wish, less, no doubt, as a retrospective penance for his own early editorship of "Anacreon," than from the promptings of an ascetic spirit, which made severity the primary law of his now stern and unbending nature. From all this we may easily gather that Saint-Simon's religion was partly his own, partly that of his time—his own, as far as its inward sanction guided and strengthened his sense of honor and justice; that of his time, in as far as its outward and traditional practice might be deemed sufficient to protect the sinner against the consequences of certain peccadilloes. In other words, his religion was sincere, and therefore entitled to respect, though not quite so enlightened as might have been anticipated. He was but too frequent in his visits and sojournings at the Trappe, whose abbé he probably considered in the light of a religious empiric, skilful in all individual cases, but having no call to interfere with the system or soul in general. He therefore unscrupulously indulged all his deep-seated prejudices and moral antipathies, with an understanding that the thing was regulated, or that at stated and particular periods there might be a ghostly reckoning, after which he was once more at liberty to give the rein to his artistic and all-pervading passion. All this may savor of littleness, but it is a littleness which does anything but detract from the lofty opinion we at once entertain of his intellect, when, breaking through the cobwebs of superstitious scruples, he grapples personally with the question, and proves, in his own sustained and massy style, that no fancied Christian charity has a right to stand between the reader and historical truth. The secret springs of history must, he urges, be laid bare, otherwise facts and events are alike unintelligible. History is not, like science, a thing to be created or evolved with infallible certainty in the vast recess of some capacious brain, where the discovery of one principle or degree of evidence invariably leads to that of another. It has

no principle, key, or rudiment, no rule or introduction, which, once understood, can lead even the most luminous or studious mind from one event to another. It must therefore be taught, and fearlessly pursued through every maze and involution of vice, or crime, or folly. Evidently our author is not one of your angelico-Jesuitical natures, whose purblind eye shrinks from the contemplation of unveiled truth, and who would rather vegetate forever in hoodwinked and blissful ignorance, than withdraw the garment which covers the nakedness of past or present. We are bound, says the vigorous and manly critic—we are bound to be charitable to ourselves as well as to others; we are bound to seek the benefit of instruction, to avoid being dull, stupid, and everlasting dupes. Are we, he argues, to recoil from a knowledge of the history of the Guises, the kings and the court of their times, for fear of learning their crimes and abominations? of the Richelieus and Mazarins, for fear of being made acquainted with the commotions caused by their ambitions, the vices and faults exhibited in the cabals and intrigues of their times? Shall we be silent on the subject of Condé, to avoid knowing his revolts and their attendant consequences? Or the subject of Turenne and his relatives, not to witness the most signal acts of perfidy most immeasurably rewarded? Must we have no idea of Madame de Montespan, lest we should come to know the sins which were the cause of her rise? None of Madame de Maintenon, and that portent her reign, for fear of a knowledge of the infamies of her early life, the ignominy and calamity of her greatness, so disastrous to France? Let us, he adds, render to the Creator a more rational worship, nor purchase the salvation which the Redeemer has won for us by absolute brutishness or unattainable perfection. He is too good to require the one, too just to require the other. Let us know, therefore, as far as in us lies, the value of men and the price of things: our main study, in the midst of a world carefully and everlastingly masked, should be to make no mistake. Let us understand that knowledge is always excellent, and that the good or evil lies in the use we make of it. Having thus swept before him what Johnson in his impatience would have called the "cant" of charity, the author concludes with the statement that

contemporary history, when left to ripen for a generation or two under lock and key, has all the dissecting advantages of the past, as it attacks and unmasks none but the dead, or those so long deceased that none alive can take any personal interest in them.

Saint-Simon's life is nothing, or next to nothing, when disconnected with his memoirs. He married the eldest daughter of the Marshal de Lorges, Turenne's nephew and favorite pupil. He was then twenty, was duke and peer of France, Governor of Blaye, Governor and Grand Bailli of Senlis, and commander of a regiment of cavalry. He served several campaigns, with the necessary propriety and application to military duties. After the peace of Ryswick, (1697,) his regiment of horse was disbanded. In 1702, (War of the Spanish Succession,) certain promotions placing above him younger men than himself, induced him to quit the profession of arms at the early age of twenty-seven, thereby forfeiting all hopes of favor in the eyes of a master, who willingly gave a slight, but never received one without a feeling of cold and settled rancor. Notwithstanding all our author's attempts at discretion, suspicions were very generally entertained of his being busy writing his memoirs: at all events, his temper was not much of a secret. Madame de Maintenon, who was his special aversion, says he was vain, censorious, and full of views; meaning bold and systematic projects. It was in vain he kept watch over his tongue—the angry and biting expression would make its escape, or be replaced by an expressive, eloquent, and equally dangerous silence. When complaining one day (he was weak enough to complain) to Louis XIV. of the slanderous language of his enemies, "Why, sir," was his majesty's answer, "you so talk and censure yourself, no wonder people talk of you; why don't you hold your tongue?" Saint-Simon's first chance of positive influence lay with the Duke de Bourgogne. But his hopes, whatever they might be, were blasted by the duke's death in 1712. His political theory, (what Madame de Maintenon calls his views,) of which he treats somewhat *in extenso* on various occasions, was, of course, reactionary. Deeming the power of the monarch excessive, his wish was to temper it by the coëxisting power and counsel of the dukes and peers, his

own darling caste and hobby. The *bourgeois* he regards as a very sleek, very clever, insolent, and ambitious aggregate, governing the kingdom through its clerks and secretaries, and exercising unfounded but sovereign authority in the parliaments through the instrumentality of legists—such, for instance, as the President du Harlay. This, of course, he meant to quash. As for the people, properly so called, they were yet in their political nonage, and therefore formed no part of his system of government. His connection with the hap-hazard, hand-to-mouth, extravagant regent afforded no opportunity for any theory but that of finance. The regent's death, in 1723, once more warned him of the uncertainty of all sublunary prospects—a warning further improved by a gentle hint from the future minister, (Fleury,) that his presence at Paris would be more agreeable than at Versailles. Saint-Simon thought too much aloud for the whispering system about to be inaugurated by the placid Bishop of Fréjus; he therefore retired to his estate. The last mention we hear made of him is by Marshal de Belle-Isle, who compares the old man's conversation to the most agreeable and pleasing of dictionaries. We could have wished the simile had been other, as a dictionary is not generally known as a compendium of sweets. Saint-Simon, we are further informed, would occasionally come to Paris, and visit the Duchesse de la Vallière and the Duchesse de Mancini, (both of the noble family of the Noailles,) where, availing himself of the privilege of age, and waiving the grandee in favor of the country gentleman, he would put himself at his ease, hang his wig on an arm-chair, and talk away, with his *bare head reeking*; reeking, one could almost fancy, like some half-extinct volcano. He died in 1755, aged eighty, long after completing his memoirs. He died during the reign of Voltaire, when Diderot's "Philosophic Cyclopædia" had begun, when Rousseau had made his appearance, and just as Montesquieu himself reappeared from the scene, after producing all his works. What, it has been asked, must he have thought of all these novelties? Probably not much. Like the Abbé Vertot, who finished his "Siege of Malta" before the true particulars reached him, and summarily declined availing himself of further documents by his famous answer, "*mon*

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.

It has frequently occurred to us that the character of a nation is well depicted in the history of its press. If the comparison be far-fetched, the most uncompromising Gallomaniac must allow that it is most ominously correct in the case of France. Here we find the newspaper at its birth restricted by the combined influence of autocracy and bigotry: then it gave way to the most riotous excesses during the First Revolution. Brought to a sense of its dignity under Charles X., it formed the most efficient lever to overthrow his bigoted tyranny; then allowing that dignity to be compromised by the bribery and corruption which gave Louis Philippe his bad preëminence; then once more dragging its honor through the mire by the most brutal pandering to King Mob, it has at length ended by becoming— But we will not say what the French press now is. Let our readers who feel any curiosity satisfy themselves by a glance at the daily papers, which are flatteringly supposed to represent intellectual France.

But, apart from these somewhat mournful considerations, a short sketch of the rise and progress of the French press may afford instruction, by allowing our readers to institute a parallel between it and that most interesting account of British journalism which a monthly contemporary is publishing. Of course the limits of an article will not allow us to *approfondir* our subject, and we must content ourselves with noting the most salient points, in which a little book,* published by that most enterprising of Parisian publishers, M. P. Jannet, will afford us the most noteworthy services.

The first journal published in France was the brain-child of a physician named Theophraste Renaudot, and appeared on the 20th of May, 1631, under the title of

the *Gazette*. The far-sighted Richelieu, the man before his age, who was as necessary to the France of that day as Louis Bonaparte is to the present, greeted its appearance with pleasure, for he knew that it would act as his unbounded partisan. Nor was he mistaken; and the Victor Hugos and Louis Blancs of the seventeenth century were forced to vent their spleen at not having discovered the new source of wealth and influence by covert *inuendo* and malevolent good wishes. Another point in which they succeeded was in involving the unfortunate gazetteer in a quarrel with the faculty, and embittered his life by the most venomous sallies against his schemes; for, unfortunately, Renaudot was a projector, and could not stick to his *Gazette* without dabbling in other schemes, which improved him neither in reputation nor in pocket. As long as Richelieu lived, he was in clover; for, as a journalist recently wrote, "Louis XIII. quittait sournoisement son Louvre, pour se rendre à bas bruit dans la Rue de la Calandre, dans cette boutique gazetièrre qu'annonçait si bien l'oiseau criard, le grand coq de son enseigne, et que là le pauvre roi, endoctrinant à l'aise le pédantesque Renaudot, se dédommageait, par les petits commérages qu'il lui glissait à l'oreille, du silence et de l'inaction auxquels le condamnait son ministre."

Renaudot, like all inventors who benefited humanity, died a poor man, while a nation reaped the benefit of his discovery. For a very long period the *Gazette* supplied the newspaper wants of France; and, although slightly altered in form, and improved by the admission of advertisements, it was not till the First Revolution that the full force of the power of the newspaper press began to be felt. Still it must not be supposed that no imitators started on the already beaten track; but their efforts were principally confined to jocularities. The most remarkable of these papers was the *Gazette Burlesque*, in

* Histoire du Journal en France, 1631-1863. Par Eugène Matin.

verse, established in 1650 by the poet Loret, so called because his pages related what occurred; doing so, however, in a pleasant and agreeable style. On the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, we will give our readers a specimen brick or two as an example of the pleasant and agreeable style. For instance, he writes:

"Sa plume eût été vite usée
Et sa pauvre veine épuisée:
Ne sachant ni Latin ni Grec,
Il eût été bientôt à sec,
Sans quelque assistance céleste—
Sans un ange qui l'inspirait;"

which means, being translated into common small-bill dunning phrase, had he not had at his back the bank-stock book of a young and lovely princess, Mademoiselle de Longueville, who generously discounted the rhymes of her pensionary. In fact, the most noteworthy point of his verses is, that for fifteen long years he contrived to address fire-new prefaces, fresh from the mint, to his princess. This newspaper was originally meant to be exclusive to a degree, but that unlucky habit of printing led to so much of the *contrefaçon Belge*, that the author was compelled to take refuge in the press, his lucubrations having been hitherto written by hand, and distributed among the select circle to whom Mademoiselle de Longueville dispensed her literary favors. The success of the *Gazette Burlesque* was rapid and great, for we are assured:

"Qu'elle avait passé le Bosphore,
Et qu'on lui faisait de l'honneur
A la porte du Grand Seigneur."

In 1672 a new journal made its appearance, which was destined to have a great amount of popularity and a long life. It was called the *Mercur Galant*. This was a monthly periodical of three or four hundred pages, sold at three livres. From the first editor it passed into the hands of Lefèvre de Fontenay, who altered its title, and called it the *Mercur de France*, and it lived, after undergoing the most unexampled vicissitudes, which can only find their parallel in the history of our own penny press, until it attained its 607th number, in 1815. During the Revolution it had acquired a certain degree of importance, which it owed to its political editorialism. Among the contributors we may quote Marmontel, that celebrated

writer of family stories, which no family could be without in those days, and which no family would tolerate in the present, La Harpe, Mallet du Pau, and, among many other literary heroes, the great Chateaubriand, who in those days, we presume, was only dreaming of his future possible successes, and still more impossible failures.

The first daily paper in Paris appeared only a few years prior to the Revolution, and was called the *Journal de Paris*.

When, during the first pangs of revolution, heads were cut off with the celerity which at present typifies the clearance of an asparagus bed, newspapers, like mushrooms, grew up apace from the same congenial filth. The best which our French author gives is positively tedious, and we do not know where to begin or where to end. The gradual progress of revolutionary ideas is, however, gloriously typified in this *Copia Gazettarum*. At the outset, everybody is amical: we have friends of every possible shade excepting the blood-red; journals exemplifying every color of the rainbow, and conducted by men of the same political chameleon hue; in fact, everything was in confusion, because nobody knew what they wanted, and it was not till the king had proved his weakness that the people found their courage. Louis Seize spared the blood of his mercenaries; he would not take warning by the menacing aspects that surrounded him, and so paid the penalty. *Le Deux Décembre* had not, at that benighted period, been enrolled in the calendar of saints' days. Had it been so, the French press might have been in almost the same condition as it is now. What an *apotheosis* of intellectualism! As, however, Louis Seize possessed no phlegma, and was constitutionally weak, the opposition press soon gained a head; the illustrious Mirabeau the Elder set the ball a-rolling with his "Lettres à ses Commettants," which was the prolegomena of the *Courrier de Provence*. He was followed by a countless swarm, among others by the *Révolutions de Paris*, with its motto, as bold as it became famous, "Les grands ne nous paraissent grands que parce que nous sommes à genoux. Levons-nous!"

Liberty was speedily followed by liberalism, and hence arose the countless throng of papers, which began by disgusting Europe and ended by revolutionizing France. It is hardly possible to believe

the statements of our author, did we not know they are based on facts, when he described the frenzied throes which the French press experienced during the revolutionary era. Anybody who feels a morbid desire to be disgusted with the products of a revolution, would do well to study the French press as it appeared between the period of the royal murder and the appointment of the consuls. No better light could possibly be thrown on this period than can be found in the volumes of the daily and weekly papers appearing at that time. The language employed is only worthy of a revolutionary epoch: in no other would it be tolerated; in fact, the press of the Revolution furnishes the sharpest weapons against its morality. Such an abnormal condition of things could only exist when a King Mob, far below the animal creation, was at the head of affairs, and the natural venom found an outlet in a variation between cutting off heads and sacking royalist houses. It is not surprising, however, that the press should have assumed such a tone as characterizes the papers of the Revolution; the faith in everything was done away with by the will of the sovereign people, and when the brute dominates, the press must unfortunately obey the impulse. The French Revolution, in truth, is condemned by the sins it has left behind it; and the accusations which the papers of that day bring up against the leaders of the popular movement, are sufficient evidence that France was, at the period to which we refer, suffering from an over-excitation of the nerves, which was nearly akin to lunacy.

Still we may be allowed to quote, as an example not to be followed, the titles of a few of the multitudinous papers appearing in Paris at that stormy and nefast period. The Friends naturally come in for a large share of popular favor. Everybody appears to be the friend of everybody—republican, social, democratic, patriotic; in short, just imagine Proudhon ruling the roast in Paris, and you will have them, if you add that celebrated friend of universality, Cabet of Icaria, who wants to establish a Mormonism without the plurality of wives, and other luxuries of the same nature. The Enemies, however, come in for an equal share: we find the enemy of prejudices, aristocrats, conspirators, oppressors, tyrants—the anti-fanatic, the anti-terrorist, the anti-federalist, and

many others—*que nunc describere longum est*, to use the old schoolboy quotation. But the greatest implement of the revolutionary party was the *Père Duchêne*, whose name has become proverbial with his *grandes joies*, and his *grandes colères*, his *bons avis*, and his *grandes motions*. Callot d'Herbois was the originator of this magnificent paper, and sold within six months a million of his *sermons patriotiques* at two sous, and realized more than 50,000 livres of profit.

One of the most amusing papers which appeared during the revolutionary times was the *Actes des Apôtres*, the grandfather of that joyous family which gave the world *Figaro*, and which was followed by *Le Corsaire*, and *Le Charivari*. This paper, which was intended to ridicule the Revolution and its apostles, was tremendously successful. This may be easily imagined, if we call to mind the period when it was published, and that its principal writers were Peltier, Rivarol, Mirabeau, Champeynet, Bergasse, &c., all famous fellows at working the pen, and full of good humor, slightly tempered by malice.

Under the consuls, the French press soon underwent a revolution. The notion that *l'Etat c'est moi* was very speedily knocked out of them, and they were led to believe that the man and the hour had at length arrived. The first act of the Directory was to suppress a parcel of useless journals, which were doing no good either for themselves or the public. And yet, strange to say, it was under these ill auspices that the brothers Bertin attempted to start the *Journal des Débats*; and, what is still more wonderful, succeeded. In 1799, M. Bertin had purchased the title of the paper for the sum of 20,000 francs, and as soon as he had completed the bargain found himself done to a very considerable extent. He had merely a choice between impotence and impudence. He tried the latter, and succeeded. This state of the newspaper press was very curious at the time when Bertin de Vaux interposed. Republicanism was impossible, and speaking what the *Moniteur* called truth, was equally absurd. He tried to steer a middle course, and the result was the *Journal des Débats*, such as it was under the Empire.

It was not by an exclusive attachment to politics, in the strict sense of the term, that Bertin succeeded; he devoted a portion of his paper to literature, and in that

department managed to direct some very severe blows against the government of the sword. Geoffroy was the inventor of the *feuilleton*, and it was to his coadjutorship that the *Débats* owed the high intellectual influence it established at the outset, and has maintained until the present day. However, the Emperor and the editor soon came to loggerheads, and a compromise was eventually effected, by which the paper was re-christened the *Journal de l'Empire*, and had a very severe censorship exercised over it. A curious anecdote may be here quoted about Etienne, who was appointed censor :

"Although Etienne was a very devoted partisan of the Empire, he would not sacrifice his convictions to it, and at times would even dare to resist his master. One day, Napoleon, in one of his excited moments against Austria, wrote an article *qui cassait les vitres*, and sent it to Etienne, with orders to have it inserted immediately in the *Journal de l'Empire*. Alarmed at the nature of the article, he rushed to the Duke de Bassano, who replied to his protestations with '*L'Empereur le veut*.' The article was sent to press, but on reading the proof Etienne hesitated more than ever, and determined on deferring the publication. The next day the Emperor looked in vain for his article. The storm burst on the devoted head of Bassano, who in his turn rushed to the censor, and held him responsible for the consequences if the article did not appear the following day. Many other people would have yielded; but, courageous to the last, and considering the article unworthy of the hand that penned it, Etienne braved the Imperial wrath; and the article was withdrawn. The next day, the Duke of Bassano, after reading the *Journal de l'Empire*, approached Napoleon, trembling with fear. 'And my article?' 'Sire, it has not appeared.' 'Who dares, then, to disobey my orders?' 'It is M. Etienne: he asserts that the article is not worthy of you, and refuses to print it.' 'Ah! M. Etienne has dared——!' Then, after a moment of reflection, 'Well, he was quite right.'"

On the 1st of April, 1814, the *Journal de l'Empire* resumed its old name, which it threw off again in 1815, and finally restored at the second appearance of Louis XVIII. Then it turned most furiously against the *Ogre de Corse*, and against the men and acts of the Empire. It remained a steady supporter of monarchy until the day when M. Chateaubriand carried it over with him to the Opposition. It was one of the most determined assailants of the Polignac Ministry, and at last gave the first signal of revolt by its world-

famed cry, "*Malheureux roi, malheureuse France!*" The revolution of July only added to the power of the journal, and it received a semi-official character through the communications made exclusively to it by government. It is needless to pursue its history further; at present it is contained among the list of subsidized papers permitted to exist by the grace of the Emperor, and, we believe, affects an opposition character to order, to prove before the world that the liberty of the press still exists in France.

It is a curious fact that the numerous family of *canards* owe their origin to a royal personage. The *Souvenirs d'un Sexagénaire*, written by the Academician Arnault, for many years secretary of the cabinet to Louis XVIII., tells us that the king amused himself by inventing fabulous stories, which he used to send to the *Gazette de France*. After his return from exile he became a very regular contributor to the *Yellow Dwarf*. M. Merle, the first editor of that paper, gives the following account in his "*Trente Ans de Souvenirs Historiques*," &c. "The idea of the *Yellow Dwarf*," he writes, "was to jeer at the ridiculous points in all parties, to brand all cowardice and desertion, to raise the glory of France in the presence of foreign bayonets, and laugh at the expense of exaggerated pretensions. . . . In these attacks we had for our ally Louis XVIII., who was one of our first subscribers, and soon sent us articles full of talent and malice, written in his own hand. These articles reached us by the 'iron mouth,' a box we had put up at our publisher's door; and by this route we received a quantity of very remarkable articles, which gave the *Yellow Dwarf* a great reputation for talent and malice, and rendered our part of the work very light and easy." We are glad to find that Louis XVIII. was of some use after all: we only regret that he did not confine his literary efforts to inventing *canards*, and had not tried his hand at the Charter.

Another paper also profited largely by the revolution of July: this was the *Constitutionnel*, which had at that period 23,000 subscribers at 80 francs. But this was too good to last. The ungrateful *bourgeoisie* deserted it, the cheap press hurt it, and it had sunk to 3000 subscribers when Dr. Véron, the *père aux écus*, undertook its cure. The *Débats* had just finished publishing the "*Mystères de*

Paris;" two newspapers were contending for the purchase of Sue's new story, when Dr. Véron stopped it, and settled the bargain by giving 100,000 francs for the "Wandering Jew." By this clever scheme the *Constitutionnel* soon regained its old position, and its fourth advertising page was leased to a company at 300,000 francs a year. The *Constitutionnel* was always noted for its fidelity to Napoleon, and hence it was concluded that the election of the Prince President would add greatly to its prestige. But "varium et mutabile semper" is the motto of princes, and so the great Véron retired in disgust, and the *Constitutionnel* knew him no more.

With the revolution of July a great revolution took place in the newspaper press of Paris; for in 1836 the *Presse* was established by Emile de Girardin, at 40 francs a year, and his example was immediately followed by the *Siècle*. Their success was enormous; within three months the *Presse* had upwards of 10,000 subscribers, and soon reached 20,000. The *Siècle* was still more lucky, as it was favored by the attacks made on Girardin about the Carrel affair. Within a few years it attained the fabulous amount of 38,000 subscribers. The undoubted cause of this success was the publication of romances in the *feuilleton*. A very short story by Dumas, "Le Capitaine Paul," gained the *Siècle* 5000 subscribers in three months. But this success cost its weight in gold: the shortest *feuilleton* cost the *Presse* 300 francs. Dumas made a bargain with MM. de Girardin et Véron, which assured him 64,000 francs a year. He engaged to supply the *Siècle* with 100,000 lines a year, at the rate of one franc fifty centimes per line! Not satisfied with this, he sold the reprint to M. Troupenas, who calculated on making his money by cutting each line in two. But Dumas was too wide awake, and by the invention of Grimaud, the taciturn servant, he produced a species of dialogue whose conciseness Tacitus would have envied. Here is a specimen:

"Eh bien?
Rien.
Rien?
Rien.
Comment?
Rien, vous dis-je.
C'est impossible!
Puisque je vous le dis.
En es-tu bien sûr?
Certainement.

C'est un peu fort.
C'est comme cela."

M. Troupenas was a very clever man, but after studying in vain how to make these lines stretch out into two each, he went to Hyères to recover his health, and died there without having been able to solve the problem.

Various journals were established in Paris during the reign of Louis Philippe, on the same principle, but, unfortunately, they could not get subscribers. The reading population of France was divided among the already existing papers, and would not listen to the voice of the charmer, charmed he never so sweetly. Among these, the most pretentious was the *Epoque*, which was intended to consist of ten single newspapers rolled into one. But an event was about shortly to occur which, brought about for the most part by the papers, has led to their present abject state. *Ils sont punis par où ils avaient péché*. The Republic was established, and the state of things it produced will be best seen from the following squib:

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

"DÉCRET.

"Au nom du Peuple Français:

"Art. 1. Il n'y a plus rien.

"Art. 2. Tout le monde est chargé de l'exécution du présent décret.

"Fait sur les barricades, le 24 Février, 1848."

It was a glorious time for every man who felt an inspiration to save his country by printing his views of social government. The revolution of February was wrong in principle at starting; it tried to ape the blessed institutions of the First Revolution, and hence the swarm of newspapers which were produced had not even the charm of novelty to make up for their want of sense. The first of the revolutionary organs was the *République*, founded on the 24th of February. At first devoted to the Provisional Government, it afterwards became the most ardent defender of Socialistic doctrines. It contrived to live until 1851, in spite of the numerous fines which it was compelled to pay. The ladies, too, stepped into the literary arena, and expressed their views in *La République des Femmes*.

The *Peuple Constituant* was founded at the commencement of the Revolution, by

the Abbé Lamennais. It endured till the 11th of July, when the caution imposed on the papers brought it to a sudden end. *L'Ami du Peuple* was established by F. V. Raspail, and lasted till the 15th of May, when the patriot was obliged to bid adieu to his country, and meditate on the results of revolution in a very uncomfortable *cachot*. The *Représentant du Peuple* in reality represented the peculiar views of the citizen Proudhon; that is to say, briefly, the destruction of property, the ruin of family life, and the negation of Divinity: "La propriété c'est le vol—Dieu c'est le mal—Travailler c'est produire de rien." The *Représentant* was suppressed in August, but reappeared in November, under the amended title of *Le Peuple*. The *Peuple* gave its last groan in *La Voix du Peuple*, which appeared from October 1, 1849, until March 16, 1850, when it succumbed to the pressure of fines. The first number contained a letter from Proudhon to his old *collaborateurs*, dated Sainte Pélagie, September 30, terminating as follows: "I will speak to you like the general to his soldiers, 'If I advance follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I die, avenge me!'"

The *Assemblée Nationale*, founded on the 28th of February, by M. Adrien de Layalette, was the first cry of protest against the revolution. Its success was rapid and great; suspended in the days of June, it reappeared on the 7th of August; but its fair days were passed; we might almost imagine that its mission was fulfilled. In 1851, it became the property of a committee, composed of the principal men who had held office under the late monarchy. It is impossible to do more than mention the names of the more important papers which enjoyed a temporary popularity; among them, the *Opinion Publique*, which lived till June, 1850; the *Bien Public*, started by Lamartine, at Maçon; the *Père Duchêne*; *La Montagne*; *L'Organisation du Travail*; the *Aimable Faubourien*, owing its name to an expression made use of by Louis Philippe: "It is necessary to find a victorious resource to maintain in duty and submission the very turbulent population of Paris and its AIMABLES FAUBOURGS;" the *Liberté*, journal of ideas and facts, which was started in March. Among the liberties to be attained, the *Liberté* demands entire and complete liberty of thought, oral, manuscript, printed, or designed—no more duty on

paper or tobacco—justice rendered by judges elected by the people—application of the jury to the police court—the whole National Guard can be chosen as jurymen—suppression of taxation on articles of food, and its establishment on luxury—free and gratuitous instruction—the notaries named by the electors of their *arrondissement*, or *canton*, &c. The *Liberté* was very successful, and soon sold 100,000 copies a day. The invincible Dumas soon made his triumphal entry into its pages, announcing his adhesion in the following terms: "There are some people," he says, "who can only make their profession of faith for the future; I am happy in being able to make mine in the past." These two professions of faith, past and future, occupying two numbers, may be thus summed up; "*Ego sum qui sum*: I made the revolution of July; I made the revolution of February; I have written four hundred volumes; I will make all the revolutions that may be asked of me; I will write all the volumes desired: for I am who I am." The specimen of Dumas' political style, which our author maliciously quotes, is superb. Imagine Porthos giving his views of political economy, and they would correspond to Dumas' *fanfaronades*. On leaving *La Liberté*, which did not suffice for Dumas' ardent patriotism and ardent mind, he founded *La France Nouvelle*, then worked on the *Patrie*, and at length started *Le Mousquetaire*, edited by father and son.

The *Événement* was edited by Victor Hugo, and written by his family; the only *événement* it was intended to produce was that of Hugo's candidature for the presidency. However, as the *flasco* would have been too certain, he was compelled to sustain the cause of Louis Napoleon, with a great deal of warmth if with little judgment. Unfortunately, the *Événement* was not appreciated by the many-headed, and it was on the point of dissolution, when Girardin gave it a helping hand. It changed its color and its form a third time, and became an evening journal, and rather Socialist. It found success in this direction, when, unfortunately, it was suspended for a month by the Court of Assizes. The next day it reappeared under the title of *L'Avènement du Peuple*. All its policy was contained in a single letter. It lived on a precarious existence until the 2d of December.

The history of the French press since

1848 furnishes a very valuable lesson to a people like the French, who know not how to distinguish between liberty and license. They are never satisfied, except with extremes; and hence the governing power, of whatever nature it has been, has always kept up a fight with the journalists. It was not, however, till General Cavaignac gained the supreme authority, that the government began to show its strength by suppressing the hostile papers. On the 25th of June, eleven journals had a salutary death from the African sabre; for "their articles," according to the *Moniteur*, "were of a nature to prolong the struggle which had bathed the streets of the metropolis in blood." The *Presse* was the object of especial severity; for not only was that paper suppressed, but M. de Girardin was incarcerated for eight days in the Conciergerie without being accused of anything, and set at liberty without any trial. Certainly a rather sharp specimen of a first warning. On being let out, Girardin commenced an implacable war against the chief of the executive, which only terminated on the 10th of December with the triumph of Louis Napoleon, whose cause the *Presse* had taken up with a redoubled ardor, owing to its rancor against the general. No one will accuse General Cavaignac of bearing any ill-will against the press. Still, fearing that the decree of the 25th of June might be regarded as an act of passion, he took off the suspension again on the 7th of August from the eleven journals. On the 21st of the same month, he found himself compelled once more to suspend *Le Représentant du Peuple*, *Le Père Duchêne*, *Le Lampion*, and *La Vraie République*. Three days later, the *Gazette de France* also shared the same fate, because it was a strenuous advocate of the monarchical form of government. When Napoleon came to the head of affairs, the press was not treated so mercifully. After suspending several papers, he passed the celebrated decree by which all authors are compelled to sign their names to their productions. In 1852, the newspaper laws were revised and rendered still sharper, the result being the present enviable state of the French press. At present there are fourteen daily political journals in Paris. We give our author's account of their history and tendencies.

"LE JOURNAL DES DÉBATS has remained, after the revolution of 1848, what it was before—the

most important of our papers, we might almost say of European papers. It is read as much abroad as at home. Impassive spectator of the first acts of the revolution which had overthrown that constitutional monarchy of which it was one of the founders and firmest supporters, it took, during the question of the presidency, the side of General Cavaignac. Since the new empire, more especially since the passing of the laws referring to the press, it has maintained a reserve full of dignity, protesting as far as it can by silence in favor of a liberty which it has never deserted.

"LA PRESSE.—While the *Débats* is the journal of facts, the *Presse* is the journal of ideas. There is no system which it does not examine, no theory which it is not ready to discuss. It is in some measure a neutral ground, on which all opinions meet. It is eclecticism applied to the present liberalism, without its revolutionary prejudices. We may say, in a word, that the *Presse* is a true journal, as opposed to certain other papers which we can only regard as shops. Besides, the *Presse* has remained from the first day the expression of an individuality, ever young, hardy, and adventurous. 'It is M. de Girardin himself, with his boldness, his energy, his passion, and his inexhaustible talent.' The following fact is worth a multitude of words at the present day: the *Presse* brings in a net revenue of 100,000 francs per annum.

"LE SIECLE.—It has been said of this paper that it was the journal of the grocers and wine-merchants: but it is certain that, thanks to its romances and general tone, and to its good faith and honesty, it has obtained an immense circulation among business men. In a word, it has become for the working classes what the *Constitutionnel* was to the bourgeoisie. It is a most promising paper, and will no doubt be successful eventually.

"LE CONSTITUTIONNEL.—LE PAYS.—The latter paper was founded on the 1st of January, 1849, by MM. E. Alletz and De Bouville. In 1850, the political direction was given to M. de Lamartine, who chose as principal editor M. Arthur de la Guéronnière. On the 1st of December, 1852, the *Pays* added to its title that of *Journal de l'Empire*—which, according to its own expression, 'could add nothing to its devotion, take away nothing from its independence.' The *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays* are now both managed by M. de la Guéronnière, and are the property of the Bank Mirès and Co.

"LA PATRIE was founded in 1841 by M. Pagès de l'Ariège. It was just on the verge of dissolution a year after, when M. Boulé, its printer, bought it, and made it an evening paper. In 1844, it was sold for 200 francs to M. Delamarre, who has guided it through all difficulties into the governmental haven, where it now rides at anchor with considerable success, pecuniarily speaking.

"LA GAZETTE DE FRANCE.—The *Gazette*, since the commencement of the Restoration, represented a man rather than a party—M. de Genoude—whom it lost a few years back. He attached

himself to the legitimacy of hereditary power as to a dogma of his conscience: but his legitimacy was more liberal than the republic. He did everything capable for a man to do, in pursuance of his favorite doctrines, especially in the days which followed the revolution of February. The traditions of M. de Genoude are faithfully continued by his successor, M. de Lourdoueix.

"We have nothing to add to what we have already said of the ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE, except that it is the only journal of February that has survived.

"L'UNIVERS, started by the Abbé Migne, pursues, since 1833, with an obstinacy which nothing wears out, the same object—the liberty of the Church. It is one of the papers which excite the most attention at the present day, owing to the aggressive pen of its chief editor, M. Louis Veuillot.

"L'UNION, formerly MONARCHIQUE, was produced in 1847 by the fusion of the *Quotidienne*, *La France*, and *L'Echo Français*. M. Berryer is said to be the directing thought of this paper, which represents the principles of pure right divine. It has two editors—those of the old *France* and *Quotidienne*, M. Laurentie, and M. Lubis. The latter published in *La France*, in 1841, those famous letters of Louis Philippe's in which the *aimables faubourgs* were spoken of, and which caused such a lively sensation.

"L'ESTAFETTE, which dates from 1833, and belongs to M. Boulé, and LE JOURNAL DES FAITS, started in 1850 by the Abbé Migne, are papers living on piracy and under the same editorship—a pair of scissors.

"LE CHARIVARI, started in 1831 by M. Philippon, lives a little on its old reputation, which we say without any wish to detract from its present writers and designers: but they cannot do impossibilities.

"LE MONITEUR UNIVERSEL dates from the 24th November, 1789. It was started by Maret, Duke of Bassano, and Sauvo, who edited it till 1840. Its present director is M. Ernest Panckoucke, son of the celebrated publisher of the same name. After sixty-three years of immotion, it has undergone recently a radical change: on the 1st January, 1853, it adopted the large shape, and lowered its price from 116 to 40 francs. One slight effort more, and it could become a splendid journal.

"We would be almost tempted to quote among French papers *L'Independance Belge*, which is read tremendously in Paris and the northern departments, from the fact that it contains so much of that dear gossip and scandal which in our hearts we are all so fond of.

"The principal journals have the following rank as to circulation: 1. *Le Siècle*. 2. *La Presse*. 3. *Le Constitutionnel*. 4. *La Patrie*. 5. *Le Journal des Débats*. 6. *L'Assemblée Nationale*. The other papers are only insignificant. The circulation of the *Débats* and *Assemblée Nationale*, united, does not exceed 14,500, of which two thirds belong to the *Débats*. The circulation of the three official papers amounts to 49,000 copies. The circulation of the *Presse* and the *Siècle* exceeds 47,500; there is only a difference of two or three hundred in favor of the latter. Among the non-daily papers we will quote the JOURNAL DES VILLES ET DES CAMPAGNES, whose existence few Parisians suspect, although it dates from 1814, and has a very decent circulation among curés and country burgomasters. Among the political and literary reviews, the REVUE DES DEUX MONDES, founded in 1831 by M. Buloz, has attained the highest rank in Europe, and the ILLUSTRATION, whose greatest praise is found in the number of its subscribers, 18,000—a fabulous amount for a review.

"In the departments, something like five or six hundred papers are published; but with the exception of very few, they possess no political or literary value.

"We have said that the papers were forced to lower their prices by the establishment of the cheap press. In 1848, the stamp having been abolished, they underwent a further reduction; but since it has been reestablished, all, with the exception of the *Presse*, have risen again, not to the tariff of 1847, but of 1835. Thus, in this way too, we have retrograded twenty years."

We cannot do better than end our paper, ere it become wearisome, by quoting a profound remark of Renaudot, the founder of the French press, which is of a nature to afford satisfaction, if anything can, to our literary brethren in France: "La presse tient cela de la nature des torts, qu'elle se gossit par la résistance."

CONSTANCY.—A young British officer in India, who was shockingly mutilated and disfigured in battle, after mature reflection, requested a comrade to write to his betrothed in England, and release her from

the bridal arrangement. Her noble answer was worthy of a true woman: "Tell him if there is enough of his *body* left to contain his *soul*, I shall hold him to his engagement."

From Tait's Magazine.

THE LOST FACULTY, OR SIXTH SENSE.

THE introduction of sin into the world has produced changes in its moral as well as physical condition, of the true extent of which we can now have but faint ideas. Whilst principles have been added in abundance inimical to the happiness of the human race both here and hereafter, powers and faculties have been weakened, suspended, or altogether withdrawn, that were calculated to increase our knowledge and add to our felicity in the present state, and prepare and fit us for a higher destiny in the world of light. Of some of these, nothing remains to us but short and transient glimpses, scarcely clear enough to satisfy our eager inquiry as to their true and precise nature. Encompassed as we are by the elements of a corrupt and depraved constitution, we have enough to do to correct and restrain its propensities, and to cultivate the moral powers and faculties we still possess, leaving us little leisure to reflect upon, or fully to comprehend, those of which we have been deprived by the fall. It requires a course of inductive research and reflective examination to arrive at anything like a correct or satisfactory judgment of a condition of being which no longer exists in its original form; and the great bulk of mankind have neither the mental power nor the moral disposition to enter upon the inquiry. And thus, whilst surrounded with the indications of attributes once possessed in all their plenitude, and of a nature far more refined and exalted than any they can now boast, their short and occasional revivals, like the geological creations of primeval nature, are the sources of wonder, curiosity, and even terror, to the masses, rather than of reflective examination or analogical comparison.

The existence of spiritual beings—independent of material forms, and possessed of the faculties of mind—has been an object of faith in all ages and nations of the world; and it arises out of the nature of things. The Creator himself is a spirit, and having made man "in his own image,"

has necessarily bestowed upon him a spiritual as well as a corporeal nature. Without this he would not have been qualified to serve or comprehend his Creator, nor would he have been fitted for a future state of existence, but would have been on a par "with the beasts which perish." We have reason, however, to believe, that the attributes of this spiritual nature were exercised by our first parents before the fall in a far larger and more perfect measure than we can now form any conception of; that by it they were qualified for the enjoyment of personal and familiar intercourse with their Creator, and of habitual fellowship with those angelic and spiritual beings who are described in Scripture as still "sent forth to minister to those who are heirs of salvation." Such, we have just reason to believe, was one of the high privileges attached to a state of sinless humanity.

This spiritual intercourse with beings of another world, involves the question, by what agency was it conducted? Was it by a corporeal or mental sense or faculty that the perception of spiritual beings was communicated to the mind? To this, we reply, that a spiritual communion requires a spiritual medium or perception; a faculty distinct from our ordinary sensual organs. The bodily eye cannot "discern spirits" any more than the hands can feel them. The very nature of spirits forbids this; for if it were otherwise, we should see ourselves continually surrounded with spiritual beings, which, as has already been observed, are employed by Infinite Wisdom in the fulfilment of His high commands in this lower world. We are warranted, both by Scripture and reason, in believing that a faculty distinct from the ordinary corporeal senses we now possess, was the agent by which this spiritual intercourse was held by our first parents.

This faculty, or sixth sense, consisted in the power of perceiving, by the "mind's eye," spiritual beings, with the same ordi-

nary faculty with which the corporeal eye perceives material substances. This mental vision we believe to have been an ordinary endowment of humanity in its original state of innocence; and that had man continued in that condition, it would still have been enjoyed; but that, by the fall, and the consequent corruption of the race, it was lost, or held in abeyance, as a common attribute of our nature; being, however, occasionally and temporarily restored or imparted to individuals, for special purposes. Numerous instances of this are recorded in the Holy Scriptures; and we believe that in every such instance, as well as in those in which apparitions have been seen in modern times, it has been through the medium of this sixth, or mental faculty.

Before proceeding further in our inquiry into this mysterious but deeply important subject, we must digress for the purpose of drawing a line of distinction between the legitimate and authentic manifestation of this mental faculty, and those cases of fraud and imposture, by which designing men in all ages of the world have practised upon the credulity and superstition of the ignorant. Notwithstanding the exposure to which such practices have been subjected, past experience appears to be wholly lost upon succeeding generations. Fresh impostors are, from time to time, rising up with temporary success, to be, in their turn, convicted, and their pretensions exploded, by the falsification of their dogmas, or the failure of their predictions. Innumerable "false Christs and false prophets," for instance, have, since the advent of the true Messiah, appeared, and practised their delusions upon the credulous, "drawing much people after them." And in comparatively modern times, the assumptions of John of Leyden, Richard Brothers, Johanna Southcott, and last, but not least, "Joe Smith," of Mormon celebrity, are but modifications of the same monstrous and blasphemous imposture practised in ancient times by the Sibylline Oracles, under the heathen mythology, and too closely copied under the Christian name, by the authority of the Romish church. We have no hesitation, either, in denouncing as a species of the same class of delusions, the spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other similar novelties of the present day, which are now subsiding, but which for a while withdrew the minds of thousands from

the ordinary but more serious and useful business of life, and occupied them with what at best could yield them no increase of knowledge, no temporal or spiritual benefit, nor leave any salutary influence whatever upon the mind or heart.

Notwithstanding this disclaimer of any sympathy with fraud, imposture, credulity, or ghostly assumption, of whatever kind, we do not the less believe that the superstitious feeling which has given them success, has had its origin in the principle we have been asserting as inherent in the original constitution of the human race, and still latent, though held in abeyance by the grossness and materiality of our minds. And from this abeyant faculty proceeds, also, that fear of spiritual apparitions so commonly evinced. Their infrequency, their transient visits, the little knowledge we possess of their nature, all tend to render them the subjects of terror and apprehension. The true cause, however, of this, is the consciousness of the degradation of our nature, by the introduction of moral guilt generally, and the conviction of it in our own conscience in particular. Adam and Eve, before the fall, held personal and familiar intercourse *fearlessly* with their Maker; but no sooner were they become transgressors, than they became also the subjects of terror, at the thought of meeting Him in the garden; and "hid themselves from His presence amongst the trees."

How different an aspect would this world have presented had man continued in a state of innocence! Permitted to hold personal intercourse with his Maker, and those exalted beings who inhabit the realms of light, but who are allowed to range this world; himself placed nearly upon an equality with these latter, and destined hereafter to live, like them, forever in a condition of still higher felicity; beholding and adoring the infinite perfections of the Deity, and comprehending the vastness and grandeur of His works; enjoying, through a medium adapted to ethereal and immaterial natures, those refined pleasures which spiritual beings alone can fully appreciate, and void of all fear or apprehension, which are the fruits of a sense of guilt; his existence would hence have been one of unclouded and unalloyed happiness. Earth would have presented a prototype of heaven, time would have been but the vestibule to eternity, and his translation from one to

the other would have been but a change in the degree, not in the perfection, of his bliss.

Such was the condition of man in Paradise before the fall; and although, upon that event, a sense of guilt produced such fear at the thought of meeting his offended Maker, as led him for the moment to seek to hide himself, if possible, from His presence, we have no reason to suppose, although the direct personal intercourse with Him had ceased, that it was not, in another form, renewed upon his repentance. We have no evidence to show that our first parents became at once so utterly depraved in character as to have lost the privilege or the desire of that spiritual communion with Him through a mediator, which was subsequently vouchsafed to the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, and which, in a lesser degree, has been enjoyed by believers in all ages of the church. The covenant made with them immediately subsequent to the fall, is a sufficient proof that such was not the case; and that, although they had by their disobedience become transgressors, and therefore unfit to hold *direct* intercourse with the Deity, their repentance gained them, by virtue of that covenant, access to His presence through a mediator. And thus has communion between God and his creature man been *maintained ever since*.

Nor has this intercourse been always confined to the ordinary means of approaching the Divine being by the exercise of prayer and praise. On various occasions, visible manifestations of spiritual agency between the Creator and the creature have taken place. Innumerable instances are recorded in Scripture of such apparitions; proving both the existence of spiritual beings, the immortality of the soul, and the latent possession of that mental vision, by means of which such spiritual agency is discerned. It is to these cases we shall now direct our attention, as affording illustrations of the nature of spiritual intercourse, and of the medium by which it is conducted.

We have already shown that the communion between the Divine Being and our first parents, before their fall, was direct and familiar. We know not how long this continued, the Scriptures being wholly silent on the subject. But we know that immediately upon the fall, the idea of that communion became painful

to them. They were sensible of their degradation and guilt, and feared to appear in His presence who still sought them out. The interview that succeeded, appears to have been the last of a personal nature; and on that occasion, the appointment of a mediator was announced at the same moment with the curse inflicted upon their disobedience, and the withdrawal of the Divine presence in personal intercourse.

The case of Cain is the next that presents itself; and we infer, from the words in the 14th and 16th verses of the fourth chapter of Genesis, that up to the commission of his crime, Cain also had held intercourse, in one form or other, with his Maker. "Behold!" said he, (verse 14th,) "thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth, and from *thy face shall I be hid*." And again (verse 16th)—"And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord," &c. We learn from these passages, that up to this interview, Cain had enjoyed the same intercourse with the Divine Being as Adam and Eve; but the heinous crime of which he had been guilty, and his subsequent impenitence, caused the withdrawal from him of those spiritual perceptions by means of which that intercourse had been sustained.

From this period of our fallen humanity, the communion between God and his creature man has been effected through the interposition of a mediator; and those visible manifestations vouchsafed at various times to the patriarchs and prophets under the old dispensation, and the immediate disciples of the Saviour under the new, were, as we apprehend, through the spiritual agency, and by means of the same mental faculty. And, if we are to judge from some of the most remarkable instances recorded, the vision of the apparition was confined to those for whose special benefit, or otherwise, it was intended. The most striking of these cases, perhaps, is that of the young man, the servant of the prophet Elisha, (2 Kings vi., 17,) who, having expressed his fears on account of the multitude of the Assyrian army which had invested the city in which the prophet resided, Elisha prayed—"Lord, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw, and behold! the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha."

This, we conceive, was a temporary restoration of mental vision for a specific purpose; affording at the same time convincing evidence to the believer, that we are surrounded with spiritual beings, invisible to the corporeal senses, and only to be discerned by an impartation or restoration of a faculty of which sin has deprived us.

The case of Saul in his interview with the spirit of Samuel, through the agency of the witch of Endor, is another instance of the temporary restoration of this faculty. (1 Samuel xxviii., 11-20.) In this case, there appears to have been an art used by the woman; probably something analogous to mesmerism or clairvoyance, which, there is reason to believe, was practised in ancient times, by the Eastern Magi and other sorcerers. Of the precise nature, however, of this vision, we have not sufficient data to enable us to judge, nor of the witch's proceedings to procure the vision. But we do learn, from various portions of Scripture, that *guilt was attached to all such attempts to pry into the secrets of the spiritual and invisible world*, by whatever means it is accomplished, and that, under the Mosaic law, the practice of exorcising spirits, or of witchcraft, was punished with death.

Of the appearance of our Saviour after his resurrection, we have the most circumstantial evidence; and from the accounts given by Paul in 1 Cor. xv., 5-8, and several other passages, we infer that he was only seen by his disciples, and not by the people at large. This was still more clearly shown after his ascension, in the cases both of Saul, and of the proto-martyr, Stephen. On the former occasion Saul alone, of all the party, saw the Saviour, although they all heard the voice, (Acts ix., 4-9.) That it was by mental sight only that Saul beheld him, the narrative warrants us to believe; for such was the brightness of the apparition, that his bodily sight was blasted by it for the time, whilst, with the mental eye, he recognized the glorified body of the Saviour.

The case of Stephen was equally striking and clear. He alone, of the whole multitude, beheld "the heavens open, and the Saviour standing on the right hand of God." (Acts vii., 55, 56.) Had this apparition been visible to his bodily sense, it would have been so also to that of the spectators of his execution.

Nor is the case of Peter, recorded in Acts xii., 7-12, less conclusive in this respect. The fact of the mental vision being alone in exercise is plainly to be inferred from the narrative. The apparition in this case was "an angel," and Peter was sleeping bound between two soldiers, and the keepers were at their posts "before the door," watching the prisoners. Yet Peter was relieved from his chains, rose, passed through the several doors of the prison, without being perceived by any of them, and, apparently in a state of somnambulism, followed his spiritual conductor "through one street," when the angel left him, and he began "to come to himself."

Many more such cases might be selected from both the Old and New Testaments, equally conclusive, in our view of them, as to the reality, on the one hand, of a world of spirits on this earth, invisible to the corporeal sense, and only perceptible to the mental eye by a special impartation of power; and, on the other, that this mental faculty, though lost to us as a common attribute of our nature, by the fall, has, in a vast number of instances, been temporarily restored; and that, in all such cases of apparitions, the mental vision alone was the medium by which spiritual beings have been "discerned." Our next inquiry is, whether this sixth sense or faculty is still latent in the human constitution, whether it is ever involuntarily manifested and exercised, and how far it is capable of being restored temporarily by artificial means, as in the case of the witch of Endor.

There are two ways in which intercourse has been held between the material and spiritual world—namely, by dreams and by visions. We shall adduce instances of each, confining ourselves to those which are the best authenticated, and about which, from the number and respectability of the testimonies, there can be no doubt as to the truth.

First,—With regard to dreams, it may be proper to premise that we have no certain knowledge of the philosophy of these singular impulses of the imagination. Dr. Hibbert, who wrote on the subject, ascribes both dreams and visions, but especially the latter, solely to a morbid temperament of the system, producing certain sensations, effected by objects actually presented to the organs of sense; and that spectral illusions, whether sleep-

ing or waking, are nothing more than recollected images of the mind; and apparitions are "*past feelings renovated*" by means of sensations produced by a morbid condition of the system. And yet, this same writer adduces cases of apparitions which it is impossible to account for on his own principle. Let the reader judge of the cases we shall now place before him, with the authorities on which they are related.

The following account is taken from *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1826:

"**SIR**,—Being in company the other day when the conversation turned upon dreams, I related one of which, as it happened to my own father, I can answer for the perfect truth. About the year 1731, my father, Mr. D—, of K—, in the county of Cumberland, came to Edinburgh to enter the classes. Having the advantage of an uncle in the regiment then in the Castle, he remained under the protection of his uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Griffiths, during the winter. When spring arrived, Mr. D— and three or four young gentlemen from England (his intimates) made parties to visit all the neighboring places about Edinburgh, as Rosslyn, Arthur's Seat, Craig Millar, &c. &c. Coming home one evening from one of these places, Mr. D— said: 'We have made a party to go a-fishing to-morrow to Inchkeith, if the morning is fine, and have bespoke our boat. We shall be off at six.' Mrs. Griffiths had not long been in bed and asleep, when she screamed out, in the most violent agitation, 'The boat is sinking! save, oh! save them!' The Major awoke her, and said: 'Were you uneasy about the fishing party?' 'Oh! no,' she said: 'I have not since thought of it.' She then composed herself, and soon fell asleep again. In about another hour, she cried out, in a dreadful fright: 'I see the boat is going down!' The Major again awoke her, and she said: 'It was owing to the other dream I had, for I feel no uneasiness about it.' After some conversation, they both fell into a sound sleep; but no rest could be obtained for her. In the most extreme agony she again screamed out: 'They are gone! the boat is sunk!' When the Major awoke her, she said: 'Now I cannot rest; Mr. D— must not go, for I feel I should be miserable till his return—the thought of it would almost kill me.' She instantly

arose, threw on her dressing-gown, went to his bedside, for his room was next her own, and with great difficulty she got his promise to remain at home. 'But what must I say to my young friends, whom I have promised to meet at Leith at six o'clock?' 'With great truth you may say your aunt is ill—for I am so at present. Consider, you are an only son, under my protection, and should anything happen to you, it would be my death.' Mr. D— immediately rose and wrote a note to his friends, saying he was prevented joining them, and sent his servant with it to Leith. The morning came in most beautiful, and continued so till three o'clock, when a violent storm arose, and in an instant the boat went to the bottom, with all that were in it, and they were never heard of more, nor was any part of the boat ever seen. I often heard the story from my father, who always added: 'It has not made me superstitious, but with awful gratitude I never can forget that my life, by Providence, was saved by a dream. M. C., Prince's street, Edinburgh, May, 1826.'

The following case occurred when the writer was a boy, and all the circumstances took place under his own knowledge:

A man of the name of Neale, a cattle-jobber, lived at A—, in Norfolk. He was a man of dissipated and intemperate habits, spending most of his time in public houses, and seldom leaving until intoxicated. On one occasion he had been drinking at a house at L—bridge, and left at eleven o'clock at night, completely drunk. The innkeeper tried to persuade him to stop all night, as he had to cross a wide river in his road home; but he persisted in his determination, and set off on horseback to go about two or three miles.

The next morning his horse was found, saddled and bridled, on the opposite side of the river through which he had to pass, in a farmyard which was the thoroughfare. It was at once supposed that Neale was drowned, and parties were employed to drag the river, above and below the ford; but no body was discovered, nor could any tidings be learned of him, except that he had left the public house, in the state described, at a late hour.

About noon, the farmer in whose yard the horse was found came to the writer's father—whose estate joined the farmer's

land—to consult about the affair, the writer also being present. Whilst they were conversing, another man came up, who was a stranger, and asked if one of the gentlemen was Mr. C——? “Yes,” said the writer’s father, “my name is C——; what do you want with me?” “Well,” said the stranger, “I suppose you will laugh at me, but I came here in consequence of a dream I had last night. I dreamt that I saw a man fall off his horse in the river opposite your meadows, and he was drowned.” “That’s very remarkable,” said Mr. C——; “we were just talking about a person that is lost, and we believe he is drowned; but we can’t discover the body.” “Well,” said the stranger again, “then if my dream is right, I think I can take you to the very spot where he lies, for I know your meadows, and have the very place in my eye.” The whole party, *including the writer*, then followed the stranger, who went straight, as if a line had been drawn, to the river side, and there, at about four yards from the bank, lay the body of Neale, the water not being more than three feet deep.

An inquest was, of course, held, and suspicion having attached to the stranger, a searching inquiry was instituted into the truth of his story, when it was found to be perfectly correct. He was a laboring man, and having gone to bed early the evening before, he had thrice awoke his wife to tell her that he saw a man drowned opposite Mr. C.’s meadows; and the next morning he could not rest until he had gone to inquire about it. His innocence, too, was confirmed by the facts of Neale’s watch and purse being found in the pockets of the corpse, and there being no marks of violence about the body. Under the circumstances, therefore, the jury returned a verdict of accidental death, exonerating the man from all suspicion.

Our next account is taken from the *Times* newspaper of Sept. 8, 1825, and is as follows:

“On Sunday last, a respectable young man, named James Williams, residing in King street, St. George’s in the east, while on a party of pleasure with some friends, was drowned near Barking. On the nights of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday preceding his death, he was haunted by the most fearful dreams, which presented appalling pictures of drowning in every

variety of shapes, and with all imaginable terrifying accompaniments. The first dream he paid little attention to; neither did he take much notice of the second. But the third, in consequence of its repetition, making a deep impression upon his mind, he communicated it to his sister. She, knowing the engagement he had made the next day, and his intention of going on the water, made use of the strongest and most sisterly arguments to dissuade him from his purpose. All entreaties were, however, without effect. He still, though somewhat staggered, determined to keep his engagement, and not disappoint his friends; and asked what would be thought of him if he were to assign an idle dream as an excuse for his absence? His mind, notwithstanding, was influenced by the conviction that what was intended as a day of pleasure, would eventually prove one of mourning, and fatal to him. He, therefore, told his sister that should the catastrophe which he anticipated take place, let his body be ever so long in the water, it would be recognized by certain marks on his dress. He then punched three letters on each of his shoes, which he pointed out to his sister, and set forward on his ill-fated expedition. Boats are dragging in all directions for his body, which has not yet been found.”

The following case occurred to the writer himself; and as the dream it refers to was probably the means of saving the lives of three children, he makes no scruple of inserting it:

A near relation of the writer’s was on terms of friendship with a family residing in D——, who also had a country house amidst the beautiful mountain scenery of the county of W——. Our friend (a young lady) was occasionally invited to spend a few weeks at this latter place, from whence they made excursions in the neighborhood, which abounds in the most picturesque and romantic scenery. During the winter of 1850, the writer dreamed that his relative was on a visit to this family, and that they made an excursion to the mountains; that on ascending one of them, they had alighted from the cars on a level spot, inclining a little towards the edge, beyond which was an abrupt precipice several hundred feet in depth. Upon alighting on this spot, three of the children commenced running down the slope towards the brink of the precipice—when, such was the agitation of the writer

at the danger they were in, that he awoke just as they reached the edge.

This dream he told to the young lady the next morning; but as she had no prospect for many months of realizing any portion of the dream, the recollection of it wholly passed, for the time, from the minds of both.

In the following autumn, however, our friend was invited down to spend a few weeks in W—, and one day a party was made up to ride to the mountains. One part of their route was so exceedingly steep, that all had to leave the cars and climb up to the more accessible part. On reaching this, they came to a level green spot, radiating about twenty yards from the abrupt rock, and finishing with a sharp edge, over which was a steep precipice.

As soon as the children found themselves on level ground, three of them, of whom our friend had charge, commenced running down the slope. She saw the danger, and instantly the dream recurred, *for the first time*, to her memory, in all its terrors. She screamed out, which caused the children to turn round; and fearing that she had been hurt, they came back to her, and thus were saved—for such was the impetus they had gained by running, and so near were they to the brink, that had they gone half a dozen steps further, nothing could have saved them. Upon calling to mind the description that had been given of the spot in the dream, and comparing it with the one actually before her eyes, she found it corresponded in the minutest particulars, although the writer had never seen or heard any description of the locality; and whatever may have been the influence that caused the dream, it must be considered as the means, under Providence, of saving the lives of the three children.

One more case shall conclude our relations under the head of dreams.

"A young lady of the name of Lancaster, whose father was one of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, and who lived in Warwick-court, Holborn, a few years ago, was suddenly deprived of her speech. She had, at the time this happened, the best medical advice the city of London could afford, without the desired effect. One night she dreamed (about four years ago)* that she saw the figure of an angel, who told her if she went to Bath, she would recover her speech. In the morning she

communicated her dream to her father, who was then living. He laughed at her dream, and being a man who paid but little respect to these nocturnal admonitions, the journey to Bath was refused. Upon the death of her father, which happened a short time after, she had a dream of a similar nature. Being then her own mistress, she determined upon a visit to that place. The day she arrived at Bath, while she was sitting at dinner with a female friend, who had accompanied her on the journey, she suddenly screamed out and fell from her chair in a fit. Medical assistance was immediately procured, and when she recovered, to the astonishment of her friend, she spoke as well as ever; informing all present, that whilst she was at dinner, she saw before her the same figure of an angel that had admonished her to go to Bath. This lady is now living, perfectly recovered in her speech, which can be testified by many medical men whom she was under during the loss of it."

Second,—We shall now proceed to give instances of the vision of apparitions; a subject which presents far more difficulties than that of dreams, but which, nevertheless, is to be solved upon the same principle, namely, the existence of spirits, and the presence amongst us of spiritual beings. If we believe this—and none but confirmed infidels and materialists call it in question—the subject then resolves itself into the possibility of these beings becoming visible to us. On this point we would repeat, that the Scriptures are full of instances of such apparitions, and of communications, through their agency, with the inhabitants of this lower world; and there is no reason to suppose that what has happened may not happen again, nor have we any reasonable ground to think it impossible. The argument that the age of miracles has gone by forever, does not apply to these cases at all. The faculty of "discerning spirits" is but the restoration of what was once common to our nature, and not the creation or impartation of something which did not before exist, which latter would constitute a miracle. Thus, the turning water into wine, the instantaneous healing of the sick, the raising of the dead to life, the restoration of sight to the blind, the marvellous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, with the rest of the acts of our Saviour, were essentially miracles, because they

* This was about the end of the last century.

went beyond the order of nature, and produced effects without an adequate cause, or infinitely beyond the means apparent to the spectator. Such is not the case with the question before us. Admit the existence of spiritual beings, and the truth of the scriptural account of their appearance, and the *possibility*, and thence the *probability*, of a similar occurrence, follows as a matter of course. "The essential difference," says a modern writer, "of the mental and corporeal natures which compose our present state of existence, renders it in a high degree probable that there may occasionally be permitted to take place, some mental communications, usually termed spectral impressions, independent of, and not influenced by, the agency of our external organs of sense, the media of material intercourse in this lower sphere of temporal abode. . . .

An *apparition* is that only which is susceptible of mental perception, and not subject to corporeal proof; an *illusion* is a visible deception or misconception of material objects," producing "phantasms" which are "fancies of the mind. Such is the essential difference between an optical delusion of the material senses, and the mental perception of a supernatural appearance."* We shall now adduce some well-authenticated cases of apparitions.

"A gentleman of the name of Hancock, who commanded the Norfolk East India-man some years ago, was dining at the Cape of Good Hope with a number of friends, and was observed to rise from table and look a considerable time out of the window. When he returned to his seat, they asked him if there was anything remarkable that made him rise so suddenly, and attracted his notice? He replied by asking them if they had not observed a lady look into the room? They declared they had not, and told him he was dreaming. 'It makes so strong an impression on my mind,' said he, 'that I will immediately note the circumstance in my memorandum book. I can assure you there was one, and it was my wife, and,' he added, 'you will all much oblige me, if you also will enter it as well.' To humor him, they did so.

"On his return to England, an intimate friend of his went into the Downs, where the Norfolk then was, to communicate to

him the melancholy news of his wife's death. The instant he saw him come on board, he told him he knew the occasion of it. 'My wife,' said the Captain, 'is dead, and died on such a day, and at such an hour,' accounting for the difference in the longitude. His friend was astonished, and asked him by what means he got intelligence of her death? 'I will inform you directly,' said the Captain, and went to his secretary, and produced the memorandum he had made at the time at the Cape, when he saw the apparition. There are many persons now living who had this relation from Captain Hancock's own mouth."—*Apparitions Demonstrations of the Soul's Immortality*. 1799.

The character of the late Lord —* is in the hourly remembrance of too many to need any notice of him, further than observing that an excessive, inordinate passion for the fair sex, and sentiments closely approximating to the scepticism of the time, tended to throw a dark shade over superiority of manners, and brilliancy of talents, which it is to be regretted should have been so intemperately allied.

Two nights previous to his death, it appears, from an account given by a relation of the nobleman, "that on his retiring to bed after his servant was dismissed, and his light extinguished, he heard a noise resembling the fluttering of a dove at his chamber window. This attracted his attention to the spot, when, looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her life, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed. The room was preternaturally light; the objects in the chamber were distinctly visible. Raising her hand and pointing to the dial which stood on the mantelpiece of the chimney, the figure, with a severe solemnity of voice and manner, announced to the appalled and conscience-stricken man, that in that very hour, on the third day of the vision, his life and his sins would be terminated, and nothing but their punishment remain, if he did not avail himself of the warning to repentance which he had received. The eye of the dying man glanced upon the dial; the

* "Past Feelings Renovated," &c., reply to Dr. Hibbert.

* We make the extract without the name, as the circumstances have now long passed.

hand was on the stroke of twelve. Again the apartment was involved in total darkness; the warning spirit disappeared, and bore away in her departure all the lightness of heart and buoyancy of spirits, ready flow of wit and vivacity of manners, which had formerly been the pride and ornament of the unhappy being to whom she had delivered her tremendous message."

It appears, from another account, given by a gentleman who was upon a visit to his lordship at the time of the occurrence, (which took place in the year 1779,) in company also with several other ladies and gentlemen, that the noble lord had not long returned from Ireland; that after the spectre had left him he called his servant, who slept in an adjoining closet, and who found his master in a violent agitation, and a profuse perspiration.

The circumstance affected his lordship's spirits all the next day; and the third day he said, while at breakfast with the above personages, "If I live over to-night I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day." At that time the party were at his lordship's residence in Berkeley square, Wells street, but immediately after set out for Pitt place, where they had not long arrived when his lordship was visited with a fit of epilepsy, to which he was much subject. After a short interval he recovered. He dined at five o'clock that day, and went to bed at eleven, when, as his servant was about to give him rhubarb and mint water, his lordship, perceiving him stir it with a toothpick, called him a slovenly dog, and bid him fetch a tea-spoon. But on the man's return, he found his master in a fit, and the pillow being placed high, his chin bore hard upon his neck; when the servant, instead of relieving his lordship on the instant from his perilous situation, ran in his fright and called out for help; but on his return he found his lordship dead.

In explanation of this strange tale, it is said that the deceased acknowledged, previous to his death, that the woman he had seen was the mother of two Misses A——s, who resided with him, whom, together with a third sister, then in Ireland, his lordship had prevailed on to leave their mother, who resided near his country residence in Shropshire. It is further stated that she died of grief, through the desertion of her children, at the precise time when the female vision appeared to

his lordship, and that about the period of his own dissolution, a person answering his description, visited the bedside of the late M. P. A——s, Esq., (who had been the friend and companion of his lordship in his revels,) and suddenly throwing open the curtains, desired Mr. A. to come to him. The latter, not knowing that his lordship had returned from Ireland, suddenly got up, when the phantom disappeared. Mr. A. frequently declared that the alarm cost him a sharp fit of illness; and on his subsequent visits to Pitt place, no solicitation would ever prevail on him to take a bed there, but he would invariably return, however late, to the Spread Eagle, Epsom, for the night.

In corroboration of the main facts of this case, Sir N. Wraxall relates, that four years after the event, he visited the house and the chamber at Pitt place, in which it occurred; and that at the Dowager Lady ——'s house he had frequently seen a painting executed by her ladyship expressly to commemorate the event. In it the dove appears at a window, whilst a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to the nobleman his dissolution. This picture was hung up in a conspicuous part of the drawing-room, and every part of it was faithfully designed after the description given by the valet-de-chambre who attended him, and to whom his lordship related all the circumstances.

LORD ROSSMORE.

(By Sir Jonah Barrington.)

"Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room in Dublin Castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day; and he sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The Lord Lieutenant was to be of the company. 'My little Trebenser,' said he, addressing Lady Barrington by her pet name, 'when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter; so tell him that come he *must*. She promised positively; and on her return,

informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and towards two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound at short intervals. It resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice, and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly. The sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air, when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone. It seemed descending. I felt every nerve trembling. It was not a natural sound, nor could I make out the point from whence it came. At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself. She suggested that it might be an *Æolian* harp; but to that instrument it bore no similarity; it was altogether a different kind of sound. My wife at first appeared less agitated than I, but subsequently she was more so. We now went to a large window in our bed-room, which looked directly upon a small garden below. The sound seemed then obviously to ascend from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued. Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sound lasted for more than half an hour. At last, a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, '*Rossmore! Rossmore! Rossmore!*' I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I cannot. The maid flew in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady

Barrington to retire to bed. In about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent. Lady B., who is not so superstitious as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should probably be rendered laughing-stocks. At length, wearied with speculations, we both fell into a sound slumber.

"About seven the next morning, a strong tap at my chamber door awoke me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed into my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken by surprise on any subject. It was light. I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the instant, from the other side, 'O Lord, Sir!' 'What is the matter?' said I, hurriedly. 'Oh! Sir,' ejaculated he, 'Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming home from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health; but that half an hour after two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed, (he slept in the same room,) went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over.'"

This account was written by Sir Jonah Barrington himself, and he adds: "I conjecture nothing; I only relate the incidents as *unequivocal matters of fact*. Lord Rossmore was actually dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced. Let sceptics draw their own conclusions. Perhaps natural causes may be assigned for the sounds, but I am totally unequal to the task."

VALUABLE DISCOVERY IN METALLURGY.—The *Manchester Guardian* says that M. de Lille, of Paris, has discovered a process by which aluminium may be obtained from cryolite, so as to afford it at as low a price per ounce as silver; and, since an ounce of the former has four times the volume of an ounce of the latter, it will of course give us articles of plate of the same size so much cheaper—that is, at one fourth the price.

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TOTAL ECLIPSES FOR THE NEXT FIFTY YEARS.—Calculations have been made at the observatory of Paris, that from the present time to the end of the nineteenth century there will be only six total eclipses of the sun, not one of which will be visible in France, viz.: In 1860, 1861, 1870, 1887, 1896, and 1900; so that from the year 1000 to 1900 there will have been 255 eclipses of the sun, with only one total for Paris—on August 12th, 1653.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

REMAINS OF JOHN BYROM.*

THANKS to the deciphering diligence of Miss Bolger, and to Canon Parkinson's editorial industry, we are presented with another instalment of the Remains of John Byrom; and a goodly amount of interesting and curious matter it contains, of one sort and another, theological and theosophical, political and domestical, local and general, professional and miscellaneous. The next coming part, however, which will complete the second volume, is like to be of special interest, containing, as it will, a Journal, printed for the first time, of what happened at Manchester during Prince Charles Edward's stay there, in 1745.

Dr. Byrom's Jacobite *penchant* is discoverable once and again in the present volume. One evening (1737) we find him something ill at ease among a company of Whigs, at the Duke of Devonshire's, where "by-and-by he [Captain Vernon] began: 'The immortal memory'—'a good health in some parts,' Lord James [Cavendish] said, I think; and the Captain said, 'Yes, everywhere almost, now;' and he filled a bumper and drank to the immortal memory of King William, and Lord James followed and took off his hat and performed the ceremony mightily devoutly; and I was thinking how to put by that nonsense, and it came into my head that I might as well take leave to go to Mr. Noole's, and so I did, and they seemed to part with me readily enough." Again in 1739, there is the following passage in an entry in the Diary touching one of Byrom's many interviews with the celebrated William Law, a man after Byrom's own mind in politics, and his own heart in religion: "He said that they talked of the Pretender's coming, was not I afraid of it? I said, No, not at all: and he talked in his favor, and that the m. was satis-

factorily concluded between the psw and the ldstm, and as we came away, gave him (the father) a most excellent character for experience, wisdom, piety; I said that I saw him once; he said, Where? I said, At A. [vignon:] he said, Did you kiss hands? I said, Yes, and parted; he said that Mr. Mordon [? Morton] and Clutton had been with him, that there should not be so much talk about such matters, that the time was not now, that he loved a man of taciturnity." Very natural, too, that love for a man of taciturnity, in such matters as the Rev. William Law was then dabbling withal. Byrom's freedom of speech and open candor of disposition seem on more than one occasion to have wrought his reverence some annoy, to which he was loth to give expression, so dearly did he prize "a man of taciturnity," and so thoroughly was he on thorns with one of an opposite temperament. At another visit, in the same year, we find Law impressing on his friend the need of secrecy in respect to certain apocryphal MSS. entrusted to him: he "insisted," says Byrom, "upon the conditions of my having the MSS., viz., that I should not transcribe them nor let any body know of them, but that the matter should pass between him and me only; I said, So let it be, if you tell me, before, I will be continent, but that I had none to converse with, and it was a desolate condition; he said he had taken notice—but did not know but it might proceed from a superior principle in me, a goodness probably, but—and mentioned that when our king [*Qu.* the Pretender] came I should go into orders." The *differentia* of character in the two worthy Jacobites comes out with life-like naïveté in this extract—the frank sociability of the stenographic Doctor, and the humming and hawing reserve of the mystic divine.

Here is another brief entry pertinent to the Pretender, of a somewhat earlier date: "Mr. Page showed him [Mr. White, at Will's coffee-house] the picture of Clem^{ts}

* *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom.* Edited by RICHARD PARKINSON, D.D., F.S.A., Principal of St. Bees College, and Canon of Manchester. Vol. II., Part I. Printed for the Chetham Society. 1856.

and her husband upon enamel, valued at 10*l.*, and asked him the value, and he said he did not value the picture of any king or queen to give ten p. for, upon which I said I would inform that he had called the Pretender king;—a sally which affords the editor a fair opportunity of recalling to mind Byrom's far-famed epigram, which, we suppose, everybody knows by heart, and almost nobody knows to be Byrom's:

"God bless the King! I mean our faith's defender;

God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;

But who Pretender is, or who is King,—

God bless us all! that's quite another thing!"

In the highest sense of the word, Dr. Byrom *improves* on acquaintance; he becomes more serious and unworldly as the Diary progresses, without, however, incurring any suspicion of cant or affectation; the cypher in which he looked up his daily entries effectually precludes the suspicion to which so many modern Diaries are open, of his being devout not without the thought of (if not with a widely-open eye to) publication. His orthodoxy, too, is patent, and even pugnacious at times—notwithstanding the evident interest he took in the sayings and writings of thorough-paced deists on the one hand, and of speculative mystics on the other. "Mr. Reynolds the deist there," he writes in 1736, "talked with me strangely, and I should not talk and hear such things." At the club "they were talking strangely about religious topics, and Mr. Folkes said that Mr. Collins had made him a heretic about the book of Daniel." "Thence with Taylor White, who talked wildly about the sacraments." "Read and noted a little from Saint Bernard's letters about the Trinity in the *Opera Pet. Abelardi*, where find that he [Abelard] was a r—s—n—r in his days." In 1737 Byrom engages in a lengthy dispute with no less a person than Dr. (next year Bishop) Butler and others, on the subject of prophecy and miracles, involving "an argument and talk about reason and authority, they being for reason and I for authority, that we had reason indeed to follow authority, viz. the consent of the Christian Church. Dr. B. [utler] hinted at a time when the whole Christian Church almost was in the wrong, and then what must become of authority? And I said I did

not apprehend that there had been such a time, thinking that he meant the Arian times, which were probably not so universal, as Dr. Deacon* had I believe rightly observed once, viz., that it was only a flight of St. Jerome." There is some close wrestling and hard hitting on both sides, as the controversy goes on. "The Dr.," says Byrom, with characteristic candor, "talked with much mildness, and myself with too much impetuosity." And at the close Byrom utters a wish that he had "Dr. Butler's temper and calmness, yet not quite, because I thought he was a little too little vigorous."† Byrom's orthodoxy,

* A justly valued fellow-townsmen of Byrom's, whose letters are not the least noticeable part of these "Remains." We shall probably hear more of him and his family in the next volume. One son, "Master Tho." (Theodorus,) is occasionally mentioned in the present part, playfully and *en passant*, who with the same political bias as Byrom, took a too adventurous share in the affair of the '45, and came thereby to an untimely end. In 1739 we hear of "Master Tho." hurting his hand against a glass window and cutting it so that he cannot use it at present, but 'tis hoped 'twill mend finely, though whether by Thursday so as to hold his bride is a question. Six years later, alas! Master Tho. meets with cutting and wounding of another sort, which the most hopeful cannot hope will mend finely, and which will infallibly prevent his ever holding bride again. For in an anticipatory foot-note Dr. Parkinson informs us that "Thomas Theodorus, eldest son of Dr. Deacon, was educated as a physician, but joined the Pretender's regiment in Manchester in 1745 with his two brothers, was taken prisoner at Carlisle, executed at Kennington in 1746, and his head was sent to Manchester, fixed upon a spike, and placed on the top of the Exchange for the edification of the town!"

† Byrom is often accusing himself of over-indulgence in talk. Thus, "Had much talk, qy. too much, with Mr. Lloyd and Bateson, upon occasion of mentioning *Don Quixote* among the pernicious books." (P. 22.)

"We talked away, and I said something of not being discouraged for having done wrong, which Mr. Thyer said that I set in a very good light, but I have always a great apprehension of having talked too much whenever I mention such things, and yet have not the grace to keep silent." (P. 138.)

Per contra, however, as to this grace and its exercise: "Dr. Bentley lay down on the carpet, talked of Muley Ismael, and as if Providence was strange to permit such a villain, and I saw, I thought, reason for silence." (P. 149.)

Again: "The Dr. [Hartley] went out in the afternoon, and Mr. Lloyd and I to his lodging, where he read some of Mr. Pope's *Ethic* epistle, and I criticised, and Mr. Woolston, &c., came according to appointment, and came up-stairs, and after we fell into serious talk, and I harangued too much." (P. 162.)

The same day's entry, after detailing other talkings and walkings, to and fro, concludes with "Qu. the difficulty of saying not too much upon these occasions; I should restrain my talking way." (P. 163.)

of a very "churchy" type too, as the phrase goes now-a-days, is exemplified again in his set-to with Dr. Hartley about clerical subscription, &c.; and at another time on the Athanasian Creed and the antiquity of it, "which I said was so antique that there was no tracing it, and took notice of the unfairness of talking from modern books and pamphlets about the primitive writers, confessing that they had not read them, and I said that it was sufficient for my weak understanding that all present Churches agreed in receiving it."

Byrom's intercourse with the leading deists of the age caused his name to be blown upon by some observers. A "young springald" of the Wesleyan "connection" on one occasion twits him with it: "He said that he had heard that I was a professed unbeliever, and had defended Woolston; I said, No, that was not true, that I had not been a professed unbeliever otherwise than by a wicked life and ignorance of such truths as good authors, and particularly Mrs. Bourignon, had convinced me of."

In fact, his leaning towards Messieurs and Mesdames the Mystics, was pronounced enough, though his clear good sense and moderation (witness his correspondence with the young lady that would be a Quakeress) preserved him from all extravagant views. He delights in John Evangelista's "most admirable book." He is familiar with Tauler, Rosbrochius, Behmen, Mrs. Bourignon, and Madame Guyon, and is ready and able to discuss them with all comers, from the veteran Law down to Methodist striplings. One morning Mr. Charles Wesley calls—not that we include *him* in the category of Methodist striplings—while Dr. Byrom is shaving, and they talk together about the mystics. "He defined the mystics to be those who neglected the use of reason and the means of grace—a pretty definition! I told Mr. Charles Wesley that it was from the mystics, if I understood who they meant by that title, that I had learnt that we ought to have the greatest value for the means of grace," and so forth. In a letter from the Doctor's fellow-townsmen, Mr. Thyer, which pleasantly speculates on Byrom's lonely life in London, as compared with the home occupations and comforts of Manchester, the writer, *inter alia*, observes: "These gloomy meditations and fruitless wishes shaken off, down you march to breakfast;

and here with hearty concern I behold you over a poor, meagre, creamless dish of bohea, with the miserable amusement of a convention or an address,* instead of the royal entertainment you have at home with your friends Jacob [Behmen] and Antonietta [Bourignon] over a pot of Mrs. Byrom's cordial decoction." So that the Doctor's addiction to Jacob and Antonietta was as notorious as the excellence of his wife's cordial decoction, which, we warrant, many a Lancashire man smacked his lips over in his time, who had no kind of relish for Behmen, Bourignon, and Co. Nor was the Doctor's character as an accomplished phylomystic confined to Manchester and its environs. He was known far and wide as a graduate—a first-class man, too—in the school of mysticism. Accordingly, a letter addressed to him in 1741 by the celebrated Dr. Cheyne, opens thus: "Sir—Having learned your character from some of my friends here, [Bath,] good Lady Huntington in particular, and being informed you had studied and sometimes practised in the profession I am of, but since discharged by Providence, but that you had been long conversant in spiritual writings, the approved mystics in particular, and had lately got and read that wonderful German author of several treatises in French, printed at Berlebourg, entitled, *Témoignage d'un enfant de la vérité et droiture des voyes d'Esprit*, &c." Here the good Bath physician comes to a full stop; which is a convenience for us, though a little ungrammatical, or at least lawyer's-English-like, in him.

In a previous notice we referred to the singular accuracy with which Byrom details, day by day, the solids he ate, and the liquids he drank,

"By day or night,"

as Jack Falstaff has it,

"Or any kind of light,
With all his might."

The same system is continued far into the present volume. But we observe him to be getting subject to headaches after a while; and so it happens that *post hoc*—we presume not to say *propter hoc*

* "In the morning newspapers, which were as meagre as the dish of bohea."—*Editorial Note.*

—the Journalist is far more chary of any such prandial chronicles, and trivial fond records. He no longer journalizes roast and boiled, nor chronicles small beer. Long before the headaches become noticeable, he has been a vegetarian. But even a vegetarian may be “a man of an unbounded stomach;” and we have our fears that Byrom so far indulged in greens and pudding

“With all his might,”

as to do himself no good by the lapse from carnivoracity. He seems to have had a mighty sweet tooth, and to have given it full play, in season and perhaps out of season, if perchance a tempting tartlet or a plenipotent pancake lay in the way. The recurrence becomes almost ludicrous of such entries in the diary as, “With Mr. Lloyd to his house, where we had two large apple-tarts and two cheese-cakes”—“Dined at Dr. Hartley’s upon apple-dumplings and toasted cheese”—“We all dined; I ate some greens and bread and the crust of a gooseberry-pie, and drank three or four glasses of their bottled ale, which was pleasant enough”—“Ate some currants there and omelette much, and bohea tea, and when I came home a gooseberry-tart and toast and water”—“Had a cheese-cake (3d.) by the way, which being better than ordinary, 1d. more price, did not sit so easy, being buttery”—“Dined there upon greens, potatoes, and pancakes, and drank two or three glasses of wine”—“Dined with Mr. Lightbourne and his lady upon bread, celery, and pancakes, drank some wine, and talked about vegetable diet till four or five”—“Had pancakes and toasted cheese, and drank a little Madeira after dinner”—“Had four tarts and some cheese and bread and some palm wine”—“I had greens to supper, vastly good, and toasted bread and cheese, [ate] heartily, and drank white wine”—“I ate puddings, as they call them, (fritters,) heartily, and a little toasted cheese”—“I ate heartily of plum-pudding and greens and salad, and drank some wine”—“We supped there, and I ate asparagus and pudding”—“We had pease-pudding to dinner, of which I ate heartily”—“Ate

very heartily of the spinach and pancakes”—and once more, and a significant entry too, “I stayed dinner, and at the beginning of dinner, eating the asparagus, I was put into a hurry, which Dr. Hartley took notice of, and said that he believed that I was not well, and I went with him into his study, having drank a glass of wine; I was not sick, it was only something stopping on my chest; and came in again to the room and ate my dinner, ate heartily of pancake and drank three or four glasses of wine, and talked a little about serious matters.” Dr. Byrom was not to be baffled by asparagus, by a mere something stopping on his chest; he would not emulate Master Slender outside Master Page’s porch, but rather Parson Evans, who chuckled over the prospect of “pippins and seeze to come:” a compromise was effected with the obstructive asparagus; once again his bosom’s lord sat lightly on its throne, and he “went in” for pancakes “with a will,” and won, and entered it in his Diary, and we of a hundred and twenty years later read, and admire, not without foreboding of other stoppages on the chest, and chronic headaches in arrear.

Byrom’s character as an affectionate husband and father, and a true-hearted friend, is engagingly developed in this new volume. His letters home are full of heart, “simple, grave, sincere;” the growth of the religious tone in them is most marked and emphatic. Had we space, we might cull some interesting passages from them, and from the correspondence of one or two Manchester friends; to which might be appended a few curious fragments illustrative of high life and home life in the first half of the eighteenth century, of the Porteous riots in Edinburgh, and the fashion of wearing clerical gown and cassock in the streets, and the introduction of tea-kettles, and the making butter by a machine; not forgetting Byrom’s progress in his profession as teacher of short-hand, and his success in securing a patent for his method, by Act of Parliament, *Anno decimo quinto Georgii II. Regis*, scil: A.D. 1742. With which triumph, and at which date, the present publication breaks off, in promising proximity to the Forty-Five.

From Titan.

GREYSTONE HALL.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY one autumn morning, I took my way from my humble seaside lodging, setting forth on a day's ramble. I shall not tell you where this retreat of mine is, or descant upon the thousand and one charms of its situation; I wish the little tenement to be still mine, *par excellence*, whenever I am inclined to inhabit it.

It was the embarrassment of wealth that made me pause, before I had gone many yards from my door, to decide in which direction I should turn my steps that day.

Summer was gone, certainly; but I never wail her departure.

As I watched the clouds, driven by a wild wind across a wild sky, and hearkened to the waves breaking and booming against the old grey crags far beneath, my spirits rose buoyantly. I opened the arms of my body and my soul to welcome my rough, true friend—Autumn.

Spring too often presents herself to me as a cruel yet irresistibly attractive coquette. She mocks at passions she rouses—cannot satisfy desires that she awakes; she hints mysteriously of gifts of knowledge, power, love, which she never bestows; she is exacting and retentive; lays heavy burdens on souls, and taunts their toiling, striving, groaning, as she skims along her lightsome way.

Summer finds me wearied out by spring's tyrannous sway. She gives me a drugged draught of honey-sweetness, and lays me away among her roses, bidding me believe that inaction is calm, indifferent languor peace.

I might sleep on, dream deeper and deeper, till my sleep should be that from which is no waking; but autumn comes, breaks summer's spells, repairs spring's mischief, and calls up what in me is kindred to its own strength. So hail to thee, O Autumn!

Something weird in the wildness of

this early morning reminded me of a deserted house I had often seen from a distance in my rambles, and meant to visit. I would go there now, I thought; so turned from the sea a while towards the desolate hills and heaths.

There is something inexpressibly grand in the influence of these apparently boundless tracts of swelling and falling, heather-grown, greystone-sown moorland. I felt it to the full that morning, plunging on against the storm-wind, only guided by a vague idea of the direction in which lay the place of my destination; stopping now and then to turn and see how far behind I had left the ocean; to observe how sometimes it flashed beneath a watery gleam, sometimes lay a black mass beneath a cloud-horizon.

At last I grew slightly weary of long-continued battling with a wind that shouted in triumph, or shrieked in defeat, as I sunk deep in heather, or emerged to go on and on.

I was not sorry when the nature of the scene changed. I had cut across a pretty broad promontory, and now came upon a tiny, rocky bay. From this bay a narrow valley ran up, widening gradually, and at some miles from the water becoming woody and fertile-looking. A road wound along it, leading to a considerable town, where they consume the fish caught in this bay.

I descended the hill-side to the group of cottages, and asked of a woman whom I met toiling up the beach with a heavy load of fish, if any one lived at Greystone Hall. No one, she told me—at least no one was known to live there; but people did tell of strange lights and sights about; but their folk were mostly feared to pass it by, and so there was no coming to the rights of it. It had the character of an uncanny place, then! I went on, more eagerly than before, pursuing the road through the valley for a couple of miles, then taking a branch road to the left,

that led me to the park gates. The gates were locked; but between one of the carved pillars and the wall there was a gap, through which I easily entered, stumbling over a fallen and broken vase, moss-grown and half buried in dead leaves.

An avenue of old beeches, yellowed, and fast baring, in whose tops the wind moaned dismally, led up to the house. Great gaunt branches battered its boarded-up windows. I prowled about, taking in the strange influence of the place, and seeking the whereabouts of a certain line and clump of black trees, which I had always remarked when viewing the house from the hills round.

I sought lazily and dreamily, setting wild thoughts to wild music the while. I confess to having been much startled when, as I paused close to the west wing of the house, a voice addressed me. Turning, I saw a small figure standing at the top of the terrace steps—met two blue eyes, that questioned my right to be where I was. I had a name to give, that, for reasons best known to us two, placed me on friendly terms with the owner of those blue eyes, and we entered into conversation. The owner of those blue eyes—clear, calm, youthful eyes—was a woman upwards of sixty, whom I shall call Marg'ret.

For weeks, Greystone Hall was a haunt of mine; I grew acquainted, but not familiar, with its grand desolation, and bit by bit learned something of the history of its last inhabitants. On sunny autumn noons, I paced up and down the terrace for hours, dreaming over what I had heard from Marg'ret. When twilight fell, and the wind soughed sighingly, and the branches of the trees threw themselves about as if possessed, I sometimes too keenly felt—for past grief and excitement had left me with shattered nerves—that

"There are spirits in the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts, with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees."

Too keenly, I say, because I was obliged to avoid excitement: my reason might then have given way, had I yielded myself to the experiencing of the soul-thrilling awe which even fancied communion with the spirit-world induces.

Marg'ret guided me to the entrance of the dark avenue I had been seeking. She

called it the Black Walk: well it might be so called. The cedars and yews on each side of it shut out all chance of any sunbeam penetrating into its dank dampness. It led to a pool, as appropriately called the Black, round which the trees gathered even more densely; and rank, poisonous-looking weeds flourished. I especially noted the deadly night-shade. I shivered when I emerged from this damp, dismal place—was glad to sun myself in a short-lived gleam that lingered longer on the terrace than elsewhere.

There was much about this Black Pool and Black Walk in what I learned from Marg'ret concerning Greystone Hall. My sickly smile met no answering smile, when I observed, lightly, that, of course, such a place as that was haunted. I received only an evasive reply, which heightened my appetite for the unwholesome food of a ghostly story, which I was sure Marg'ret could tell me. She stood looking over those black tree-tops, beyond, and far away, towards the western sky, down which the sun sloped rapidly. It was not that day that I heard anything of the story of the pool from Marg'ret; but I went home determined that I would hear it—and hear it I did on a subsequent occasion. This is how the Black Pool first fell into ill repute:

Before Marg'ret's time, a young master of Greystone Hall brought a fair bride home to the old house very late in the year. At Christmas there was to be a grand gathering of the scattered members of two very large families, and a merry festival it was expected to be. On the morning of the day before Christmas day, the young husband rose early and looked out. Snow had been falling, softly, silently, all the night through; it had spread a white pall over all nature. This was a novel sight to the young master, who had been abroad for years, and had wooed and won his bride in a foreign land. A boyish longing to be out amid this white, deep-lying snow, seized him. Without awaking his wife, he left the house. The servants were idle under the loose government of young rulers; few of them were stirring; no one of them met his master.

The wife woke, little conscious that she had slept away her last hours of earthly peace and happiness. No one could tell her anything of her husband, for whom she inquired eagerly. Never mind! he

was planning some pleasant surprise; but it was wrong of him to be so long. He was gone to the town, and some one detained him; but he ought to have told her. But his horse was safe in the stable, and he so seldom walked far. Wilder grew the wife's suppositions as the hours wore away wearily. Was the snow deep? could any one be lost in it? Only in the moor-hollows; nothing could have taken him there. They strove to reassure her. She sent out messengers to the shore, to the town, to ride over the moors: daylight failed, and they delayed to return. It was Christmas eve. All day, guests had poured in; each new arrival distracted the poor child—she was very young—with fresh suggestions and attempts at consolation. Nothing could keep him much longer—he had walked to the town—would return with this friend or the other. Meanwhile they dressed her for the evening dance, in her bridal-dress, and wreath, and veil, that she might be ready when he should come. She shivered and shook, and was as white as the Christmas snow. When no one saw, she stole out alone: she was well-nigh maddened by vague dread, and stole out into the cold and snow, to commence a vague search. The love-and-fear-quickened senses of that poor, white bride, noted signs no other searcher had heeded. She followed the track of footprints, distinct from all the rest for her. It was a bright night, the stars shining in a crystal-clear, cold sky. She followed these footsteps down the little-used fir-walk to the pool (called Black from that time).

A shrill cry of sharp, sudden agony startled the expectant guests in the warm and lighted rooms; it blanched all cheeks. No wonder if those of a dark-faced watcher by the window—a cousin to the bridegroom, and, gossip said, a former lover of the bride's—showed an ashen pallor. It sent a thrill of horror through the busy servants, making them pause to gaze on each other aghast: ringing out clear on the frosty silence, it struck awe into travellers on the highway, and appalled the messengers riding into the courtyard, weary and benumbed, and bringing no tidings. It was a woman's cry! Where was the young wife?

There was but one opinion as to the spot from which the cry came. In a few moments a group of fear-stricken folk were gathered round the pool. A frag-

ment of a white veil hung on a snag at the water's edge. Truly it was a bridal-veil to which that fragment belonged!

Two bodies were found when the pool was dragged—the white wife lay by her pale husband on the death-cold couch of snow at the pool's brink. The dark watcher by the window, a man even younger than the bridegroom, threw himself down at the bride's cold feet, in an agony of frantic grief, wildly calling upon her name. The two who lay dead before him were his nearest relatives. No one wondered at the passionate grief that settled into morbid melancholy: no one wondered that he hastened from the scene of this tragedy, when the doubly-wedded couple were laid in one grave, and for years was never heard of in those parts. No one suspected foul play. The pool was known to be very deep; and the snow had drifted into a dangerous overhanging ridge; he had been heedless, and had fallen in. It was not till the death of an old, old crone who had laid out the bodies, that a whisper got about of there having been marks of violence on the dead man's throat. In the dim light and the horrified confusion no one had sought for or seen these. The woman's silence had been purchased, or some mistake made as to the import of her death-bed ravings. The heart-struck and bereaved cousin had kept the key of the door where the corpses lay, jealous of any eyes but his own on them. He was terrible in his grief, and people shrank from him.

This is how the Black Pool first came to be looked upon as an ill-omened place. At one time there was talk of having it filled up; but the country people shook their heads—it would be fruitless labor to try, for the pool was fathomless, was the general opinion; and the house standing empty, there was no inducement to try—no one to bear the expense, or to encourage the attempt.

CHAPTER II.

I was sure that what I had heard was only an introductory chapter; for I had come to no ghost; and Marg'ret's eyes were as decidedly those of a "ghost-seer," as any dark unfathomable eyes Schiller might have chosen to describe; so I fancied, at all events. But she was not a person one would importune; and I paid several visits to Greystone Hall without

hearing anything more at all connected and memorable.

After some days of illness, I made my way again to a place that had a fascination for me. I was hardly in plight for so long a walk; and Marg'ret, pitying my weariness, entertained me with an early cup of tea in her own room. It was a room that had been hers when the Hall was inhabited; she had kept it just as it used to be when she first came to live there, more than forty years ago. Marg'ret was more inclined to talk than usual on that day—I think partly because I looked as if I wanted amusing. I shall always set down good and gentle motives for everything that good creature did; she reminded me of one whom I had lost not so very long before.

When I went home that evening, I wrote down what Marg'ret had told me, as nearly as possible in her own words, which impressed me greatly. I shall copy now from that note-book. I asked how long the house remained empty after the sad event she had told me of some days ago.

"For many and many a year—ten full; for it belonged to Mr. Treylynn, that cousin of the drowned gentleman; and he would neither live in it nor let it."

"And, I suppose, during this time it began to be considered as a haunted place, and to have strange stories told about it?"

"Ay; many's the time I was frightened when I was a child by tales of what had been seen and heard about the Hall by people venturing home past it after night-fall."

"These were idle stories?"

"Mayhap: at all events, the fine old place was beginning to have a ruinous look about it, when we heard that Mr. Treylynn had married some time before, and his wife had taken a fancy to live at the Hall, and that her first child should be born there."

"Spite of its being haunted?"

"A pure, sweet spirit had the lady; she was too happy and too innocent to give heed to the stories that were told her. The Hall was put into grand order; and home came Mr. Treylynn and his lady. People talked about its being unlucky to bring her home to such a place; but, however it came about, she was devoted to her husband, and so cheery and pleasant, that the very sight of her made folk

forget their croaking talk; and when the babe came, and throve, and when Christmas passed, and nobody saw anything of the Snow-Lady, whose cry, they said, had been heard, low in calm, and loud in storm, ever since that Christmas eve, ten years ago, almost everybody thought the ghost had gone; only a few shook their heads, and said, wait till the Christmas eve, when the snow lies deep: there had been no snow that year."

"Were you living at the Hall?"

"I was. A proud girl it made me, when the mistress, who had known something of my mother, took me, young as I was, for her own maid."

Marg'ret paused.

"Well, how long did things go smoothly?"

"I'll tell you all—you shall believe or not, as you like. Next Christmas eve drew on. A son had been born to the master not many weeks before, and it was to be a right gay Christmas time; and I don't think anybody thought of the Snow-Lady. On Christmas eve, some herbs were wanted in a hurry from a place in the garden where they were kept. My charge, Miss Clara, was asleep; and I offered to fetch the herbs. I threw my apron over my head, for it was bitter cold, and ran out over the snow. I got what was wanted, and coming back, I glanced down the Fir Walk, as I passed the entrance to it. I stopped and looked again, throwing back my apron, and pushing my hair back from my eyes. Snow had been falling all day; but had stayed at sunset. I thought the wind must be rising, sweeping up the walk, swaying one snow-laden yew-bough after another; but there wasn't a breath stirring where I stood—a kind of frozen stillness was over everything. Ah! and it wasn't the wind came slowly up the walk! 'Twas the bride Death took one Christmas eve long ago—the Snow-Lady. All of a sudden the story flashed back upon my mind; a kind of awe crept over me, chilling me to the bone. She—it—came on and on, nearer and nearer, lifting her snow-white hands above her snow-crowned head; and I stood still and watched. It came close upon me; then I rushed to the house, not before the wild cry rang out, and seemed to stop the beating of my heart. In the hall I met my mistress; for I did not stop to go in the kitchen-way, but went straight by all the windows. She had heard. She

looked as white as the Snow-Lady herself—her look frightened me more than all. ‘What was it?’ she asked; and I told her. She looked like one death-stricken. She bade me not mind—I had not frightened her—she was not well, and something else had pained her that day. She put her hand to her heart, and I sprang to her, but too late; she fell down on the marble pavement senseless. The library door opened, and her husband came out, with a wild look on his face. ‘Dead!’ It was a tone that I can never forget, that added, ‘Then I’m doubly, trebly a murderer!’ He threw himself down beside her, calling her ‘Eleanor! Eleanor!’ and saying such words that my blood froze as I listened. I tried all I could to bring her to. After a bit she opened her eyes. She shuddered when they first met his—yes, I am sure of that. Then she smiled, and tried to say to him what she had said to me—that it was nothing, only she was not well. Would we take her to bed? She felt herself death-struck. He took her in his arms, talking to her all the while, she trying to smile—my blessed lady! So they went up the broad stairs, which she never went down again, save in her coffin.”

“Do you think he had made a confession to her?”

“God only knows of what. But he had told her something, the hearing of which had killed her. All the while she had been ill up-stairs, he had been moody and moping so, that the servants all feared to speak to him. He had continued in that way, shutting himself up, and not eating or drinking, and the mistress had been very unhappy about him; that evening he had sent for her into his study, just before I went out. She had come from him, and was just crossing the hall, when that harrowing cry rang out. I said nothing of what I had heard and seen; and there had been such noisy mirth in the kitchen, they did not hear. I would not have idle stories made about my sweet lady; so all people knew was, that she was taken ill on Christmas eve, and died early in the new year: that was enough to set them talking. I didn’t leave her; she wished to have me with her, and I staid till the end. Such a death as hers couldn’t frighten even such a young thing as I was then, though there had been times, while she first lay ill, when her spirit seemed torn with

agony. She seemed to put great trust in me; and I promised her never to leave her children while they needed me. She would have prevented my making that promise, but she had not strength to speak. When I had said the words, all the blood rushed from my heart and back again; for I remembered I was engaged to Roger Raines, the bailiff’s son: but I wouldn’t have recalled the promise for worlds, for my sweet mistress looked pleased and content. She lay in the south chamber: I’ll show it you one day. One afternoon she had her children brought in—Miss Clara and the baby—and she blessed them, and cried over them a great deal. When they were gone, she said she would sleep, and I know she prayed. I fancied she seemed a little stronger all day, and the master had ridden off to fetch another doctor; and as I sat, almost stopping my breath, lest it should wake her, I felt hopeful-like about her. You see, then, I hadn’t the faintest thought of what her husband may have told her. As it neared sunset, the red beams slanting in touched her face. I went to her softly to screen them off; and found they might shine there as well as on the white marble figure they touched in their way, for any chance there was of their waking her: she was dead! My lips were put down on a brow as cold as the marble—ay, she was dead! lying there with the sunset-flush over all her sweet still face. It was long before I could believe it.

“We had none of us thought her so near her end. I didn’t think to tell any one, but stood there quiet with awe, watching the play of the red beams on the white face. It had just faded off, when I heard the clatter of hoofs in the court. It was her husband; and then I felt afraid.

“Many’s the passion of grief I’ve seen; many’s the storm of rage I’ve tried to quiet; but, an’ I live—as God grant I may *not*—twice the length of my past life, I’ll never forget that scene. Oh! the fury of terrible grief the husband poured over that still, unheeding form! It would have seemed less strange to me to see the life come back into the quiet body, than to see it lying there, deaf, dumb, and blind to all his ravings. You know some things are never forgotten: that sight was not to be. There was the raging man, mad in his grief, clasp- ing and wildly caressing the pure, fair, passionless form, alternately wailing and

raging, accusing himself and God. Oh! even now I do not like to recall that day!"

We neither of us spoke for a while. Living so many years alone in such a place, with such memories, no wonder there was something peculiar in Marg'ret's look. Sometimes her eyes, fixed on you, would seem to look through you to things beyond; sometimes their gaze seemed turned entirely inwards. She was always very gentle and womanly, and must in her youth have been very fair.

"And have you never married, Marg'ret?" I asked wonderingly, following out my own thoughts.

"No, I have never married."

Why not, I learned afterwards.

This lady's death closed the second act in the tragedy of Greystone Hall. The house was again deserted. Mr. Trelynn, as soon as spring came, took his children to a sister of his living in Italy. The children were both delicate, and the Hall was pronounced damp. Of course Marg'ret went too. She made no comment upon this deed of hers; but Roger Raines, the bailiff's son, whom I am sure she loved passing well, was not absent from my memory. Poor Roger! poor Marg'ret!

CHAPTER III.

The Hall was empty for fifteen years this time. Mr. Trelynn's little son and heir did not reach Italy, but died on the route. This was a great grief to Marg'ret.

Roger Raines lost his father and mother, and was very lonely. That, too, was a great grief to Marg'ret.

It was a glad day for Roger, faithful for more than twice seven years, when he received orders for great alterations at the Hall. Mr. Trelynn was coming home. His daughter had been recommended a more bracing climate.

Mr. Trelynn brought to England with him a nephew, his elder sister's son by an Italian husband. This Ugo Leopardi was a widower; and his little daughter Viola, and an Italian woman, her governess, accompanied them. Clara Trelynn, a very lovely girl, looked a most fair lily among the dark-hued household—a lily among thorns, that might rend and destroy her, Marg'ret considered her to be. Marg'ret, a woman of five-and-thirty then, watched this fair blossom most jealously,

for she had long suspected that Mr. Ugo loved his cousin after his dark fashion, and meant that she should be his little daughter's stepmother. This idea filled Marg'ret with indescribable horror.

The fair Clara herself was too young and gay to be troubled about such matters. If ever Mr. Ugo's eyes and mouth smiled honestly together, it was when he noticed the strong attachment subsisting between his cousin and his child.

And Mr. Trelynn? Was an old and careworn-looking man when he returned to Greystone Hall. He had never shown many signs of affection for his beautiful daughter; but Marg'ret noticed that his eyes often followed her about the room with a restless watchfulness after he returned to Greystone.

The family had come home to the Hall in early spring. The first Christmas time of the house being inhabited again passed quietly, without anything being heard of the Snow-Lady. There was no snow on the ground. Only Marg'ret and Roger, perhaps, thought of and dreaded her appearance. In fifteen years most of the stories about her had been forgotten, many of those who would have remembered them having left the neighborhood.

As time went on, Clara Trelynn had many admirers. Her loveliness, and her sweet, winning manners, attracted many who would otherwise have shunned the gloomy master of Greystone Hall; and gay parties of fair ladies and noble gentlemen made the old place bright and cheery.

Miss Trelynn's heart remained whole and free, and Marg'ret began to fear that, in the end, ignorant of love and wifely duty, she would marry her cousin; and she thought, too, that Mr. Ugo interpreted this indifference towards others in a way flattering to himself, for he grew exacting, somewhat insolent, in his manner towards her. When Miss Clara one day appealed to her father, half in jest, half in earnest, against her cousin's tyranny, she was bidden to do what her cousin wished, with a face far too stern for the occasion. This greatly troubled wise and apprehensive Marg'ret. She was very glad when Lady Trevor came home from abroad, and came to stay at the Hall. Lady Trevor had been Mrs. Trelynn's most intimate friend. Her son and two daughters came to Greystone with her. This was early in the second

summer of the residence of the family at the Hall.

The gallant bearing and fine frank face of young Sir Raymond Trevor inclined Marg'ret to look on him with favor, to hope that her young lady might do the same.

"Well I remember everything happening on that visit of the Trevors," Marg'ret said.

I turn to my note-book again.

"One evening, when they'd been here about a week, the weather being very fine and warm, Lady Trevor proposed that tea should be taken out on the terrace. Miss Clara, and Sir Raymond, and the Misses Trevor, were delighted at the idea.

"All that day, riding, or walking, or sitting, young Sir Raymond had tried in vain to get near Miss Clara. Mr. Ugo's gloomy watching thwarted him at every turn. Now, as soon as ever his mother had made the proposal, he armed himself with two chairs, set them in a snug corner of the terrace, made my young lady take one, sat himself in the other, and looked across at Mr. Ugo with a good-natured-like kind of triumph. He didn't heed the dark scowl returned to him, but I did. Sitting at work at this window, or going about among them, waiting on my young lady, I saw all that went on, and heard most was said.

"Young Sir Raymond took Viola on his knee, and looked very happy sitting by Miss Clara. The child asked questions, and he drew the young lady on to talk too—his own good face looking handsomer and handsomer as they grew more earnest in their talk. They didn't notice when the restless child slipped away. It was a soft, lovely evening; the gardens were full of flowers then, and the scent of them was thrown across the terrace by every puff of the wind. I mind that a young moon looked at the group, and then sank behind the wood, before anything disturbed the peace. Mr. Ugo could do naught worse than scowl, for Lady Trevor (a stately-sized lady) and the table on which the tea-things stood, shut off Miss Clara and Sir Raymond from any one who did not creep under the table, as Viola presently did. Her restless spirit brought her back to them again, and she crouched on the ground between them, and found amusement in claspings and unclasping a bracelet on Miss Clara's pretty white arm. Presently she busily tried

to make it encircle Sir Raymond's wrist. It wasn't big enough, and fell down upon the pavement. Sir Raymond picked it up, and tried to replace it on its owner's arm; but his hand somehow trembled as it touched that snowy, soft arm, and little Viola laughed aloud at his awkwardness.

"This was more than Mr. Ugo could bear. He pushed by Lady Trevor roughly. Stooping to lift up his little girl, he hissed some angry words into my young lady's ear, sent the poor child Viola to bed, crying bitterly, and insisted that it was cold, and the whole party must go in-doors. There was no more pleasure for two of the party that evening—not much during the rest of the time the Trevors staid at Greystone."

"Well!" I said, impatiently, when Marg'ret paused, "of course the young people had fallen deeply in love; of course somebody made them miserable; and of course—but pray go on in your own way."

"My young lady didn't seem the same after this. She often cried, and often sat for hours doing nothing. She didn't care to play with Viola, and she avoided her cousin as much as possible. Lady Trevor, coming to call, frightened my master into consenting that she should go to stay a little while at Trevor Court, by telling him she thought her looking very ill. Sir Raymond was absent on a visit; still Miss Clara brightened at the thought of this change, and it happened that young Sir Raymond came home the day after our coming to Trevor Court. I liked him better than ever: he had such cheery ways, and such a good heart. So did my mistress."

My impatient "Well!" again broke in upon Marg'ret's meditations.

"In the midst of our happiness and gaiety" (Roger was not there, but Marg'ret identified herself with her young mistress) "we were called home. It was an unexpected command, but we should not have dared disobey. Sir Raymond looked fierce and angry when he saw how Miss Clara trembled at the idea of prolonging her visit one day—she thought her father was angry already, by the way he wrote. Merry Miss Edda Trevor did her best to cheer up the saddened party, by proposing that they should all ride home with my young lady. They might start then, in the cool of the September morning, (it was a hot September, I mind,) and return in the evening. So it was

settled. Miss Clara and Sir Raymond stood ready in the portico, waiting for the young ladies, when our Hall carriage drove up, and Mr. Ugo jumped out.

"Poor Miss Clara was frightened at the hot words that passed between the two—Mr. Ugo insisting that the ride was too long for his cousin, and that she must return with him in the carriage. He used her father's name, and she felt obliged to obey; and then young Sir Raymond turned away, for the moment angry with her even; but that didn't last. When he bade her good-by, he said something that brought a bright color into the child's fair face, and made it wear a happy look in the homeward ride. I was in the carriage with my mistress. Mr. Ugo was quiet and sullen, and only looked at her a great deal. Once she put her hand over her mouth suddenly, to hide a happy smile from him.

"Mr. Trelynn was out when we arrived at the Hall. Miss Clara shut herself up in her room."

"Next day, I suppose, the young lover made his appearance?"

"Next day I sat here at work, thinking about my own future and my mistress's. That door you see there was open: it leads into the small drawing-room. Presently I heard Mr. Ugo and Miss Clara talking. I couldn't help hearing a little of what passed. Mr. Ugo was speaking angrily, and I heard Sir Raymond's name. My young lady answered very gently at first; but her cousin's insolent manner, which set me in a tremble of indignation, roused her spirit. She denied his right to interfere, dared and defied him, and said she would appeal to her father. She came through my room, and flew up to the master's."

"While I sat trembling with fear, I didn't know of what, a loud shriek from Viola startled me, and the child came and threw herself into my lap. When she was calmer, I learned that she had met her father in the hall, sprung upon him with some childish caress, and he had called her a harsh name, and struck her. The blow wasn't much, but the child's heart seemed bursting with passion. Before I could quiet her, her governess came in and snatched her away. That woman was always spying upon me and Miss Clara.

"After a while I went to look for my young lady. I found her in her room, thrown on the floor by the window, her

head laid upon the cushion. She didn't stir when I went in; she wasn't sobbing, and I didn't like her quiet. After hovering about a bit, I spoke to her. She lifted up her white face and said, quite low, 'I hate him, Marg'ret; I will drown in the Black Pool before I marry him!' She startled me by her likeness to her mother as she spoke, looking at me with stony and tearless eyes. I tried to soften her by degrees, and get her to talk to me. I spoke of her mother. It was long 'fore she paid any heed. Then she looked up to heaven, clasped her hands, and cried, 'Mother! Mother! help me, mother!' Floods of passionate tears came after that cry. My heart felt as if it would break with sorrow for the poor lamb!"

"I do not know why I should make you go over all this," I said, when Marg'ret paused to wipe her eyes. I was moved from my relentless resolve to hear a story.

"It wasn't all sorrow I felt when my young lady by-and-by turned to me, crying, 'Marg'ret! Marg'ret!' as she had before cried 'Mother!' telling me I was the only friend she could look to in the wide world for counsel and comfort now. She told me what had passed between her and her father. He had not been unkind, had even seemed to pity her; but had told her that she must marry her cousin, and soon. At the recollection of his looks and manner, she seemed to go into a frenzy of wild despair. I was fairly frightened for her reason. It was hours and hours before she grew at all calmer. Then she fell into a feverish sleep, which lasted late on in the afternoon.

"When they were expecting her to dinner, I went down and said that my mistress was very ill, and that I was very uneasy about her, as I thought she would have a fever. M. Trelynn got up quick; but the Italian governess said that it was nothing, she knew—only the heat of the afternoon. She had a slight fever herself: Miss Trelynn was sleeping, and would wake up refreshed.

"I returned to my watching, determined to make the most of Miss Clara's illness to frighten her father; but there was no need. That night the whole household was startled by her delirious cries. Her father and Mr. Ugo both rode off for physicians—one in one direction, the other in another. . . . For days we looked for her death.

"It was late autumn ere my young lady could walk on this terrace, leaning on my arm, again. The weather was very fair and mild, though."

"But hadn't anything come of her illness—no alteration for the better in her position?"

"None. Once, as her father watched her asleep after a fever-fit, I looked across her, straight into his face, and said, 'My young lady looks as her mother looked just before she died.' It was a cruel speech; but I had no compassion then, save for her. But when he muttered, 'O my God, another!' and turned and went away feebly, my heart reproached me. A little after, I went into his room hastily: the doctor wanted to speak to him. I found him pleading to his nephew, as if for life. Mr. Ugo looked darker, crueller than ever. From that time I pitied proud Mr. Trelynn."

"And did Miss Trelynn quite recover?"

"No; she continued as white as a lily. She could just creep about, and that was all. She was only dying a slower death than if she had died in the fever."

"And Sir Raymond?"

"He had ridden over every day while she was ill. I or Roger always managed to see him. When she was well enough to be down, she made me entreat him not to try and see her; and he didn't come again till one day when it happened that Mr. Trelynn and Mr. Ugo were away. They had started at daybreak, and the night before Mr. Trelynn had given his daughter a fervent kiss, that made the blood rush into her poor pale face from surprise. That was a very lovely day, and Miss Clara seemed a little more able to enjoy the sunshine as she walked on the terrace. The Italian governess had settled herself in a window overlooking it, and I knew she watched every step we took."

"Presently a horse clattered into the court. My mistress tottered, and sat down, turning from white to red in a moment, as Sir Raymond came out to where we were. The governess joined us almost immediately. Miss Clara had risen, and Sir Raymond drew her hand through his arm, and asked her could she walk a little way into the wood with him. She hesitated; but he said earnestly that he must speak to her alone. The governess made a thousand objections; but Sir Raymond said, wonderfully haughty for him, that

Miss Trelynn was her own mistress. It ended in their going, Miss Clara bidding me follow with a shawl, that I had asked Sir Raymond to take for her.

"I took care not to interrupt them, poor things! and wandered about in the wood a good way off; but, after a while, I came upon them unexpectedly resting in a little glade where some felled trees were lying. Sir Raymond's arm was round Miss Clara, and she was nestled down close to him, weeping on his breast. Turning back quickly before they had seen me, I confronted the Italian governess. She smiled maliciously, and glided away. Mr. Ugo heard all when he came home next day. I knew he did, by the dreadful look in his eyes."

The ghost-seeing look came into Marg'ret's eyes. How rapidly twilight was closing in this afternoon! But I must hear the end of Marg'ret's story now, even if I had to endure the terrors of a dark walk home in consequence.

"I'll be as short as I can, for your sake and my own," Marg'ret said. "After that day winter set in fiercely. The wind wailed and moaned round the Hall as I had never heard it before: at night 'twas fearful to hear. The sky looked heavy with snow that delayed to fall. At this time Mr. Trelynn and Mr. Ugo seemed mutually to hate and suspect each other, and the Italian woman to watch them both. Young Sir Raymond kept away; but it was my young lady's entreaties, not the weather, that detained him, and my dear mistress didn't look unhappy. I suppose that the talk with Sir Raymond had eased her; and, too, there was a change in her father's manner that gave us both hope. Sometimes it was quite soft and tender to her; but he looked more melancholy than ever. The snow—"

Just then a gust of storm-wind shrieked past the window. Marg'ret paused, and we both looked out.

"You must go now, before it gets darker," she said, "for there'll be a fall of snow before long. If it comes on thick, right in your teeth, you'll find it difficult to make your way across the moors."

"But, Marg'ret, this is only the middle of October."

"We often have snow as early as this in these parts."

I saw it was no use to plead—Marg'ret looked resolute. She dismissed me with

many cautions. I fought my way home in safety. A blinding sleet set in, but not till I was near my cottage. As my landlady brought in my tea that evening, she entertained me with anecdotes of people having been lost crossing the moors on such an evening as this. When I looked out at midnight, the whole country was whitened. The moon was struggling laboriously across the sky, casting eerie gleams upon the earth at intervals. That night I had strange dreams: the Black Pool and the Snow-Lady figured largely therein.

CHAPTER IV.

It was some time before I was able to get to Greystone Hall again. When I did go, it was a farewell visit that I paid it; for winter drove me, and winter's work called me, away from that quiet retreat. I have strong presentiments that I have paid a final farewell to those scenes. Should these prove correct, upon application to my—friends, I was about to write, but they would be hard to find—man of business, I will say, the name and address of that moorland cottage may be ascertained.

It was on a melancholy day that I crossed those moors last—a quiet day, on which the sun did not shine or the wind blow, yet on which *something* sobbed about fitfully—now a-far, now a-near. The country was still robed with snow.

Marg'ret received me kindly, and settled me by the fireside. She was sorry I was leaving, should miss my visits, and trusted to see me again next year, better and brighter. "We don't leave to grieve, you know," she added.

"Not even though we grieve to live—feel the 'burden of being' press more heavily upon us day by day. But the end of the story, Marg'ret!"

"Ay, the end of the story!" A meditative pause; then she began: "Mr. Trelynn had been looking so ill and sad, and Miss Clara was still so delicate, that we were all taken aback to hear that the house was to be full of company at Christmas time. It sounded like an ill omen, when an old woman who came to help, meeting the master on the stairs, remarked to him, with a courtesy, that the grand doings minded her of his cousin's time, and the gathering on the Christmas that he brought his beautiful bride home—'Save, so hap, there's no bride now—no

bride, 'less one makes 'count of the Snow-Lady. The Snow-Lady 'll be at work this Christmas eve, for sure!'"

"How did Mr. Trelynn receive that?"

"I was by, and couldn't understand his face. He looked sharp at the woman, who was only half-witted; asked her name; seemed relieved when he heard it, as if he had feared another; then muttered, 'No matter—no matter any way!' or something like that, and went on, saying, 'Forty years! forty years!' He was in the habit now of talking to himself—he was getting old."

Marg'ret talked slowly and dreamily to-day—seemed to linger by the way.

"Christmas eve came," she proceeded. "The snow was deep; but all day long carriages came rolling over it towards the Hall. Mr. Trelynn had made a particular request to Lady Trevor that she would come early, and assist his daughter to receive her guests. The lady was quite puzzled, but she came. When I went to dress my mistress for the evening, I found Lady Trevor sitting by her dressing-room fire, Miss Clara at her feet, her pretty head resting on her lap. Lady Trevor kissed my young lady and went away, giving me a hearty shake of the hand first.

"Spite of her pale cheeks, my mistress looked lovelier than any lady of them all—only" (and Marg'ret glanced curiously at me) "too much like that white bride of forty years ago!

"When the mirth and music were loudest in the drawing-rooms and in the servants' hall, little Viola dashed into the midst of us, trembling with cold and eagerness, her great eyes shining with excitement—some one must go and fetch in a beautiful lady she had seen out in the snow—some one *must* go. I suppose I turned pale, for Roger scolded the child for telling stories. Her governess took her in charge, and we all agreed it was a childish fancy—that she had been told of the Snow-Lady, and so thought she saw her. But my heart turned sick; I could not bear the noise and bustle, and stole away, Roger following me. We stood in a dusky corner of the entrance-hall, out of reach of the flashing fire-light, and watched to get a glimpse of our young lady. Before very long she and Sir Raymond came out of the great room where the dancing was, he putting her shawl round her, careful and tender. They stopped by

a window near me, before they crossed into the music-room, and there talked together softly.

"But Mr. Ugo soon followed them. He wished his cousin to dance the next dance with him, he said, and he took her hand. Sir Raymond held the other more firmly with his arm, and answered, gently, that Miss Treylenn was engaged to him for this dance. Mr. Ugo lost his temper, and made some insolent speech. Still holding her hand, he commanded her to come with him. He grasped her wrist as well as her little hand, and she gave a cry of pain, for the sharp edges of a bracelet she wore were pressed into her arm. Bitter cause had we for ruing that cry!

"It wasn't natural but that Sir Raymond should be angered, and angered he was; he struck back Mr. Ugo's arm fiercely, drew my trembling young mistress closer, and said she should not go; he would not trust her with one who was no gentleman.

"If ever man looked like a fiend, it was the Italian, as he stepped towards the two lovers. I rushed between them, frightened, and then Mr. Ugo said some words in Sir Raymond's ear, and went back to the dancing-room. I caught my young lady in my arms, as she went off in a dead faint; she was still weak from her illness, poor dear! it was the fright, and not the pain of her bleeding arm. Sir Raymond brought her into this room; then I made him go away, and did all I could to bring her to herself. I heard the master outside, asking for his daughter, and I opened the door, and called him in.

"I was sorry I had done it, when I saw how the shock of seeing her lying there, still and death-like in her white dress, seemed to numb all his senses with terror. I told him what was the matter, and what had passed; but didn't say aught about Mr. Ugo's whisper to Sir Raymond; for, though I had caught a few words, I hadn't had time to think about them, hardly knew I had heard them, so anxious was I about my mistress.

"I was terribly reminded of his way when he found his wife dead, when Mr. Treylenn knelt beside his daughter, kissed her passionately on cheek, brow, and lip, and talked strangely to himself. This little room of mine was dimly lighted, and the window wasn't curtained—presently the master looked up from his daughter, and fixed his eyes wildly on the window:

my eyes followed his. I saw a white face close against the pane. I couldn't help a startled cry to God—it was so like to my senseless young lady. He turned his eyes back to his child; she stirred, and moaned, and I chafed her hands and feet; when I looked up again, the white face was gone!"

Marg'ret paused, and I cast an eerie glance behind me towards that window: seeing it, she smiled, very sadly, and went on:

"Miss Clara opened her eyes, and looked up into her father's—her pretty eyes were dim and dreamy, and she turned her head a little round, as if she would go to sleep again. Poor lamb! she thought she must be dreaming: but when the master bent down and kissed her, she threw her arms round his neck, as she hadn't done before in her life, mayhap. He raised her so that she could lay her head on his shoulder, and they staid so without speaking. There came a waft of distant music; it was the Christmas waits—the sound came soft and muffled over the snow. I believe the old man and his fair child both thought it heavenly music. Miss Clara nestled closer to her father, and he looked upwards with a strange smile in his face. When it had finished, the color had come back to my mistress' face; she was quite well again, she said. The master gently moved her arms, and rose to go away. He stopped at the door, and turned; her eyes had followed him; his wandered to the window, then back to her face—the strange smile came back to his mouth, as he said, 'All shall be well for you, my child! Be content; all shall be well!' Then, as he passed me, I heard him mutter, 'Yes! and the white wife, the pale bride, shall be avenged!'

"I bandaged my mistress' arm, and put on her a fresh pair of long white gloves; she was anxious to get back to the company again—she knew one would be watching. Sir Raymond was without—I thought no harm in letting him take her to the dancing-room after the master's words; but I followed, and staid by her all the evening, till—"

An ashen pallor blanched Marg'ret's lips—true Marg'ret! after all these years! Involuntarily I shuddered. I rose, went to that window, and looked towards the Black Pool, till her voice recalled me.

"My young lady sat quiet, but her dark and bright lover hovered around her, and many others. Presently, the Misses Tre-

vor and some other young ladies came up; they stood talking to Miss Clara, and shut out my view of the room. They moved off, one by one, when the dance began, and, looking all about, I could see neither Sir Raymond nor Mr. Ugo. The clock struck twelve, and I remembered then that Mr. Ugo had said something about 'the Black Pool,' and 'Midnight,' when he spoke to Sir Raymond, with that hellish look of his face. Deadly fear went through me!

"Telling Miss Clara I would soon be back, I went away. Roger was still in the hall. I told him to get a lantern, and come after me; he didn't understand my hurry and flight, but he came. I ran over the Christmas snow fast as my legs would carry me, he following. When I turned down the Black Walk, he cried after me, 'Not there!' but I didn't heed. I saw a light by the pool, and sped on, in agony lest we should be too late!"

"Marg'ret, it pains you."

"No matter; I shall soon have finished now. As I came near the pool, that light disappeared. I heard a heavy splash—some one rushed by, and the gleam of Roger's lantern fell on a dark fiend's face. Oh! Roger! Roger! I never thought of him, only of my young mistress waiting and watching for one she might never see again!"

"I cried to Roger to save Sir Raymond. No need to have done that; he had plunged into the black water before the words were out of my mouth. The deadly cold waters of that pool never froze! I threw myself down at the edge, and held the lantern as far out as I could reach over it. Roger got hold of Sir Raymond, and struggled with him to the side where I lay. I seized hold of his clothes; soon he lay safe on the ground.

"I turned to help Roger: once he almost touched my outstretched hands, but the cold had seized him, he sank—"

"But he was saved? You called help, and he was saved?"

"I called help! ay, I think I shrieked as wild and loud as the Snow-Lady. Very soon there was a gleam of torches and lanterns round the pool; but nobody would jump in. They held me, and I thought I should go mad. Happy was the pale bride on that Christmas Eve, long ago! She and her husband were wedded for eternity by the waters of that pool—but Roger!"

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"There was a pause in the senseless confusion by the pool when Mr. Trelynn came down the Black Walk. It was not one but all who declared, that the Snow-Lady followed him, throwing up her arms as if in triumph. One glance at Sir Raymond, one at me, and Mr. Trelynn seemed to understand it all. He ordered Sir Raymond to be carried to the house, then he jumped in to try and save Roger. He was an old man; the waters of the pool were very cold; he was drowned, and Roger was not saved."

I grasped Marg'ret's hand, and looked wonderingly into her clear eyes: she was quite calm now. It was I who would have cried, "Roger! Roger!" and "Marg'ret! Marg'ret!"

"Oh! the wild confusion among the Christmas guests in this old hall that night! I knew nothing then, thanks be to God! The servants fled away from the place, and the guests remained cowering over the fires till morning; then they went too.

"Sir Raymond recovered, and Lady Trevor took my mistress and myself home to Trevor Court. My poor mistress! It was a blessed thing for me that I roused up from my stupor to take care of her. She wailed her father night and day—she felt it all the worse that she had not always loved him—she thought of him only as the fond old man of that dreadful night. We feared her heart would break! It was long before she would even see Sir Raymond—he went away from home, that he mightn't trouble her."

"You have more to tell, good Marg'ret?"

She had fallen into a reverie, looking out with such a strange expression, that my eyes followed hers to the window, expecting to see—what?

"There's but little more to tell," she said, bringing her eyes slowly back to my face. "The pool was dragged—my Roger's body was found, thank God! he was laid in the churchyard hard by. The sun shines and the daisies grow upon his grave, and the people pass it by as they go to church. The master was never found."

"More about him and that Ugo came to be known?"

"Yes, all the world knew it, or the story shouldn't pass my lips—she alive still, and a happy wife and mother!"

"Mr. Trelynn left papers, from which it was found that his nephew had power over

him, because he had come to know of a crime he had committed in his youth. The traitor had learned the whole story when he had nursed the master in a fever. After long years of misery and remorse, Mr. Trevellyn had, at last, determined to give himself up to justice, and leave his estate to his daughter and Sir Raymond—Mr. Ugo having thought to get both his daughter and his property.

"Neither Ugo nor the governess were seen again, after that night. But, in the newspapers, we saw, some years ago now, that a Ugo Leopardi had been killed in a street quarrel in Venice.

"Little Viola lived with Miss Clara (Lady Trevor rather) till she married;—her father never wrote or sent to her."

"And how is it, good Marg'ret, that you live alone here?"

"I often go and visit my lady, but I get heartsick if I'm long away from this place, so home I come again. I'm not let want for anything, and when I am old and helpless, I suppose I'll need to live at Trevor Court, for nobody would live with me here; but it 'ill be with a sore, sad heart that I bid good-by to Greystone Hall."

I'll make no comment on that faithful woman's story. I have had quaint letters from her now and then, which I treasure. whatever of the supernatural there is in this story, Marg'ret firmly believed; of that I am convinced!

As I walked home through that weird evening's twilight down the ghostly avenue, the lonely road across the wild moors, I thought more of a faithful woman, than of the white wife, the Snow-Lady.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE.—The *Titania* has returned from Teneriffe, and the head of the expedition, Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth, has transmitted to the Admiralty the rough notes of its transactions. The expedition sailed from Southampton on the 20th June, Mr. Stephenson having very nobly placed his steam-yacht at their disposal, and they arrived at Teneriffe on the 8th of July. Their first operations were on the Guajara, a mountain 8870 feet high. Such was the purity of the atmosphere at this elevation, that the limit of vision of the Sheepshank telescope was extended from stars of the 10th degree of magnitude to those of the 14th. The first radiation thermometer they exposed was broken in a few minutes, the power of the sun proving to be much greater than the maker of the instrument had anticipated. Two others, on M. Arago's plan, though marking as high as 180 degrees, were soon proved to be insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the sun's rays. They were still more unfortunate with their actinometers. By the aid of a delicate thermomultiplier lent by Mr. Gassiot, they found that the heat radiated by the moon, amounted to about one third of that radiated by a candle at a distance of about fifteen feet. They also made experiments

on the quantity of light emitted by the heavenly bodies, and on its polarization.

On the 28th August, the instruments were removed to Alta Vista, a level shelf on the Peak, 10,000 feet high. The carriage of the great Pattinson equatorial to that lofty observatory was a work of difficulty, happily overcome by the skill and energy of Mr. Goodall, vice consul at Orotava. The instrument, when taken to pieces, filled thirteen boxes, and required eleven horses and men to transport it. When erected and used, the fine division of Saturn's ring—a much-contested matter—came out unmistakably, and revelations of clouds appeared on Jupiter's surface which were eminently similar in form, and as continually interesting in their changes, as those of the sea of lower clouds brought about Teneriffe daily under their eyes by the N.E. trade wind. Of the moon some extraordinary views were obtained, notwithstanding its unfortunately low altitude at that time; and the sun was observed both optically and photographically. Unfortunately the fine weather broke up a few days after this telescope had been erected, and the observers were compelled to leave the mountain on the 14th September. They reached Southampton on the 14th October.—*London paper, Oct. 25.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

BLAISE PASCAL.

To two classes of thoughtful readers, Pascal will always be a cherished author: to those who delight in acute reasoning, in the logical processes of a searching intellect, in the caustic exposure of a sophism, or system of sophisms; and again to those who are given to muse, and marvel as they muse, on the being and destiny, the prospects and possibilities, the contradictions and anomalies, of human nature.

To the former class of admirers, Pascal's power of attraction lies in the Provincial Letters. To the latter, in his fragmentary Thoughts. The *Pensées* are to some the suggestion and occasion of

"—that blessed mood,

In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened:—"

or if they do not induce this happy frame of relief and consolation, not the less are they valued as chiming in with the mind's moody self-communings, and giving new force, and profounder depth, and more intense expression, to the soul's reflections on the problem of Life.

"Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand;
Whence harmonies we cannot understand
Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds
In sad, perplexed minors. Deathly colds
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand
Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land,
With nightingales in visionary worlds."†

Then it is, that to our mental eye, wearied with gazing, and watching, and straining for signal of relief, for star of hope, for dawn of day, and day's blessed light, across the dark dreary waste—then it is, that to our heart of hearts, perplexed in the extreme, wailing forth to the winds and wilds its exceeding bitter cry,

"What hope of answer or relief?"—

* Wordsworth: "Lines on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye," &c.

† R. B. Browning: "Sonnets."

then it is that the Thoughts of a thinker like Blaise Pascal come home with sympathetic significance, as of one who has also felt the iron enter into his soul, and bears about with him in the body the marks and scars of its lacerating power—of one who had his time of temptation, but in time of temptation, fell not away—who "fought his doubts and gathered strength"—who indeed was perplexed, but not in despair, cast down, but not destroyed—bewildered as he looked at the things which are seen, and therefore resolving, and acting out the resolve, to look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal. This world's *phenomena*, things that appear, τα βλεπομενα,—what meaning have they, what message, to the troubled student of them? Who is sufficient for these things? And therefore would Pascal read them, so far as he might, and explain them, so far as he could, by the light of another world—

"The light that never was on sea or shore"

of this night-wandering globe; believing that what he looked for hereafter, could support and solace him now; and that what he knew not now, he should know hereafter—not conjecturally, wistfully, indefinitely, as in a glass darkly, but—but *then*—face to face.

For he was a good man, in evil days; one that loved much, in days when the love of the many had waxed cold. A French *spirituel*, not in the French sense; one of those spiritually-minded—not in the mere common English sense either—who seek, religiously, to do what the Malebranche philosophy would do metaphysically, to see all things in God—

"Ever on the watch,

Willing to work and to be wrought upon,
They need not extraordinary calls
To rouse them; in a world of life they live,

By sensible impressions not enthralled,
 But by their quickening impulse made more prompt
 To hold fit converse with the spiritual world,
 And with the generations of mankind
 Spread over time, past, present, and to come,
 Age after age, till Time shall be no more.
 Such minds are truly from the Deity,
 For they are Powers; and hence the highest bliss
 That flesh can know is theirs—the consciousness
 Of whom they are, habitually infused
 Through every image and through every thought.”*

This consciousness might not in Pascal attain the summit of “highest bliss”—his temperament allowing him at the utmost

“Rather to be resigned than blest,”†

but, counting not himself to have apprehended, this one thing he did—reaching forth unto those things which were before him, and above him (not without the frequent misgiving, Such things are too wonderful for me: I cannot attain unto them!), he pressed towards the mark, and set his eye on the prize of his high calling, and so ran, that he might obtain.

“Let each man think himself an act of God,
 His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
 And let each try by great thoughts and good deeds
 To show the most of Heaven he hath in him.”‡

Rare Christian philosophy; rarer Christian practice. For the philosophy and the practice conjoined, we must look for a Pascal; and how often is a Pascal to be found, in the ages of faith?

Dr. Chalmers, at a crisis in his inner life—the turning-point, in fact, of his faith and practice, when recovering in early manhood from that almost fatal illness which so deeply influenced his subsequent career—thus writes from the farmhouse of Fincraigs (1809) to Mr. Carstairs of Anstruther: “I have been reading Pascal’s Thoughts on Religion; you know his history—a man of the richest endowments, and whose youth was signalized by his profound and original speculations in mathematical science, but who could stop

short* in the brilliant career of discovery, who could resign all the splendors of literary reputation, who could renounce without a sigh all the distinctions which are conferred upon genius, and resolve to devote every talent and every hour to the defence and illustration of the Gospel. This, my dear sir, is superior to all Greek and to all Roman fame.”† Thomas Chalmers, the mathematician and natural philosopher, resolved to put his strong hand to the same plough, and to look not back, but to work his Master’s work in that field which is the world, while it was yet day, that he might bring his sheaves with him, in that harvest which is the end of the world, and of which the reapers are the angels—knowing, feeling, with all the clear knowledge and strong feeling of his earnest nature, that the night was coming, and would not tarry, when no man could work.

The Provincial Letters are the study of the most polished men of the world, not less than the *Pensées* are the study of him who in this world can find no rest for the sole of his foot, and who, because wandering hither and thither throughout it, seeking rest and finding none, seeks one to come, which hath foundations, not built with hands, eternal in the heavens. The Letters on the Jesuits captivate every lover of ratiocinative skill—every one who can enjoy the sight of home-thrust after home-thrust dealt with the ease and

* It is worthy of notice, however, in passing, that Pascal himself, in the *Pensées*, attributes the “disgust” he eventually came to feel for scientific studies, to the paucity of sympathizing fellow-students: there were so few who cared for geometry as he did, and with whom he could take any such “sweet counsel” as geometers may be supposed to take together, over triangles, and rhomboids, and parallelograms, and the like.

His words are: “J’avais passé beaucoup de temps dans l’étude des sciences abstraites; mais le peu de gens avec qui on peut en communiquer m’en avait dégoûté.”—*Pensées de Pascal*, Première partie, Article ix., § xxvi.

In the latest instalment of that curious work, the Diary of Dr. John Byrom, published by the Chetham Society, there is the following entry, *sub anno* 1737, referring to a conversation the stenographic Doctor had with various friends, Bishop Butler among the rest: “Monsieur Pascal was mentioned, and some part of his life, which not being represented right, I remembered how it was, and told them, and saying that he was such a genius for mathematical knowledge, and that at last he showed the truly great man, and left it for knowledge of a superior kind.”—*Remains of John Byrom*, vol. ii., p. 96.

† Hanna’s Life of Chalmers, vol. i., ch. vii.

* Wordsworth: “Prelude.” Book XIV.

† Keble: “Christian Year.”

‡ P. J. Bailey: “Featus.”

adroitness of a master of fence—every one with a liking for polemical agility, precision, and sharp practice—every one with a malicious taste for irony and sarcasm in their most *recherché* form and spirit. Mr. Macaulay is said* to have pronounced the Provincial Letters to be “almost the only book one could never get tired of.” In his History of England he has not overlooked them and their influence. He calls the conflict between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, a long, strange, glorious conflict of genius against power: the Jesuits calling cabinets, tribunals, universities, to their aid, while Port-Royal appealed, not in vain, to the hearts and understandings of millions. The dictators of Christendom, he goes on to say, found themselves, on a sudden, in the position of culprits. “They were arraigned on the charge of having systematically debased the standard of evangelical morality, for the purpose of increasing their own influence; and the charge was enforced in a manner which at once arrested the attention of the whole world: for the chief accuser was Blaise Pascal.

“His intellectual powers were such as have rarely been bestowed on any of the children of men; and the vehemence of the zeal which animated him was but too well proved by the cruel penances and vigils under which his macerated frame sank into an early grave. His spirit was the spirit of Saint Bernard: but the delicacy of his wit, the purity, the energy, the simplicity of his rhetoric, had never been equalled, except by the great masters of Attic eloquence. All Europe read and admired, laughed and wept. The Jesuits attempted to reply: but their feeble answers were received by the public with shouts of mockery.”†

It has been said of the excellent, the exemplary Bourdaloue, that his preaching was, for thirty years, nothing but one long and powerful refutation of the Provincial letters—one eloquent and reiterated act of avenging retort on Pascal. In his sermon on Evil-Speaking, Father Bourdaloue, tracking out in all its doublings and

retours this vice of *médiance* which, “not content with the will to afford pleasure and to play the censor agreeably, is moreover bent on passing for honest, charitable, well-intentioned,” thus proceeds in his general indictment to all appearance with a very particular reference: “Car voilà un des abus de notre siècle. On a trouvé le moyen de consacrer la *médiance*, de la changer en vertu, et même dans une des plus saintes vertus, qui est le zèle de la gloire de Dieu. . . . Il faut humilier ces gens-là, dit-on, et il est du bien de l'Eglise de flétrir leur réputation et de diminuer leur crédit. Cela s'établit comme un principe: là-dessus, on se fait une conscience, et il n'y a rien que l'on ne se croie permis par un si beau motif. On invente, on exagère, on empoisonne les choses, on ne les rapporte qu'à demi; on fait valoir ses préjugés comme des vérités incontestables; on débite cent faussetés; on confond le général avec le particulier; ce qu'un a mal dit, on le fait dire à tous, et ce que plusieurs ont bien dit, on ne le fait dire à personne; et tout cela, encore une fois, pour la gloire de Dieu. Car cette direction d'intention rectifie tout cela. Elle ne suffirait pas pour rectifier une équivoque, mais elle est plus que suffisante pour rectifier la calomnie, quand on est persuadé qu'il y va du service de Dieu.”* Sainte-Beuve may safely enough affirm, that if Bourdaloue had not here in his mind's eye the Letters of Pascal, and was not here discussing him trait by trait before his listeners,

* When Bourdaloue first appeared in the pulpit, in 1670, the public mind was agitated on the question of Port-Royal versus Jesuitism. The *Pensées* of Pascal, collected and arranged by his friends, were for the first time published, and, says M. Sainte-Beuve, revived that impression of the Provincial Letters, “qui était la blessure toujours saignante de la Société de Jésus.” The Jesuit Bourdaloue is described by this writer as, at this juncture, ascending with éclat the pulpits of the capital and of the Tuileries, and coming unexpectedly to raise anew the honor of his order, and to plant in his turn the flag of a pressing, eloquent, austere style of preaching. As the *fond du tableau* we are shown the court of Louis XIV., such as it appeared at the epoch to Christian eyes—Madame de la Vallière paling, though not yet eclipsed, beside the now radiant Montespan; Molière at the summit of his art and favor, and allowing himself all kinds of audacity, on the sole condition of being amusing; then enters Bourdaloue, and Jesuit *prédication* is the mode, the topic of the day, the subject of Madame de Sévigné's letters, the alarm of old courtiers, and the despair of young preachers.

* By Thomas Moore, who, some morning in June, 1831, “breakfasted at Rogers's,” “to meet Macaulay,” and then and there, among other good things, “snapped up” the young statesman's *dictum* about these Letters, as no “unconsidered trifle” or inconsiderable *mém.* “pour servir à” Master Tom's diary.

† Macaulay's History of England, vol. ii., ch. vi.

many of whom must have been at the same time shocked and delighted, and unable to refrain from admiring, though under protest,—why, then there is not a single portrait from life in either Saint-Simon or La Bruyère.

In more respects than one, the appearance of the Letters to a Provincial was a memorable event in France. As M. Bordas Demoulin* observes, Pascal aided the progress of reason and free inquiry by the admirable clearness he imparted to the treatment of abstruse themes, until then discussed only in the language of the schools. Descartes had set the example in metaphysics, and, before him, Bernard de Palissy and Jean Rey in natural history. Men began to feel the need of seeing and judging for themselves. Pascal's book *fait époque* in the French language, as the manifesto of a religious and political opposition to established abuses and accepted falsities. Pascal is recognized as one of the leading founders of French prose. He and they are sometimes charged with banishing from it the naïve grace, the exuberant ease, the vigorous freedom, the lively coloring, which enrich it in the old writers.† The answer given is, that

so it needs must be, since these qualities, according to Bossuet, belong to the sports of flighty childhood and impulsive youth, not to the maturity of good sense, regulated by experience. M. Demoulin characterizes the style of Pascal as neat, concise, rapid, elegant, almost mathematically precise, and flexible in its adaptation to all the movements of the embodied thought. "Together with these qualities there appear that grace, ease, fertility, boldness, energy, and pomp which befit a duly cultivated mind." Sir James Stephen contrasts—many would, with less discrimination, have compared—Pascal's style with that of Junius, than whom no man was ever so greatly indebted to mere style; yet, with all its recommendations, *his*, by Sir James's verdict, is eminently vicious—being labored, pompous, antithetical—never self-forgetful, never flowing freely, never in repose; whereas Pascal's is the "transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought." Indeed, of the Letters of Junius and those of Pascal, in general, our Cambridge Professor seems to hold, that what will critically describe the one, will be true interpreted by contraries of the others; accordingly, after showing that the pseudonymous pamphleteer, about whose personality the world is yet unresolved, was a writer who embraced no large principles, awakened no generous feelings, and scarcely advocated any great social interest; after declaring him to have given equally little proof of the love of man, and of the love of books; after describing his topics and thoughts as connected with mere passing interests—his invective as merciless and extravagant—and his personal antipathies and inordi-

* In his *Eloge de Pascal*. 1842.

† M. Gustave Planché, in his survey of the rise and progress of his native language, follows up a critique on the diction of Montaigne by some remarks on that of Pascal. The Syntax of Montaigne, he says, sufficient as an exponent of the capricious reflection of the *Essais*, becomes wholly transformed in the hands of Pascal, who gives to his phraseology a severer and more accurate contour, and with whom a combination of words no longer proposes to itself the mere expression of the general or particular, concrete or abstract idea, but aims directly at conciseness. "Syntax, in the mouth of Pascal, proclaims a sumptuary law, and banishes from the language all womanish coquetry of phrase; it sanctions no elegance that is not of a severe type; it gathers together the trailing folds of diction, and forbids that speech in any case overstep the limits of thought." And then the critic proceeds to show how this *implacable austerité* is softened and toned down in the hands of Montesquieu and Voltaire. See Planché's *Portraits Littéraires*, t. II. ("De la langue française.")

M. Villemain teaches his academical hearers that it was Pascal, with his reflections, so lively and novel, on the art of persuasion, and his ingenious comparison of the spirit of geometry with that of finesse, that fixed the true principles of taste in the art of writing, and that justified by anticipation certain paradoxes of D'Alembert and Condillac. "A geometer like D'Alembert, but eloquent as Demosthenes, Pascal ridicules beforehand the dry-as-dust method adopted by Condillac in his *Art d'écrire*, and which, in the name of justice, prohibits to one and

all the part of orator and poet."—VILLEMMAIN: *Tableau du XVIII^{ème} Siècle*, t. IV.

The style of the Thoughts is less polished, as Mr. Hallam remarks, than that of the Provincial Letters, and the sentences are "sometimes ill constructed and elliptical." But Mr. Hallam justly ranks the Thoughts, as a monument of Pascal's genius, above the Letters; and says, "they burn with an intense light; condensed in expression, sublime, energetic, rapid, they hurry away the reader till he is scarcely able or willing to distinguish the sophisms from the truth which they contain." For that many of them are incapable of bearing a calm scrutiny, this calm scrutineer (such Mr. Hallam eminently and honorably is) accounts indisputable. And he considers the notes of Voltaire to be sometimes unanswerable, though always intended to detract; "but the splendor of Pascal's eloquence absolutely annihilates, in effect, on the general reader, even this antagonist."—HALLAM'S *Literature of Europe*, Part IV., ch. II.

nate self-esteem as barely disguised beneath the veil of public spirit,—Sir James Stephen exclaims: “Reverse all this, and you have the characteristics of the ‘Provincial Letters.’”* Pascal’s playfulness he admires as gay without an effort; while Pascal’s indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious—it is but philanthropy kindling into righteous anger. The Jesuits have had many assailants, first and last, of every capacity and of every temper. Never, perhaps, have they had an adversary so free from bad blood in his veins and bad language in his mouth as Blaise Pascal; yet never one, of any kind, who dealt them so heavy a blow and such great discouragement. A significant contrast *his* Satires on the Jesuits present to the Satires on the Jesuits of our John Oldham, his almost contemporary,† whose style of onslaught may be guessed from one brief sample:

“Sooner (which is the greatest impossible)
Shall the vile brood of Loyola and hell
Give o’er to plot, be villains, and rebel,
Than I with utmost spite and vengeance cease
To prosecute, and plague the cursed race.”

And then the poet invokes whatever can stimulate wrath and embitter fury, to aid him as he writes—enumerating a list of likely appliances for the purpose:

“All this urge on my rank, envenomed spleen,
And with keen satire edge my stabbing pen,
That its each home-set thrust their blood may
draw,
Each drop of ink like aquafortis gnaw.

Red-hot with vengeance thus, I’ll brand disgrace
So deep, no time shall e’er the marks deface;
Till my severe and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the bar, and frighten worse
Than damning Pope’s anathema and curse.”‡

Pascal’s “mild course” told more on the constitution of the Society, than all the violent drastics of inglorious John Oldham’s sort put together. A modern critic, who describes Pascal as holding up

his enemies to immortal scorn, and painting them in the most contemptible and ludicrous attitudes, “on a Grecian urn,”* and as preserving “those wasps and flies in the richest amber,” intimates his own doubt whether Pascal has not honored too much “those wretched sophisters, by destroying them with the golden shafts of Apollo. Had not the broad hoof of Pan, or the club of Hercules, been a more appropriate weapon for crushing and mangling them into mire?” But the questioner admits that had Pascal employed coarser weapons, although equally effective, against his enemies, he had gained less glory for himself. After all, quiet and moderate as may be the assailant’s bearing in the early stages of the attack, he warms up ere the close into something very near akin to vehemence. He feels his way. He plays, cat-like, at first, with the prey that writhes, and twists, and turns, so tortuously within his clutch. But he tires of this—tires of the tactics of his foe, too slippery to be borne for long together—tires of his own tactics in dealing too flippantly with an incorrigible dissembler: sarcasm has fulfilled its part—indignation must now have scope; the hour of the sheet lightning is past, and that of the forked lightning is come; the lambent flame is extinguished, and there goes forth a devouring fire to pursue his adversaries, and drive them from their last refuge of lies.

Lamentation has been made over the fragmentary and unfinished character of Pascal’s “Thoughts.” They have been supposed, as Mr. Hallam says, to be fragments of a more systematic work that he had planned, or perhaps only reflections committed to paper, with no design of publication in their actual form. But, as is generally the case with works of genius, Mr. Hallam† justly contends, we do not easily persuade ourselves that they could have been improved by any such alteration as would have destroyed their type; and they are at present bound together by a real coherence through the predominant character of the reasonings and sentiments, and give us everything that we could desire in a more regular treatise, without the tedious verbosity

* Sir J. Stephen’s Ecclesiastical, &c., Essays, vol. i.

† Oldham was some nine years old, at the time of Pascal’s death, in 1662. Both died at about the same age—in their fortieth year.

‡ Oldham’s Poetical Works, p. 84. (Bell’s Annotated Edition.)

* Referring to Pascal’s “Attic salt and Attic elegance of style.”

† Literature of Europe, vol. ii.

which regularity is apt to produce. To the rapid, vigorous, exalting *Pensées* of Blaise Pascal, we may apply the words of Shakspeare's Richard Plantagenet :

"Faster than spring-time showers, comes
Thought on Thought;
And not a Thought, but thinks on dignity."^{*}

M. Jay, in his *Eloge de Montaigne*, describes Pascal, "écrivain sublime, qui ne s'arrête qu'en tremblant dans les régions supérieures de la pensée," as only escaping from despair by taking refuge in the bosom of religion; and even there, unable to secure confidence and peace except by attaching himself to ascetic doctrines, in their most rigorous abstract form; thus returning by a cross-path to the brilliant chimera of stoicism. The "eulogist" of Epicurean Montaigne cannot be supposed to sympathize very deeply with the Christian Stoic. Pascal himself, however, seems to have had a pronounced *penchant* for Montaigne, whose *Essays*, it has been remarked, attracted him beyond all other books, the Bible and St. Augustine excepted, if we may judge from the tone and frequency of his allusions to them. Wholly discordant as may have been the natures, moral and intellectual, of the two men, there is truth in what Mr. Hallam observes, that Pascal, though abhorring the religious and moral carelessness of Montaigne, found much that fell in with his own reflections in the contempt of human opinions, the perpetual humbling of human reason, which runs through the bold and original work of his predecessor. "He quotes no book so frequently; and indeed, except Epictetus, and once or twice Descartes, he hardly quotes any other at all. Pascal was too acute a geometer, and too sincere a lover of truth, to countenance the sophisms of mere Pyrrhonism; but, like many theological writers, in exalting faith he does not always give reason her value, and furnishes weapons which the sceptic might employ against himself." Pascal had reflected deeply, Mr. Hallam elsewhere remarks, upon the sceptical objections to all human reasoning, and though sometimes, out of a desire to elevate religious faith at its expense, he seems to consider them unanswerable, he was

too clear-headed to believe them just.* "Reason," he says, "confounds the dogmatists, and nature the sceptics." "We have an incapacity of demonstration, which one cannot overcome; we have a conception of truth which the others cannot disturb." He throws out a notion of a more complete method of reasoning than that of geometry, wherein everything shall be demonstrated, which, however, he holds to be unattainable; and perhaps on this account he might think the cavils of Pyrrhonism invincible by pure reason.†

Of that "seditious rabble of doubts," which, from time to time, rise to dispute the empire of the understanding in the formation of our judgments—causing a momentary eclipse of that light in which the soul seemed to dwell—Mr. Henry Rogers, in his very able *Essay on the Genius of Pascal*, has remarked, that such a disturbance of the intellectual atmosphere no more argues the want of habitual faith, than the variations of the compass argue the severance of the connection between the magnet and the pole; or, than the oscillations of the "rocking stone" argue that the solid mass can be heaved from its bed; a child may shake, but a giant cannot overturn it. Moods there are, as he feelingly shows, occasioned perhaps by nervous depression, or a fit of melancholy, or an attack of pain, or harassing anxieties, or the loss of friends, or their misfortunes and calamities, or signal triumphs of baseness, or signal discomfitures of virtue, or, above all, from conscious neglect of duty, moods wherein a man shall sometimes half feel as if he had lost sight even of those primal truths on which he has been accustomed to gaze as on the stars of the firmament, bright, serene, and unchangeable; even such truths as the existence of God, his paternal government of the world, and the divine origin of Christianity.‡ "And as there

* Moreover, it has been said that he denies the validity of the proofs of natural religion. "This seems to be in some measure an error, founded on mistaking the objections he puts in the mouths of unbelievers for his own. But it must, I think, be admitted that his arguments for the being of a God are too often *à tort*, that it is the safer side to take."—HALLAM'S *Introd. to the Lit. of Europe*, Part IV., ch. ii., § 37.

† *Ibid.*, ch. iii., § 66.

‡ "In these moods, objections which he thought had long since been dead and buried, start again into sudden existence. They do more: like the escaped

* Second Part of King Henry the Sixth, Act III., Sc. 1.

are probably few who have profoundly investigated the evidences of truth, who have not felt themselves, for a moment at least, and sometimes for a yet longer space, as if on the verge of universal scepticism, and about to be driven forth without star or compass, on a boundless ocean of doubt and perplexity, so these states of feeling are peculiarly apt to infest the higher order of minds. For if, on the one hand, these can best discern and estimate the evidence which proves any truth, they, on the other, can see most clearly and feel most strongly the nature and extent of the objections which oppose it; while they are, at the same time, just as liable as the vulgar to the disturbing influences already adverted to. This liability is of course doubled when its subject, as in the case of Pascal, labors under the disadvantage of a gloomy temperament.*

What Bishop Hurd calls the "sombrous fanatic air"† peculiar to Pascal, was indeed the result in large measure—how large it is not for us to say—of his physical idiosyncrasy, which was morbid and infirm in a highly exceptional degree. Over-study and undue austerities made inroads on his originally fragile constitution. There was the *ceinture de fer pleine de pointes*, which, his sister tells us, he

genius of the *Arabian Nights*, who rises from the little bottle in which he had been imprisoned, in the shape of a thin smoke, which finally assumes gigantic outlines, and towers to the skies, these flimsy objections dilate into monstrous dimensions, and fill the whole sphere of mental vision. The arguments by which we have been accustomed to combat them seem to have vanished, or if they appear at all, look diminished in force and vividness. If we may pursue the allusion we have just made, we even wonder how such mighty forms should ever have been compressed into so narrow a space."—*Essays by Henry Rogers*.

* *Essays by Henry Rogers*.

† The bishop thus contrasts the *Pensées* with Addison's uncompleted treatise on the Christian Religion: "Thus, our Addison, like the amiable Pascal, closed his valuable life in meditating a defence of the Christian Religion. One is not surprised to find this agreement in the views of two such men; the one the sublimest genius, and the other the most cultivated, of modern times. But there is this lamented difference in their story. The spirit of Jansenism, falling on a temper naturally scrupulous, and a constitution always infirm, threw a sombrous fanatic air on Pascal's religious speculations, as it did on his life: while our happier countryman, by the benefit of better health and juster principles, maintained a constant sobriety in the conduct of each."—Hurd's *Notes on Addison*, vol. v.

used *mettre à nu sur sa chair*, redoubling at times with his elbow *la violence des piqûres*—a practice which seemed to him so useful, that he continued it until his death, through all those *douleurs continuelles* which agonized his latter days; indeed the last four years of his life were but one *continueuse langueur*.* There was the regimen he planned out for himself and practised with such punctilious rigor—avoiding whatever pleased his palate, and mortifying the sense of taste with a sort of malicious ingenuity. Some of his critics trace all this to the accident which happened to him in 1654, when he narrowly escaped death near the Pont de Neuilly, while driving out in a coach-and-four—the horses taking fright, and the carriage being upset by the river-side. His imagination appears to have then received a shock from which it never recovered. From that day forth, Pascal believed he saw a gulf opened at his very feet. But the true gulf, says Aimé-Martin, in which his reason was swallowed up, was doubt respecting all those metaphysical questions which employ superior minds—an awful doubt, which only Christianity in its positive and practical form can dispel. And referring to the habit ascribed to Pascal, carrying under his clothes a symbol made up of mystical terms, the same writer, following a remark of Villemain's, observes that this powerful mind had fallen back upon these superstitious practices, in order to take yet farther flight from *une effrayante incertitude*. The imaginary precipice which, ever since that unhappy accident, Pascal's enfeebled senses believed they saw, was but the faint image of that abyss of doubt which terrified his inmost soul.† In this state "nothing but piety and prayer saved him from shoreless and bottomless scepticism." There is ground for the opinion that his unfinished work on the

* "Vie de Pascal," par Madame Périer, sa sœur.

† "Had that incomparable person," says the Spectator, of *Monsieur Pascal*, "been a little more indulgent to himself in this point [of health], the world might have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age: and the whole history we have of his life until that time, is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers."—*Spectator*, No. CXVI.

‡ See Aimé-Martin's *Notes on Pascal's life and works*.

evidences of Christianity, seems to have been intended to convince himself, quite as much as to convince others.

The sixteenth century had engendered, as Sainte-Beuve remarks,* a considerable number of *incrédules*; for the most part of a pagan type—of whom the most agreeable representative is Montaigne—a race which we see continued in Charron, La Mothe, Le Vayer, and Gabriel Naudé. But these learned sceptics, as well as such libertine *gens d'esprit et du monde* as Théophile or Des Barreaux, took things little to heart: there is no appearance about them of that profound inquietude which attests a lofty moral nature, and an order of intellect marked with the seal of the archangel; these are not, in short, to speak in the style of Plato, royal natures. But Pascal—he is of the higher, elder, nobler race; on *his* heart and on *his* brow, there is more than one sign: “c'est un des plus nobles mortels, mais, malade, et il veut guérir.” And he it is that first introduces into the defence of religion, the ardor, anguish, and grand melancholy which others, of a later day, have carried to the side of scepticism. He is of those who, to use his own pregnant phrase, *cherchent en gémissant*.

Pascal is described by a recent critic,† as one who, adding to immense genius a child-like tenderness of heart and purity of conduct, was peculiarly liable to the tremendous doubts and fears forced on us all by the phenomena of man and the universe: doubts and fears which he felt, at once, with all the freshness of infancy, and with all the force of a melancholy manhood. He is described as trying in vain to solve them—asking this science and that philosophy to explain, and getting no reply. “Height and depth had said, ‘Not in us.’ The universe of stars was cold, dead, and tongueless. He felt terrified at, not instructed by it. He said, ‘The eternal silence of those infinite spaces affrights me.’” And then he is described as turning for a solution from the mysterious materialism of the heavenly bodies to Man, and finding in him his doubts driven to contradiction and despair—so perplexed a puzzle seemed Man

to this “anxious inquirer,” so disorderly a chaos. But religion comes in: and the investigator is guided to a twofold, and no longer a one-sided, study of Man: he studies him, by turns, in his relation to the finite and the infinite, “par rapport à l'atome et par rapport à l'immensité du ciel,” and exhibits him alternately great and little, as being suspended between two infinities, between two abysses. He expresses the triumph of Mind over Matter. “He cries out to this proud process of developing matter, this wondrous something sweltering out suns in its progress: ‘Thou mayest do thy pleasure on me, thou mayest crush me, but I shall *know* thou art crushing me, whilst thou art crushing blindly. I should be conscious of the defeat; thou wouldst not be conscious of the victory.’ Bold, certainly, was the challenge of this little piece of inspired humanity, this frail, slender, invalid, but divinely gifted man, to the enormous mass of uninspired and uninstrusive matter amid which he lived. He did not believe in law, life, or blind mechanism, as the all-in-all of the system of things. He believed rather in Tennyson's Second Voice—

“A little whisper breathing low,
I may not speak of what I know.”

“Voilà Pascal,” exclaims M. Cu villier Fleury, in one of his citations of the classics of France: “voilà Pascal, *penseur sublime, comme l'abîme est sublime d'inconnu*; ce livre ferait des fous ou des moines.”* Pascal himself must to some appear third part *fou* (since the carriage mishap in 1654) and third part *moine*.

M. Villemain, comparing the scepticism of Vauvenargues with the very distinct grade of it from which Pascal suffered, observes, that although we sometimes fancy we hear in the *Pensées* the cry of torment wrung from a quite similar kind of doubt, Pascal could counterbalance *his* form of it by the tradition of his age, by the habits of his life, by the workings of his mind, and by his own unimpaired *will* to believe.† Had Pascal lived in another age, and surrounded by a new set of circumstances, who can tell into what shape his doubts might have developed themselves? for his epoch was one of those in which, as St. Marc Girardin says, men

* Essay on Pascal, in the *Cauteries du Lundi*, t. iv. See also, on the subject of Pascal, the same writer's essays in the third volume of the *Portraits contemporains et divers*, and in the *Derniers Portraits littéraires*.

† In the *Eclectic Review*.

* Cuv. Fleury: “Portraits politiques et révolutionnaires,” t. i.

† Villemain: “Cours de littérature française,” t. ii.

love science for her own sake, and when meditation has no other aim than the development of thought, and when every kind of intellectual exercise is rife, except that which makes application of ideas to things: "ce qui prête à la pensée une portée menaçante, c'est l'application qu'elle a : donnez une intention aux spéculations du XVII^e siècle, *Pascal sera presque un impie*, et Corneille un républicain."* But equally against philosophy, and the evidence of facts, and the spirit of religion, is the inference—whether coming from the professed unbeliever, or from what the *National Review* calls the Hard Church party—that because Pascal doubted as he did, he cannot be said to have believed, in any true and valid sense. Let a living bishop of the English Church be heard and answered first:

"Did never thorns thy path beset?
Beware—be not deceived;
He who has never doubted yet,
Has never yet believed."*

* Saint Marc Girardin: "Essais de Littérature et de Morale," t. i.

† Bishop Hinds, (of Norwich.)

Equivalent with the bishop's "charge" on this momentous topic, is the argument pursued in Mr. Henry Rogers's Essay on Pascal: "So little inconsistent with a *habit* of intelligent faith are such transient evasions of doubt, or such diminished perceptions of the evidence of truth, that it may even be said that it is only those who have in some measure experienced them, who can be said, in the highest sense, to believe at all. He who has never had a doubt [we italicize this all but verbal identity with the bishop's own expression], who believes what he believes for reasons which he thinks as irrefragable (if that be possible) as those of a mathematical demonstration, ought not to be said so much to believe as to know; his belief is to him knowledge, and his mind stands in the same relation to it, however erroneous and absurd that belief may be. It is rather he whose faith is exercised—not indeed without his reason, but without the full satisfaction of his reason—with a knowledge and appreciation of formidable objections—it is this man who may most truly be said intelligently to believe."

The value of Professor Rogers's essay on the "Genius and Writings of Pascal," has been significantly recognized in France, by its repeated translation—in one instance by M. Faugère, the distinguished editor of the *Pensées*. It is cited as "un remarquable article dans la *Revue d'Edimbourg*" by M. Sainte-Beuve, in one of that critic's many

And, despite the force and pressure, intellectually, of Pascal's "obstinate questionings," who shall say, of a *soul* so absorbed in things unseen, of one who walked by faith and not by sight,

"Of one accustomed to desires that feed
On fruitage gathered from the tree of life"—

that in his heart of hearts, he was not, deeply and very really, amid all the clouds and shadows of speculative unrest, not only a believer, but

"—one in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition?"*

To Pascal, indeed, may be—and already by one of his most appreciating countrymen has been—applied what the late Alexandre Vinet strikingly said of a contemporary thinker: "Le scepticisme, par mille endroits, cherchait à pénétrer son esprit; mais sa foi se fortifiait, grandissait imperturbablement parmi les orages de sa pensée. On peut le dire, le doute et la foi vivante, l'un passager, l'autre immuable, *naquirent pour lui le même jour*; comme si Dieu, en laissant l'ennemi pratiquer des brèches dans les ouvrages extérieurs, avait voulu munir le cœur de la place d'un inexpugnable rempart." The spirit of this, if not the letter, comes very near the truth as to Pascal's "scepticism;" nearer, surely, much nearer, than Victor Cousin's view of the case, according to which Pascal's religion is, at the best, a bitter fruit, reared in a region desolated by doubt, under the withering breath of despair.

études devoted to the character and works of Blaise Pascal, and placed by him high in the list of that "vrai concours" of disquisitions "sur Pascal" which these latter years have produced—and which includes Dr. Reuchlin's work on Port-Royal, Victor Cousin's celebrated Memoir, M. Faugère's elaborate edition, the Abbé Flotte's "Studies," the lucubrations of the German Neander, and the feeling critiques of the Swiss Pastor, Vinet. The last mentioned, Alexandre Vinet, and M. Sainte-Beuve himself, always write their best when Pascal is before them; and the best of Sainte-Beuve and Vinet is, it needs not to say, very good indeed.

* Wordsworth: "The Excursion." Book IV.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

BORDER LANDS OF SPAIN AND FRANCE.*

THERE are few things that mark more emphatically the progress of the age than the mass of works of travel which issues from the press. The facilities of locomotion afford to men the means, in the intervals of study or professional occupation, or of the engrossments of trade speculations, during a summer vacation, or a winter pause in business, to leave home and run half over the world in the space of a few weeks; and that mightiest of all engines of civilization and knowledge—the printing-press—is ever ready to transfer the notes of the tourist to the page of the publisher, and thence to the world at large. It is somewhat amusing to take up a publisher's list of the present day, and compare it with the issue of books of all kinds, and especially books of travel, some twenty years ago. One would be led to believe from the comparison that for one who travelled in those days, a hundred travel now; and that of those who travel, ten now give the world the benefit of their experience, for one that did so then. In fact, steam now does for the body what the electric current does for thought, and mankind is becoming a perigrinating animal. The number of such works that lie before us is not a little perplexing. It seems to us as if we were diurnally called upon to perform the voyage of the world, and in our desperation we sometimes feel an insane desire to ignore the subject altogether, and disbelieve the locomotive faculties of humanity. In our perplexity, the other day, we selected from a mass of such books lying before us a work which had two especial commendations externally; it was in one volume, and that volume was of reasonable dimensions; and so we addressed ourselves to the "Border Lands of Spain and France," more especially as the book promised us some account of that singular

republic which in the fastnesses of the Pyrenees, has for a thousand years contrived to maintain its independence and integrity, alike against France and Spain. We allude to the republic of Andorre.

The author of the volume under our consideration, whoever he be—for he does not affix his name—is a man of the right stuff to make travellers of—sagacious, reflective, and quick-sighted; he has an eye for natural beauties, a heart for the contemplation of humanity, and a mind ready to philosophize upon the various phases of society through which he passes. Such a man can never travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "All is barren."

Through a great portion of our author's autumn tour we do not mean to conduct our readers. The paths about the baths of the Pyrenees are as beaten and as well known as the highways that lead to Homberg or Spa or Weisbaden—nay, we had almost said, as the thoroughfares of Holborn or Ludgate Hill. There you meet daily the same men of broken-down fortunes and broken-down frames—adventurers and invalids—*fanfarons* and *far-nientis*, hawks and pigeons, pluckers and plucked, saints and sinners, wise men and fools, that you meet at every congregation of the human species, which by some mysterious law of our nature, are always drawn together around springs of medicinal water and strands for sea bathing. In the Basque provinces there is much to engage the attention of a thoughtful man; they are interesting as having been the haunt of a political liberty sanctioned by immemorial tradition, and now almost unknown to the races of Europe. We have in this volume some very intelligent observations upon the religious and political characteristics of the people of these provinces—their habits of life, and social peculiarities—which will alternately amuse and surprise an inhabitant of the British islands. The author gives us these concluding observations:

* *Border Lands of Spain and France.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1856.

"The nearest existing example, perhaps, to the privileges of the Basques, is to be found in the modern Constitution of Servia. The suzerainete of the Porte, and that of the Escorial, proceed alike from the imperfect rule and consequently imperfect centralization, of a comparatively modern or dominant race or dynasty. The central power forms, in either, the protector of the local government from external aggression; and the local government, in turn, becomes, in either, its own protector against the central power. If national rights are more clearly defined in Servia, they are more ancient and venerable in the Basque provinces. It is only by a jealous maintenance of traditional privileges, in respect of their central government, that insignificant nationalities can ensure the durability of their political rights; as it is only by a recognition of the suzerainete of that central government, that they can ensure their political rights; in respect of external aggression. And so uniform is man's political nature in all periods of the world, that protectorial rights are essential to the security of small communities in this civilized age, as when they were devised in counterpoise to the violence of feudal times."

Having visited the Bearnais, including the lowlanders and the mountaineers of the Eastern district of the Basses Pyrenees, the author gives us a very lively sketch of the language, manners, and superstitions of this primitive people. The dialect is a compound of Latin and Teutonic, without the slightest admixture of French, Spanish, or any other modern tongue to aid the stranger in his attempt to become intelligible. Nevertheless our traveller essayed to learn somewhat—with what success let him relate:

"I passed an old ruined tower, built on a knoll, guarding the ravine on which it stood, and apparently the work of the Plantagenets. Beside it was an old Béarnais woman, (nearly coëval with the ruin,) gathering up sticks or stones, and generally seeking what she might devour. I asked her in French the legend of the place, intending to believe it, if not violently opposed to all internal probability. She answered me in Béarnais, with, very likely, a begging imposition. Neither understood the other; and there was as complete a confusion of tongues before the tower as before the tower of Babel!"

Amongst the people who inhabit the border lands of Spain and France, there are few who, in their national and social characteristics, are objects of greater interest and research for the antiquary or the historian than those who are known by the name of *Cagots*, and who are

scattered in the villages and valleys of the Pyrenees, but still a distinct race. In past times proscribed by the church and the state, debarred by the social prejudice of their neighbors from the enjoyments and privileges which other Christian and free subjects were entitled to, their origin and history, even at this day involved in deep obscurity and uncertainty, this singular people present a problem which has engrossed the attention and perplexed the speculations of philosophers. The principal settlements of the *Cagots*, in the neighborhood of Bagnères, are Montgaillard and Campain, and both these villages the author visited. Several theories still obtain with regard to the origin of the *Cagots*. Some hold that they are the descendants of the Goths who invaded Aquitaine in the fifth century, and of the survivors of those who were defeated by Clovis in the battle of Vanillé. Others again allege that they are sprung from the remnant of the Arabs defeated by Charles Martel at Poitiers, in the eighth century. A third, that they owe their origin to the Albigenses who were dispersed in the twelfth century. But besides these conjectures there are not wanting those who insist on their descent from the leprous Christians who returned from the Crusades, or even from the Jews. All these historical positions the author of the book before us investigates and combats with much learning and considerable plausibility, substituting finally his own theory in their place. The condition of the *Cagots* is, however, very different from what it was some generations since. This in a great degree arises, we should imagine, from a breaking up, by frequent intermarriages with their neighbors, of that isolation which hemmed them in, as well as by the relaxation of that religious intolerance by which they were proscribed. Some idea of the harsh ecclesiastical discipline to which, as a heretical, and spiritually, if not physically, leprous race, they were subjected, will be found from the following statement of their condition at Montgaillard:

"The *Cagots* had been invariably denied the rights of worship and of sepulture with other Christians. A distinct portion of the churchyard had been assigned to them; and here, wherever certain families could be still recognized as distinctively *Cagots*, they were still interred. This race, although not forbidden from attending the services of the Church, were

formerly separated from the rest of the congregation, and were compelled to enter the building by a side door. The door, a small and insignificant entrance, is placed beneath the belfry; and in the inner porch, into which it opens, is still a stone receptacle for holy water. This circumstance serves to shed some light on the religious position of the *Cagots*; for there appears to be little doubt that, while they were thus admitted to the benefit of the holy water, they were generally excluded from the reception of the sacraments."

These severities and proscriptions now happily no longer exist, and the *Cagots* indiscriminately mingle with the rest of the Christian congregation, and as freely participate in all the privileges of the Church. Still the traces of what they have suffered under the civil and ecclesiastical powers, are to be found in the race at the present day, if we are to credit our author's description:

"They seemed as though they groaned under the superincumbent moral weight of a persecution of a thousand years. They were low in stature, not perhaps grossly deformed in person, but their figures, nevertheless, unlike other human beings; weak and tottering (though not apparently of great age) as if their joints had been lately loosened under the kindly influence of the Inquisition. Their complexions were sallow in the last degree; and their appearance bore out their reputation of being of weak intellect. This character, I was told, had for many years been declining, and was now nearly obliterated, among the reputed *Cagots*, through the mixture of new blood. But the appearance of those whom I have just described so nearly corresponded to the written descriptions of the mediæval *Cagots*, that I should be inclined to acquiesce in the tradition of the place, which excluded them from the influence of intermarriages with the people of Bigorre."

Leaving the *Cagots*, the author turned his steps towards the Eastern Pyrenees, with the ultimate object of visiting the republic of Andorre, and thus his course lay through the mountains of Catalonia and the plains of Foix. We pass his observations upon Luchon, and his comparison between that resort of fashionable valetudinarians and the celebrated watering place of Ischl in the Styrian Alps. The author did not ascend the *Maladetta*, but contented himself with a view of it from the opposite side of the dark ravine. He has given us a description of the mode of accomplishing that difficult feat, which is not indeed dissimilar to that of the

Mont Blanc, so admirably detailed by the never-wearied and never-wearying tongue of Albert Smith:

"The ascent of the *Maladetta* is now not altogether impracticable to those who are able to encounter great exertion, and who do not object to be put into harness, and to be driven in a team by a trio of mountaineers. The danger rests, of course, in the insidious nature of the snow-drifts, which are not less hazardous than Irish bogs. Those, therefore, who wish to climb the mountain, are compelled to wait (like the constituent elements of an Oriental caravan at the edge of the Desert) until an adequate number of candidates for the enterprise has accumulated, either at Luchon or at some less hospitable hospice at the edge of the mountains; when all these unfortunates are strapped together into a vertical column, in single file, and are marched up the snowy ascent, charging the glaciers on their route. The object of all this is obvious enough. If the leaders should fall in, the wheelers, to whom they are attached, pull them out. The whole team is kept in a right line, and by this means goes over the same ground. There is no such artificial facility for the ascent of the *Maladetta* as exists for the ascent of Mont Blanc: it is a far less beaten route, and, I should be disposed to think, a more hazardous experiment. To the weak, (or to those of ordinary strength, whose powers fail to satisfy the exertion demanded for the enterprise,) the alternative, "Go on, or perish," must be any thing but agreeable. No doubt the stronger help to drag the weaker out of the difficulty; but it would seem hard under such circumstances to choose between being dragged involuntarily over endless regions of eternal ice, and being chained there stationary, like Prometheus, for ever and a day."

From this scenery the author returned to Luchon, and then passed along the French frontier into Ariège, and subsequently crossing the Spanish frontier he visited the mountain regions of Western Catalonia. Here is a lively description of a storm which he encountered in his descent from Mount Collat, in company with a cockney Englishman, whom he picked up *en route*, and whom he compares to an unfortunate hippopotamus that had accidentally swam out of the Nile, and had lost its way in the watery wilderness of the Levant:

"At the most difficult and precipitous point, the clouds descended to the earth; and the view before us, just now spreading over the boundless highlands of Catalonia, barely extended to our horses' heads. It was a startling novelty to be carried over the mountains by animals to all appearance destitute both of heads

and tails! We were summarily brought to a dead halt, and nothing but the closest possible proximity prevented us from being utterly lost to each other. But the clouds went onward on their sublime, ethereal way; and the lurid light of an autumn sun, struggling with dark thunder-clouds above, once more disclosed the course before us.

The deluge and the torrent, however, were close at hand: down they came simultaneously from the heavens and from the mountain-tops: the wind roared amid the pine-woods, and swept down the rock-clefts with its hideous howl: the crashing of the thunder shook the very mountains to their base: the lightning transformed the sombre fir-forests into fiery groves; the new-born cataract swept over the verdure of the hill-sides: solitary trees that had survived the seventy years of man, snapped in their very trunks, were hurled down the precipice in the sport of the whirlwind; and the dissolved mists, mingling with the dark substance of the soil, discharged down the precipices torrents of liquid coal! It was beneath the shelter of rocks alone that we could proceed; and even by their sides we were nearly blown off our horses' backs. The storm lasted nearly two hours. Ere its close, our track had become almost impassable. The surcharged waters of the Essera burst on every side around us; and paths gave place to cataracts. We were at last forced to dismount and climb the rocks forming the *débris* from the enormous ridge which lay above us. The horses climbed after us as they could, more than once rolling on their sides. At length we reached less uneven ground, and a commanding view. The storm had spent itself; the wind was hushed; and the dark thunder-scroll was rolled back over one half of the angry heaven. We were on the boundary of the two empires. To our left lay the dark plains of Catalonia, still in all their wild and murky gloom: to the right, quivering in the brilliant glare of an autumnal sun, were spread before us the rich and golden vales of Ariège."

It would seem that the author had the good fortune—for we esteem it a good fortune for every traveller—to fall into the midst of a band of mountain robbers; and he details with much circumstantiality, and we hope with a reasonable regard to veracity, his perilous position and the address with which he extricated himself from his danger, when escape seemed little short of a miracle. We own to much scepticism in general upon the subject of these romantic adventures; and, for ourselves, we can say that though always most desirous of falling in with a solitary robber or cut-throat—we rather believe we should have preferred a *single* specimen at a time—we never had the

happiness, either upon mountain or in valley, to succeed; and travelled many a solitary pass, without guide or companion, without so much as having our pocket picked, to say nothing of a clasp-knife sheathed in our smaller intestines. Nevertheless, we deny no man's better luck or happier experiences, so let our traveller enjoy the honor of his adventure, seeing that he has lived to tell it.

Upon the French side of the Pyrenees, and in the territory of Cerdagne and Roussillon, exists a very singular people. In the midst of the progress and civilization which for centuries have been going on northward of them, they seem to cling to old thoughts, old customs, old institutions; and if one has a desire to go back the stream of time, not indeed in books but in the body, he has but to visit these lovely regions and he will find himself in the mediæval times, both as regards character and imagination. What will the reader think of a land in which the old miracle, plays are still in the height of fashion—where, upon Sunday and saint's day, one can assist at those ancient and now traditional mysteries which were the origin of our modern drama. We may observe, however, that there are some points of difference between the celebration of these mysteries to-day in Roussillon and as they were enacted in Italy or Germany in the middle ages and in the time of the Trouvères. They now embrace a shorter period of dramatic action, seldom exceeding a few hours, though occasionally adjourned from Sunday to Sunday; and they no longer represent heaven, earth, and hell, by the triple scaffolding or stages—a very significant mode of suggesting the respective altitudes of these localities, according to the popular topographical ideas in old times—and we are disposed to think in modern times, too—extensively prevalent. Our author was present at some of these representations. Here is his account of one of them. We must premise that the stage was raised to an elevation midway between the platform occupied by the élite of the place, and the benches and tables designed to accommodate the inferior portion of the community. The light of day—for the performance was, of course, in the day-time—was dimly admitted through colored curtains, and a depiction on canvas of the three worlds supplied the place of the mediæval scaffolding.

"Never was any drama a more complete practical protest against the doctrine of dramatical Unity of Place, (except so far as scenic arrangement was concerned;) for the play which was acted on the occasion of my visit began with the creation of the world; and after comprehending, in theory or in representation, the principal events of the first four thousand years, concluded with our Saviour's pilgrimage upon earth! Paradise was, by a figure of speech, the first scene of the first act. There was Adam and Eve, at first the solitary dramatic personae,—then came the animals, (by a gentle anachronism,) "pawing to get free." Then came the tempting evil spirit, and finally the expelling and avenging angel. But by a grotesque perversion, the former was represented by a fair woman, and the latter by a dark and bearded man, burnt apparently from immemorial time by the fierceness of a Roussillon sun.

When, in process of time, the play arrived at the deluge, the voyage of the ark was *supposed*; much as the triple voyage from Thessaly to Euboea is supposed in the Trachiniae. This, in fact, was a happy arrangement for the denizens of the pit, under the circumstance of the elevation of the stage, and of the inconvenient laws of watery gravitation. Then came the pilgrimages of the Patriarchs—then the Egyptian plagues.

The wanderings in the Desert followed; and the Jewish kingdom at length was presented upon the stage. The costume of the actors nearly killed one with laughing; and the grandest attire that was then common in Catalonia was held to be the presumptuous fashion of ancient Jerusalem. The actors, too, were often wont to adorn themselves with gilt buckles and gilt buttons; and they occasionally appeared with their hair powdered in a manner which would have rendered it a mercy to the drama if Mr. Pitt's hair-powder tax had extended to Cerdagne and Roussillon."

Then followed the representation of the principal events in the life of the Redeemer. The introduction of such scenes must necessarily shock the feelings of Englishmen; yet we should not, perhaps, stigmatize them as profanity, upon a candid consideration of the genius of that form of continental worship which addresses itself so much to the senses, especially of the lower and more ignorant grades of society. And, indeed, we learn from the pages before us, that during the representation of this part of the drama the attitude of the audience was uniformly serious and attentive. What, in fact, from its novelty, might to an English spectator or auditor be either revolting or ridiculous, habit rendered to the simple and superstitious people an exhibition solemn, tragic, and instructive. To complete the mediæval character of the whole performance, the miracle-play was

succeeded by a comedy; thus forcibly reminding us of those jolly old fellows of the middle ages, "the clerks of the revels," as the tragedy recalls to our recollection the venerable "Fraternity of the Passion."

So far as to regions that have been more or less visited by travellers who journey from France into Spain through the passes of the Pyrenees. We shall now avail ourselves of the author's experiences in his visit to a district which we believe but few Englishmen have ever entered, and of which, so far as we are aware, no account has heretofore existed in our language. And yet this is an ancient commonwealth—nearly as ancient a state as any now existing in Europe. It is only in mountain fastnesses that such a political phenomenon could exist as a state which, too small and too poor to stimulate the cupidity of neighboring nations—too weak to excite their apprehensions, and too inaccessible to interfere with their political views—a locality which, from its position, difficult to conquer and to hold, and when conquered, not worth the holding—is therefore left to manage its own affairs as best it may. And thus it has happened to Andorre, as it has happened to another mountain-girdled republic in Italy—San Marino—that it continues in its integrity through all surrounding changes. Despite of the state of periodical revolutions which has become well nigh a chronic disease in its northern neighbor France, and the perpetual political troubles and changes which make the monarchical state of its southern neighbor, Spain, as anarchical and unstable as dynastic revolutions could make her—despite of all these, it is a truly wonderful thing to see this little republic to-day nearly what it was in the ninth century—governed by its old traditional laws, and enjoying its rude freedom, and presenting nearly the identical form of government which it enjoyed in the days of Charlemagne and Louis le Debonnaire. Still, if there be no change, there can be no progress; and we must, of course, expect that whatever liberty and conservative stability this little place may boast, these blessings must be dearly purchased by the very primitive condition, both as regards civilization and literature, in which its people must be, as it were, held motionless. And indeed it is very manifest, that throughout our author's details of his intercourse with the distin-

guished members of the Andorrian republic, there runs an under-current of satirical humor and mockery that indicates he looked upon the people much in the same light that he would contemplate a tribe of savages in central Africa or in one of the Polynesias.

There are three routes that lead to Andorre. That which leads to it by the baths in Ariège was selected; and after a somewhat ludicrous discussion with the douanier at the frontier, the author finds himself entering the little state. The first aspect was certainly not very promising. "On either side a waste wilderness, alternately of mountain and valley, clothed, indeed, with verdure, but not a tree, a human habitation, or a human being;" and so he proceeded with his guide till the course led them into a valley, where, "in a region which partook partly of the character of an English quagmire and partly of that of an Irish bog," almost every trace of the narrow pathway—the high road to the republic—along which they had been travelling, disappeared. Well, on he journeys, and our inquisitive searcher after ancient constitutions speedily comes to the conclusion that this stronghold of time-honored conservative institutions was "a republic without a road, without a house, without a river, without a trade, without a place of learning, without an educated person!" This picture is a little overcharged: seeing that there are men in the district, it follows that there must be habitations of some sort; in fact, there are three villages besides the capital. The nearest was Soulden, where he had the gratification of learning he could sleep "*avec les moutons*," beyond that was Canillo, and farther still Encamp. In the former, however, he puts up, sups in the common kitchen with the rest of the inmates by the light of the flambeau of pine wood, and sleeps in the only bedroom of the village. The Syndic or head of the republic chanced at the time to be rusticated in the neighborhood of Canillo, and thither, of course, our traveller proceeds to pay his respects. Having ascended a flight of steps of a very rude and unpalatial character, he enters a dark chamber illuminated by the light of the fire; its only furniture were a table and a bench. On the latter two men were sitting; one of them rose.

"He was an intelligent-looking man, of about
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fifty-five; but with a dark and sun-burnt complexion. The expression of his eyes bespoke a kindness of heart; his manner gave him a certain patriarchal air, dignified, yet simple. He wore a vestment, which was neither a coat nor a jacket; knee-breeches; shoes and stockings of a rough manufacture; a something of blue which girded his waist, and might have been a twisted apron; and finally, a long-pointed red cap, the extremity of which hung downwards to his shoulders. His dress differed little from that of the peasantry around him, which is not very dissimilar to the dress of the inhabitants of High Catalonia."

This was the Syndic whose knowledge of sheep was much more profound than his skill in legislation, and whose acquaintance with European politics was just so much as that he knew there was a war between Russia and France, but was ignorant that England was engaged in it. It may be readily conjectured that this simple shepherd-king had not much taste for political disquisitions. Indeed, he seems for a time to have contrived to *dodge* the troublesome attempts of his over-curious visitor to seduce him into a discussion of state affairs; and, in fine, he edified him with some views on commerce and political economy, then (and of course at all times theretofore) in fashion with the worthy Andorrians, that evidently astonished our English friend. A very amusing account is given of the government house and council chamber, in a vein of pleasant humor, which inclines us to the belief that our vivacious traveller put a great deal of solemn hoaxing upon those simple rustics; for instance, he actually induced the good Syndic to attire himself in his robes of state, consisting of a long, black, straight-collared coat, adorned with two rows of buttons of Brobdingnagian dimensions, and a low, black, turned-up hat—something between an admiral's and a bishop's—and he had finally the effrontery (the solemn wag, if he be not hoaxing us too), in leave-taking, to assure "His Excellency of the cordiality with which Her Majesty's ministers would receive him, if he should ever visit London in the capacity of representative of his country."

Leaving the republic for a season, the author passed into the territory of Urgel, whose bishop, in conjunction with the French government, enjoys a nominal protectorate over Andorre. Upon his return he had the honor to be present at a full assembly of the twenty-four councillors of state on the occasion of a discussion

touching the necessary measures for the defence of the state against the irruption of Catalonian brigands. Before we leave the subject of Andorre, we cannot do better than extract from the volume before us some outline of the constitution and history of that singular republic:

"The people of Andorre, according to the earliest charter, owe their independence to an event which threatened the subjugation of Europe. The first authentic traditions of the Republic extend beyond the age of Charlemagne, and their earliest written documents bear the signature, in behalf of that emperor, of Louis le Debonnaire. The Andorrians and the Catalonians were in those early periods a common race. The whole region of Catalonia being endangered, toward the close of the eighth century, by the progress of the Moorish arms, the population, in 778, sent a deputation to Charlemagne, imploring his support in defence of their independence and of the Christian faith. The Frankish king, accompanied by his paladins, crossed the Pyrenees, and united his army in the valley of Urgel with the assembled forces of Catalonia, which chiefly consisted of the mountaineers of the district of Andorre. After a brilliant campaign, he effected the extirpation of the Moors as far as the left bank of the Ebro. He then proceeded to establish a military and political organization for the defence of the invaded territory. He recognized in the Andorrians certain peculiar rights, which he afterwards more clearly defined, and granted at the same time to the bishopric and church of Urgel the tithes of the six parishes into which their valleys were even at that very early period divided. Here, then, arose the germ of the independence of Andorre, and here also the germ of the pretensions which were afterwards displayed by the see of Urgel.

"A second irruption of the Moors having again threatened that independence which the institutions of Charlemagne were intended to preserve, the Emperor of the Romans entrusted the reestablishment of peace to his son Louis le Debonnaire. The joint authority of Charlemagne and of Louis had rewarded the military services of the Andorrians by the grant of their political independence. The ancient document which founded the Republic of Andorre dates from the year 805, and bears the signature of Louis le Debonnaire, who has always been known to the republic by the title of Ludovicus Pius."

The original of this deed is still preserved in the archives of the republic, and the author was fortunate enough to be allowed to peruse whatever portion of its contents were still legible. It would appear that Louis acted by the authority of Charlemagne, and the au-

thor tells us that the confirmations of this charter are attested by the signatures of the succeeding emperors.

In its conclusion there is a recommendation which, so far as the testimony of the author goes, we would imagine has been very faithfully adopted—namely, that the people of Andorre should "establish an absolute equality of rights in their mutual relations, and ignore peculiar privileges and distinction of ranks."

This independence was disturbed by assailants, spiritual and temporal. The Bishop of Urgel, on the one hand, asserted the subordination of the republic to the Church, which he enforced by the customary sacerdotal fulminations: on the other hand, Charlemagne the Bald made a grant of the sovereignty to the Count of Urgel as a reward for services. The contest between the two wolves for the unhappy carcase was arranged by their uniting for the purpose of sharing the prey, but that alliance ended as all lupine federations are sure to end—they fought over the spoil, again arranged their difference, and again quarrelled, and when both parties were exhausted, they finally settled the matter by establishing a "Protectorate in Common;" and at this day the Court of the Tuileries and the Bishop of Urgel are the protectors of the republic—protection meaning, we presume, the right to levy an annual tribute from a state that needs no other or better protection than that which nature and their own unobtrusive seclusion affords.

"The source of the sovereign authority of Andorre consists in the Legislative Councillor of each district. Their councillors are not absolutely identical, as a body, with the landed proprietors, who are a clan somewhat more numerous. They sit, not in virtue of property or election, but as hereditary legislators. The ancestors of certain families now in possession of a share of the soil, obtained, in whatever manner—and on this point great obscurity generally rests—a right of legislation within the district in which their property was situated.

"It is competent to the hereditary legislators to add to their number, by summoning at any time an unfranchised proprietor to the Council; and as the more ancient and considerable landholders are already found among this body, it has naturally become their practice to elect any excluded member who may approach themselves in point of territorial consideration.

"The executive functions of each of their six districts are confided in two consuls, who are members of the supreme Council."

There is also a central or supreme council of twenty-four in number, and is formed by the representatives of each of the six parishes, consisting of the two consuls and the two ex-consuls—which thus gives the advantage of a continual rotation of members. This council elects the Syndic, whose office is nominally held at the pleasure of the council, but virtually for life. In relation to the land tenure of Andorre we have some interesting information. A portion, generally the valleys, belong to the state, while the higher lands are individual property. The sub-division of the public lands amongst the parishes, according to their population, and the right of commonage enjoyed by each individual, indicate an arrangement as equitable as it is simple, yet capable of existing only in a state whose social polity is of that primitive nature that it neither admits of or requires any complex relations. What is, perhaps, the most surprising, as it will be in the opinion of many the most enviable, condition of the Andorrans, is that they have no written law! Should the worthy Syndic in an evil hour be induced to accept the invitation of our author and come to London, how will he look aghast at the gigantic Ossa of our "statutes at large," to say nothing of the Pelion of commentary which our Titanic legists have piled up thereon, in the vain attempt to reach the heaven of justice. No written law! ay, and hear it, ye boastful Britons, no trial by jury. Equity and custom, the dictates of their simple consciences, and the usages of the state, alone guide the judges in their decisions, and yet it works well—at least so says the writer of this volume.

Another trait which unmistakably marks the barbarism of Andorre, is this: "With scarcely any exception, the duties of the state are gratuitously discharged by the authorities on whom they fall!" We rather imagine there is not much competition for the Civil Service, and that competitive examinations are scandalously neglected. But the system is carried further still, and even the soldiers serve gratuitously, the only aid afforded being to individuals who are too poor to purchase the necessary equipments, which in that case are supplied to them by the state.

Upon the whole review of this interesting little community, one cannot help entertaining very serious doubts that their condition would be improved by a participation of the civilization, such as it is, with all its drawbacks, which their neighbors on either side of them possess. Compared with Spain, their lot appears to us to be enviable indeed—and a comparison of their contented and peaceful virtue with the misery and demoralization of the French borderers, affords a contrast decidedly in favor of the state of Andorre. We will sum up in the words in which our author concludes his very pleasant and instructive work, as he estimates the character of the Andorrans:

"They possess the intrinsic qualifications in as great a degree as they want the artificial elements, of real wealth. And if there is no community in the world which fully represents the conditions of a perfect moral state, yet where can so fair a Utopia be conceived as in the heart of mountains, secluded from the interests and influences of the common world, adorned by the beautiful in Nature, and peopled by all that is simple, and just, and benevolent in Man?"

THERE is a story in the East that a certain King commanded his Vazir to give him specimens of all the most remarkable languages in the world. The Vazir, a sort of Mezzofanti in his way, went on for some time with his task, now quoting an author in this language and now in that, when suddenly he stopped, seemed to ponder for a time, and then craved permission to be absent a moment from the Darbär. Permission being granted, he went out, but presently returned with a metal pot half filled with stones, which he shook so

as to make an intolerable noise. The King asked the meaning of this strange behavior. "Asylum of the world," replied the Vazir, "I am now to the best of my feeble ability furnishing your Majesty with a specimen of Púsh-tú, to the pronunciation of which these sounds are the nearest approach that can be made." Whether from this proverbial ruggedness of sound, or not, certain it is that few languages spoken over so large a tract of country have received so little attention as the Afghan.—*Notice of a New Afghan Grammar.*

From Tait's Magazine.

SIR JOHN ROSS, THE ARCTIC VOYAGER.

THE death of this celebrated voyager, on the 31st August last, at 43 Gillingham street, Pinlicko, reminds us that his name was, some twenty-three years ago, in everybody's mouth, and the interest excited, in recent times, concerning Sir John Franklin, was never so great or so absorbing as was that created by the long absence of Captain Ross in the Polar regions. From the 27th of July, 1829, when he left the port of Wideford, in Greenland, where he had been obliged to refit—his vessel, the *Victory*, having lost her mainmast—till he and his crew were picked up in a most miserable condition, in August, 1833, by Captain R. W. Humphreys, of the *Isabella*, of Hull, his own old ship, no information that could be relied upon had been received at home of his expedition, and most people had given him up for lost. That expedition was undertaken chiefly through the liberal pecuniary aid of a private individual. The person who came forward to further the renewed search for a north-west passage was Sir Felix Booth, the eminent distiller, then Sheriff of London; and this gentleman received his baronetcy in 1834, for the assistance he had so munificently rendered to Captain Ross on that occasion.

With the history of Arctic discovery, the name of Sir John Ross is indissolubly linked. Like many other Scotsmen who have acquired distinction, he was reared in a manse. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Andrew Ross, minister of Inch, a parish in the western division of Wigtownshire, where he was born in 1777. His mother, Elizabeth Corsan, was a descendant of the Corsans of Mickleknox, who, for seventeen generations, were provosts of Dumfries, and at one period possessed a third part of that loyal burgh, celebrated for its "siller gun," and for being the place where Burns spent the latter unhappy years of his life, and where stands his mausoleum:

"The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given."

The name of Corsan, or, as it is now altered into, Carson, is very prevalent in Dumfriesshire. The late learned Dr. Aglionby Ross Carson, rector of the High School, Edinburgh, who died on the 4th of November, 1850, was a native of that county.

The Corsans came from Italy. The first of them in Scotland was a gentleman of the Corsini family, who, about the year 1280, accompanied an abbot of New Abbey, to Kirkcudbrightshire, and settled in Galloway. This abbey, then called New, was founded by Devorgilla, the mother of John Baliol, and after her death, it was known by the name of *Dulce-cor*—that is, Sweetheart Abbey, from the heart of the husband of the foundress, John Baliol, of Bernard Castle, embalmed, and placed in a box of ivory, being buried with herself, near the high altar.

The parish of Inch, the birthplace of Sir John Ross, forms part of an isthmus between Loch Ryan and Luce Bay, and was at one period, in very ancient times, covered by the sea. At intervals throughout its extent, there are curious hollows, of various sizes, locally called "pots," which are supposed to have been scooped out by an eddying motion of the retiring billows. The name Inch is derived from the British *Ynys*, or the Gaelic *Inis*, and signifies an island. There are three or four parishes of the name in Scotland, as well as numerous places having the word for an adjunct, such as Inchaffray, Inchcolm, &c. It is also used to denote level ground near a river, as the North and South Inches at Perth.

The future Arctic voyager entered the Navy in 1786, and after being a midshipman for fifteen years, he was promoted to be lieutenant, in 1801. In 1806, when lieutenant of the *Surinam*, he was wounded in cutting out a Spanish vessel from under the batteries of Bilbao. In 1812, he was appointed commander of the *Briseis*, on the Baltic station. With his lieutenant, a midshipman, and eighteen men, he gallantly attacked and re-captured an English

merchant ship, armed with six guns and four swivels, and defended by a party of French troops. Subsequently, he captured also a French privateer, and drove on shore three other vessels of the same description. In 1814, Captain Ross was appointed to the *Actæon*, 16 guns, and in 1815, to the *Driver* sloop.

He became a post-captain in 1818, the year which was distinguished as the commencement of his Arctic career. The extraordinary changes reported to have taken place in the state of the Polar Sea, determined the Government to send out an expedition for Arctic discovery, the command of which was given to Captain Ross, who was directed to explore Baffin's Bay, and search for a north-west passage from it into the Frozen Ocean, and thence into the Pacific. Parliament offered a premium of twenty thousands sterling to the first vessel which should reach the North Pole, and pass it. The vessels employed were the *Isabella*, of 368 tons, commanded by Ross himself, and the brig *Alexander*, of 252 tons, under Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Edward Parry. The chief geographical result of his voyage was the more accurate determination of the situation of Baffin's Bay, which, until then, was believed to extend ten degrees farther to the east than it actually does, and the re-discovery of Lancaster Sound, up which, however, he did not continue his progress far enough to find that it was open. He was obliged to leave the coast on account of danger from the ice, and on his return, he published an account of his expedition under the title of "*Voyage of Discovery for the purpose of Exploring Baffin's Bay.*" London, 1819, quarto.

In this expedition, Captain Ross but cleared the way for his more fortunate successor, Sir Edward Parry. His discoveries and adventures had excited a strong desire in the public mind to know more of those bleak and inhospitable regions where perpetual winter reigns. He had stated his belief that Lancaster Sound was closed by a chain of mountains, and, anxious to show that no such mountains existed, Sir Edward Parry, his second in command, made such representations to the Admiralty as induced the Government to send another expedition to the same place. Of this expedition, Parry was appointed the chief, his vessels being the *Hecla* and the *Griper*. On this occasion Government offered prizes of from £5000

to £15,000 to those vessels which should reach certain points in the Arctic seas. Having penetrated to past the meridian of 110 degrees west longitude, within the Arctic Circle, Parry and his companions became entitled to £5000 of the sums offered by Government for the encouragement of Arctic enterprise. Of this award one thousand pounds fell to the commander's share. He was subsequently in command of three other expeditions to the frozen north, and for his services was knighted in 1829.

It was in that year that Captain Ross was enabled, through the munificent aid of his friend, Mr. Felix Booth, to undertake another expedition into the Arctic seas, with a view to determine the practicability of a new passage which had been confidently said to exist, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet. In May of the year mentioned, he set sail from London in the *Victory* steamer, with his nephew, Commander Ross, as second in command. This intrepid officer, afterwards Captain Sir James Clark Ross, had accompanied his uncle in his first expedition. He had also been engaged under Sir Edward Parry, in all his voyages to the Polar Seas.

Captain Ross fixed 1832 as the period of his return, but as that year came and passed, and nothing was heard from him, a public subscription was set on foot for fitting out an expedition to go in search of him. The sum of £7000 was raised, the Treasury contributing liberally, and Captain Back, whose experience eminently qualified him for the service, was appointed to conduct it. He sailed in the spring of 1833, but received intelligence of Captain Ross's return in time to prevent him from encountering any dangers in the prosecution of the search.

The sufferings of Captain Ross and his crews during their protracted stay in the Arctic regions, were of the severest description. After passing three winters of unparalleled rigor, their provisions being consumed, they were obliged to abandon the *Victory*, which they did in May, 1832, and, after a journey over the ice, of uncommon labor and hardship, extending to nearly three hundred miles, they reached Fury Beach, in the month of July. "During this journey," we are told, "they had not only to carry their provisions and sick, but also a supply of fuel; without melting snow they could not procure even

a drink of water." Winter set in, and no choice was left but to retrace their steps, and spend another inclement season in canvas covered with snow." In August, 1833, they fell in with the *Isabella*, and were taken on board, "after having been four years lost to the civilized world." Well do we remember the general feeling of satisfaction which was expressed throughout the kingdom on Captain Ross's return.

The narrative of this second expedition was published in 1835, in a quarto volume of 350 pages. Its great results were the discovery of Boothia Felix—a country larger than Great Britain, and so called after Mr., afterwards Sir Felix, Booth, who had assisted Captain Ross in fitting out the expedition—and the true position of the North Magnetic Pole. The latter was discovered by Captain Ross's nephew, who had the honor of placing thereon the British flag. He had the departments of astronomy, natural history, and surveying, in the expedition.

In consequence of his Arctic voyages, Captain Ross received numerous marks of public approbation. In 1834, he was knighted and made a companion of the Order of the Bath. The freedom of the cities of London, Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and other towns, was bestowed upon him. He was presented with gold medals from the Geographical Society of London, the Geographical Institute of Paris, the Royal Societies of Sweden, Austria, Denmark, &c. Foreign powers also marked their sense of his discoveries. He was appointed a Commander of the Sword of Sweden; a Knight of the Second Class of St. Anne of Russia, (in diamonds); the Second Class of the Legion of Honor of France; the Second Class of the Red Eagle of Prussia; and the Second Class of Leopold of Belgium. He also got six gold snuff-boxes from Russia, Holland, Denmark, Austria, London, and Baden; a sword of the value of one hundred pounds, from the Patriotic Fund; and one, of the value of two hundred pounds, from the King of Sweden, for service in the Baltic and White Seas, and various other acknowledgments.

In 1838, Sir John Ross was appointed British Consul at Stockholm, and he held that office till 1844. When Sir John Franklin went out on his last fatal expedition, his friend, Sir John Ross, made him a promise that if he should be lost he would sail for the Arctic regions and look

for him. This promise he kept. In 1850, at the age of seventy-three, Sir John went out in the *Felix*, a small vessel of no more than ninety tons. He remained a winter in the ice, and would have staid a second year, had his means allowed. He relinquished his half pay and his pensions for the cause he had so much at heart, yet the Admiralty refused to contribute even a portion of the necessary stores. Though the first of our Arctic voyagers, he was excluded from the Arctic councils, at which his experience and advice would have been very valuable. In the spring of 1855, he published a pamphlet on his ill-treatment. He was likewise the author of "Letters to Young Sea Officers," "Memoirs of Lord de Saumarez," "A Treatise on Steam Navigation," &c. At the time of his death he was a Rear-Admiral.

We cannot better conclude this brief and altogether inadequate sketch of the late Sir John Ross than by quoting the following passage, relative to the results and benefits which have accrued from the prosecution of Arctic discovery, from an address delivered by Rear-Admiral F. W. Beechey, to the Royal Geographical Society, at its last anniversary meeting:

"It is now nearly forty years," he said, "since the revival of our Polar voyages, during which period they have been prosecuted with more or less success, until, at length, the great problem has been solved. Besides this grand solution of the question, these voyages have, in various ways, been beneficial, and science, at least, has reaped her harvest. They have brought us acquainted with a portion of the globe before unknown. They have acquired for us a vast addition to our stores of knowledge, in magnetism, so important an element in the safe conduct of our ships; in meteorology, in geography, natural and physical; and which has led to the prosecution of like discoveries in the regions of the Antarctic pole. They have shown us what the human frame is capable of undergoing and of accomplishing, under great severity of climate and privation. They have opened out various sources of curious inquiry as to the existence, at some remote period, of tropical plants and tropical animals in those now icy regions, and of other matters interesting and useful to man. They have, in short, expunged the blot of obscurity which would otherwise have hung over and disfigured the page of the history of this enlightened age, and, if we except the lamentable fate which befell the expedition under Sir John Franklin, we shall find that they have been attended with as little, if not less, average loss of life than that of the ordinary course of mankind. And if any one should be disposed

to weigh their advantages in the scale of pecuniary profit, they will find that there also they have yielded fruit, if not to us, at least to a sister nation in whose welfare we are greatly interested, and whose generous sympathy in the fate of our countrymen endears her to us, and would render it impossible that we should begrudge her this portion of the advantage of our labors. I need hardly remind you of the report from the Secretary of the United States Navy to the Senate, to the effect that, in consequence of information derived from one of our Arctic expeditions to Behring's Straits, a trade had sprung up in America by the capture of whales, to the North of that Strait, of more value to the States than all the commerce with what is called the East; and that in two years, there had been added to the national wealth of America, from this source alone, more than eight millions of dollars."

Thus whilst Sir John Ross saw the honors and the rewards of active discovery bestowed on others, and but a small portion of them, niggardly and grudgingly, awarded to himself, Great Britain sees the profit of it seized and enjoyed by America. Eight millions of dollars in two years! It is a great sum; and this country, satisfied with the glory of having opened up this new field of enterprise, by the skill, and daring, and unparalleled suffering of her sons, is content to leave to Brother Jonathan the entire benefit of it, so far as trade and the whale fishery are concerned. Does not this fact, it has been asked, involve a grave reflection on the spirit and enterprise of our mercantile mariners?

CORONATION CEREMONIES AT MOSCOW.

[As a fitting accompaniment to the portrait of the Emperor of Russia, which embellishes our present number, we give a graphic description of the Imperial Coronation and its attending ceremonies of different kinds, extending through a number of days, from the magic pen of Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*. It was a magnificent wonder, surpassing all precedent in modern times, costing the Russian government five millions of dollars in its various ceremonies and gorgeous spectacles. The vast gathering of military and tributary chieftains and other celebrities from various lands and governments, as well as an innumerable crowd of other personages of less note, must have added greatly to the scene of imposing grandeur. The whole is worthy of record, and will be read with interest as the description of a scene of no ordinary occurrence.]

THE CZAR'S ENTRY INTO MOSCOW.

THE NATURE OF THE SPECTACLE—ITS COST.

It would be as difficult to describe this dazzling pageant as it would be to give an accurate account of a grand spectacle at the theatre. In all its component parts it was magnificent and effective. The wealth of a vast empire was poured out with a profuseness almost barbaric, and displayed with a taste founded on Oriental traditions, and modified by European civilization. Instead of a narrow stage, the scene was laid in the ancient metropolis of the largest empire the world has ever seen; instead of tinsel and mock finery, gold and silver and diamonds flashed in the real sunlight. He who played the part of an Emperor was indeed an Emperor; and those who appeared as Empresses, Marshals, and soldiers, were what they seemed to be; but after all, when amid the blare of trumpets, the clanging of bells, and the roar of the populace, the glorious pageant had passed away in a parti-colored blaze of light, what was left but the recollection of the transitory pleasure of the eye, and of the indescribable excitement which the memory in vain endeavored to recall of all that had at the moment produced such irresistible effects?

Each impression, strong as it is, for an instant, is removed by the incidents of that which followed it, and the mind fruitlessly strives to reconstruct the succession of emotions which have died away, and to restore, as it were, the order of the events by which those emotions were produced. It may fairly be asserted that no stranger who was present ever beheld the like of the ceremonial of to-day. It was quite *sui generis*—the devotion and highly excited religious feeling of the sovereign and his people, and their acts of public prostration, recalled the faith, or, at all events, the practices, of past ages, and offered a strange contrast to the actuality of the military power combined with this national faith which menaces the future rather than the present. The gorgeousness of the carriages and uniforms, liveries and horse trappings, was worthy of the Cæsars, or some of the great Oriental conquerors; and it is said that the coronation will cost Russia no less than 6,000,000 roubles, or £1,000,000 sterling.

WARNING OF THE EMPEROR'S APPROACH.

At last the men stand to their arms for the third time, and a hum of many suppressed voices runs along the streets. A dull heavy noise, like the single beat of a deep drum, is heard a long way off. It is the first *coup de canon* of the nine which announces that the Emperor is on his way to the entrance of his ancient capital. In a moment, far and wide the chimes of some 400 churches, scattered, as it were, broadcast all over the great city, ring out their stupendous clamor, which is musical in the depth of its tumult, and the crowd settles into an attitude of profound expectation and repose.

APPEARANCE OF THE PROCESSION—THE MILITARY.

In a few moments more the flourishing of trumpets and the strains of martial music rise above all this tumult, and the trumpet band of the Rifles of the Guard, close at hand, commence with a wild *alerte*, which is subdued after a time to the measure of a quick march. A few moments of suspense pass heavily, and at length there appears on the red path of sand which looks like a carpet spread in the roadway, a small party of Gendarmes-a-Cheval, preceded by a *maitre de police*

in full uniform. This latter officer is not like the quiet gentlemen who administer justice in Bow Street or Guildhall, nor does he resemble the more formidable-looking personages who, in round hats and silver-bound collars, ride on whirlwinds and direct the storm of popular enthusiasm in England. He is a soldier every inch, from plumed casque to spur, mounted on a prancing war-horse, and clad in a rich uniform; two and two, one at each side of the way, his gendarmes follow him in light blue uniform with white facings, and with helmets and plumes also. They are fine-looking dragoons, and ride splendid horses. Behind them—but who shall describe these warlike figures which come on to their own music of clinking steel and jingling of armor? They fill up the whole roadway with a flood of color. Such might have been the Crusaders, or rather such might have been the Knights of Saladin, when the Cross and the Crescent met in battle. Mounted on high-bred, spirited horses, which are covered with rich trappings of an antique character, the escort of the Emperor comes by, and calls us at once back to the days of Ivan the Terrible. Their heads are covered with a fine chain armor—so fine, indeed, that some of them wear it as a veil before their faces. This mail falls over the neck and covers the back and chest, and beneath it glisten rich doublets of yellow silk. Some of the escort carry lances with bright pennons. All armed with antique carabines, pistols, and curved swords. Their saddles are crested with silver, and rich scarfs and sashes decorate their waists. Their handsome faces and slight sinewy frames indicate their origin. These are of that Circassian race, which, mingling its blood with the Turks, have removed from them that stigma of excessive ugliness that once, according to old historians, affrighted Europe. Their influence on the old Muscovite type is said to be equally great, and the families which are allied with the Circassians, Mingrelians, or Georgians, exhibit, we are told, a marked difference from the pure and unmixed breed of Russian origin.

The whole breadth of the street was now occupied by a glittering mass of pennons, armor, plumes, steel, and bright colors; the air was filled with the sounds of popular delight, the champing of bits and clinking of weapons, the flourishing of trumpets, and, above all, the loud voices

of the bells. Close behind the Circassian escort and the wild Bashkirs comes a squadron of the Division of the Black Sea Cossacks of the Guard, in large flat black sheepskin caps, with red skull-pieces, long lances, the shafts painted red, and the pennons colored blue, white, and red; their jackets of scarlet; their horses small, handsome, and full of spirit.

The forest of red lance shafts through which one looked, gave a most curious aspect to the gay cavalcade. A squadron of the Regiment of Cossacks of the Guard in blue, follows. Except in the shape of the head-dress, which is like one of our shakos in the olden time, and the color of their uniform, these men resemble the Black Sea Cossacks.

THE NOBLESSE.

Suggesting some strange likenesses and comparisons, there follows after these 400 Cossacks a large body of the *haute noblesse* on horseback and in uniform, two and two, headed by the Marshal of the Nobility for the District of Moscow. Nearly all of these nobles are in military uniforms; those who are not, wear the old Russian boyard's dress, a tunic glistening with precious stones, golden belts studded with diamonds, and high caps with *aigrettes* of brilliants. On their breasts are orders, stars, crosses, ribands, innumerable. Menshikoffs, Rostopchins, Galitzins, Woronzoffs, Gortschakoffs, Strogonoffs, Cheremetieffs, Platoffs, Tolstoys, and the bearers of many other names unknown in Western Europe before the last century, are there carrying whole fortunes on their backs, the rulers and masters of millions of their fellow men; but, brilliant as they are, the interest they excite soon passes away when the next gorgeous cavalcade approaches.

THE ASIATIC DEPUTIES.

This consists of the deputies of the various Asiatic *peuplades* or races which have submitted to Russia, all on horseback, two by two. Here may be seen the costume of every age at one view, and all as rich as wealth, old family treasures, hoarded plunder, and modern taste, can make it. Bashkirs and Circassians, Tcherekess, Abassians, in coats of mail and surcoats of fine chain armor, Calmucks, Tartars of Kazan and the Crimea, Mingre-

lians, Karapapaks, Daghistanhis, Armenians, the people of Gouriel and Georgia, the inhabitants of the borders of the Caspian, Kurds, people of Astrakhan, Samoiedes, wild mountaineers from distant ranges to which the speculations of even the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" have never wandered, Chinese from the Siberian frontiers, Mongols, and, strange beings like Caliban in court-dress. Some of them had their uncovered hair plaited curiously with gold coins; others wore on the head only a small flat plate of precious metal just over the forehead; others sheepskin head-dresses studded with jewels; old matchlocks that might have rung on the battle-fields of Ivan Veliki, battle-axes, lances, scimitars, and daggers of every form, were borne by this gaudy throng, whose mode of riding offered ever possible variety of the way in which a man can sit on a horse. Some rode without stirrups, loose and graceful as the Greek warriors who live on the friezes of the Parthenon; others sat in a sort of legless arm-chair, with their knees drawn up after the manner of satorial equestrians. Every sort of bit, bridle, saddle, and horse trapping which has been used since horses were subjugated to man, could be seen here. Some of the saddle-cloths and holsters were of surpassing richness and splendor. In the midst of all these cavaliers, two attracted particular notice. One was a majestic-looking Turk, with an enormous beard and a towering turban, whose garments were of such a rich material and strange cut, that one was reminded immediately of the high priest in Rembrandt's picture, or of the old engravings of the sultan in old books of travel. The other was a young deputy from Gouriel, with clustering hair flowing down in curls from beneath a small patch of gold and jewels fixed on the top of the head, whose face and figure were strikingly handsome, and who was dressed in a magnificent suit of blue velvet *cramoisi*, flashing with precious stones. He was a veritable Eastern Antinous, and was well matched with his beautiful horse. This cavalcade of the "*peuplades soumises à la Russie*," was to strangers the most interesting part of the procession; but it passed too quickly by for the eye to decompose its ingredients. What stories of the greatness and magnificence of Russia will those people take back to their remote tribes! They went by bright, shifting, and indistinct as

a dream of the Arabian Nights. The only objection one could make to this part of the procession was that it was over too soon, and the eye wandered after it to the curve of the lines of soldiery that hid it from view.

THE EMPEROR'S HOUSEHOLD.

The ceremony is now becoming most exciting, for the carriages come in view round the turn of the street. They are preceded, however, by the *piqueur* of the Emperor on horseback, and 20 huntsmen in full livery, after whom rides in great grandeur, the Head Huntsman—the master of the Emperor's hounds, or the *Chef de la Venerie Imperiale*. The first vehicle is an open phaeton gilt richly from stem to stern, and lined with crimson velvet, drawn by six noble horses with the richest trappings; at the head of each horse there is a footman in cocked hat, green and gold livery, buckskins, and patent-leather jack-boots, who holds his charge by a richly-embossed rein; the driver, barring his livery, seems to have been abstracted from Buckingham Palace. In this gay vehicle are seated, in uniforms of green and gold, two Masters of the Ceremonies of the Court, with huge wands of office. This description, bad as it is, must suffice for the next open phaeton and its paraphernalia, in which is seated the Grand Master of the Ceremonies. After this carriage comes a Master of the Ceremonies, on horseback, followed by twenty-four Gentlemen of the Chamber, mounted on richly caparisoned horses, riding two and two. Another Master of the Ceremonies is next seen, preceding a cavalcade of twelve mounted chamberlains, who are stiff with gold lace, and covered with orders and ribands. Having got rid of an officer of the Imperial stables, who looks very like a field-marshal, and two Palefreniers in uniforms too rich for an English General, we turn our attention to the following objects: The second "*Charges de la Cour*," in gilt carriages, four and four, crimson velvet linings, green and gold footmen, and fine horses. Next the Marshal of the Court, in an open phaeton, gilt all over, with his grand baton of office flashing with gems. Next, the Grand "*Charges de la Cour*," by four, in gilt and crimson carriages, all and each drawn like the first, with running footmen and rich trappings,

"All clinquant—all in gold like heathen gods;
Every man that walked showed like a mine."

The members of the Imperial Council, in gilt carriages, followed the Grand "*Charges*"—all that is esteemed wise in Russia, skilful in diplomacy, and venerated for past services, grave, astute, and polished nobles and gentlemen, whose lives have been spent in devoted efforts for the aggrandizement of their country, and the promotion of the interests of their Imperial master, their breasts bear witness to the favor with which they have been regarded. It is with strange feelings one gazes on the representatives of a policy so crafty and so ambitious as that which is attributed to the Russian Court, and which in this 19th century is supported by no inconsiderable part of the learning and logic of the statesmen of Europe.

THE EMPEROR'S BODY GUARDS.

As the last of the train of carriages passes, a noise like distant thunder rolling along the street announces the approach of the Czar. But his presence is grandly heralded. Immediately after the members of the Council of the Empire, the Grand Marshal of the Court rides in an open phaeton, gilt like the rest; but, bright as is he and all about him, there comes after that compared with the lustre of which he is as a mote in the sun. In gilt casques of beautiful form and workmanship, surmounted by crest eagles of silver or gold, in milk-white coats and gilded cuirasses and back-plates, approach the giants of the first squadron of the Chevaliers Gardes of His Majesty the Emperor, each on a charger fit for a commander in battle. These are the picked men of 60,000,000 of the human race, and in stature they certainly exceed any troops I have ever seen. All their appointments are splendid, but it is said that they looked better in the days of the late Emperor, when they wore white buckskins and jack-boots, than they do now in their long trousers. The squadron was probably 200 strong, and the effect of the polished helmets, crests and armor, was dazzling. Their officers could scarcely be distinguished, except by their position and the extraordinary beauty and training of some of their horses, which slowly beat time, as it were, with their hoofs to the strains of the march. The First Squadron of the *Garde à Cheval* follows—

"—All furnished—all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bathed,
Glittering in golden coats like images."

So bright, so fine, that one is puzzled to decide which, they or the chevaliers, are the bravest.

THE CZAR.

But as we are debating the point, the tremendous cheering of the people and the measured hurrahs of the soldiers, the doffed hats and the reverences of the crowd, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the clash of presenting arms, warn us that the "Czar of all the Russias, of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from them," is at hand, and Alexander Nicolaievitch is before us. His Majesty is tall and well formed, although he does not in stature, or in grandeur of person, come near to his father. His face bears a resemblance to the portraits of the Emperor Nicholas, but the worshippers of his deceased Majesty declare that it is wanting in wonderful power of eye and dignity and intelligence of expression which characterized the father. His Majesty is dressed in the uniform of a general officer, and seems quite simply attired, after all the splendor which has gone past. He wears a burnished casque with a long plume of white, orange, and dark cock's feathers, a close fitting green tunic, with aguilletes and orders, and red trousers, and he guides his charger—a perfect model of symmetry—with ease and gracefulness. His features are full of emotion as he returns with a military salute on all sides the mad congratulations of his people, who really act as though the Deity were incarnate before them. It is said that several times his eyes ran over with tears. To all he gives the same acknowledgment—raising his extended hand to the side of his casque, so that the forefinger rises vertically by the rim in front of the ear. The effect of his presence is considerably marred by the proximity of his suite, who have gradually and perhaps unwittingly closed up till they are immediately behind his horse, instead of leaving him isolated, as he was when he quitted the palace of Petrovsky. Thus it happens that, before he reaches the spot where the spectator is placed, he is nearly lost amid the crowd behind him;

and that the moment he passes, his figure is swallowed up in the plumed suite who follow at his heels.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

Amid this crowd of great people we all search out the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE, whose keen stern eyes are piercing each window as he rides along. A countenance with more iron will, resolution, and energy stamped upon it, one rarely sees, and the Russians are not unjustifiably proud of the ability and activity he displayed when the allied squadron was expected at Cronstadt. His features and form are cast in the Romanoff mould, which the portraits of ALEXANDER and NICHOLAS have made pretty well known among us.

THE WIDOWED EMPRESS.

The Empress ALEXANDRA FEODOWNA, whose appearance excited the liveliest acclamations of the people, now passed before us, her feeble frame sustained by the part she had to play, so that she surprises those who know how weak and suffering she is when they see her *porte* and the graceful and animated bearing with which she acknowledges the cheers of the multitude. "Ah!" say they who think of the old Court, "who would ever imagine that she, who was as a feather in the air suspended by a breath, should live to see this day, and that he—*son Dieu*—should have died before her!" Her Majesty was right royally and imperially attired, but how I cannot say. A cloud of light drapery, through which diamonds shone like stars, floated around her, and on her head was a tiara of brilliants. The carriage in which she sat was a triumph of splendor—all gold and crimson velvet; and on the roof, which was composed of similar materials, was the likeness of an Imperial crown. The eight horses, which were attached to the carriage by trappings and cords of gold, were the most beautiful in the Imperial stables, and each was led with a golden bridle by a palefrenier in grand livery. To hide from her the coachman's back, perforce turned towards Her Majesty's face, there was an array of little pages who sat outside the coach on the rail with their backs towards the coachman's, and their round visages *vis-à-vis* that of the Empress.

CONDUCT OF THE POPULACE.

No accident of a serious character occurred in the streets, nor was there the smallest disturbance or violence, although the police, by order of the Emperor, were

kept out of view, and were not permitted to appear along the line of the procession. It is said that upwards of 500,000 persons were present at the ceremony, and their behavior on the occasion is certainly most exemplary.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR.

THE KREMLIN.

The Czar is now the Lord's anointed. The great ceremony which has consecrated his power in the eyes of so many millions of his subjects, has been performed with rare precision and success, and with a magnificence to which no historical pageant known to me can claim superiority. The day—how much of our grandest efforts depend on that which we cannot control—was beautiful. At sunrise all Moscow was up and stirring, and ere it was day the hum of voices and the tramp of feet rose from the streets. At 6 o'clock the Kremlin was assaulted by a sea of human beings, who lashed themselves angrily against the gates, and surged in like waves through the portals. This is to the Russians what the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the cathedrals, and the universities, all in one, would be to an Englishman: "It is the heart and the soul of Moscow, as Moscow is the heart and the soul of Russia." It is her historical monument and the temple of her faith. Against these walls have been broken the hordes which for so many centuries sought to destroy in its cradle the Hercules which was born to crush them, and within them have passed most of the great events which are the landmarks in Russian history. Here is all that is most precious and most sacred to the Russian race—the tombs of the kings, dukes, and czars, the palaces, the cathedrals, the treasures, the tribunals, the holy images, the miraculous relics, so dear to this giant of the Slavonic race. In form it is an irregular polygon, with a tower at each angle of the walls. It is bounded by the river on one side, and by boulevards marking the course of an ancient stream, now as dry as Cephisus, on the other, and its walls define accurately the size of the whole city of Moscow in the days of the early Czars.

I had intended a more minute descrip-

tion of this sacred spot, but for the present I must be content with saying so much.

THE CROWN JEWELS.

From the Salle d'Alexandre we pass on to the Hall of St. Andrew, at the end of which is the Imperial throne in purple and gold, with seven steps ascending to it. Above is emblazoned "*L'Œil de Dieu*," surrounded by a golden glory. The walls are covered with blue, the color of St. Andrew riband, with the armorial bearings of all the kingdoms, principalities, duchies, and provinces of the Russian Empire, and between the windows are represented in gilt relief the chain and cross of the Apostle. At the upper end of the hall, on the left-hand side, there is a great crowd of persons at one side of a small table. They are feasting their eyes on the crown, the sceptre, and the globe, which will be used presently in the great ceremony of the day. The only praise that can be given to diamonds belongs to those in the crown—they are very big and very bright. The crown is a cluster of Koh-i-noors, and there is a wreath of diamonds in the form of oak leaves around it which is dazzling as the sun himself. Many of these brilliants are the size of pistol-balls of the good old duelling diameter. As to the sceptre, there is a tip to it formed of a famous diamond, which one is almost afraid to talk about. I really would not venture to state how large it seems to be, and shall content myself by saying that this is the precious stone for which Catherine II. gave nearly £80,000 and a large pension for life to a runaway slave. (*Vide* every story-book). Turning away from those important ingredients in the ceremonial of to-day, let us look at what is curious or worthy of notice in the hall itself. The diamonds will remain for ever, and will be just regarded with the same feeling of traditionary stupid admiration as they are now, till some chymist fashion

them, like Prince Rupert's drops, by the dozen. There are objects here which will not last so long.

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT AGAINST
NAPOLEON I.

In two long lines, from door to door of the Hall of St. Andrew and of the Hall of St. George, are drawn up the Grenadiers of the Palace, the veterans of the last war. To me those fine old soldiers were more interesting and attractive than all the display of riches and the blaze of gold and silver around and above us. Their dress recalled the days of those Titanic struggles which shook all Europe. The huge bearskin cap, with white tassels and gilt cords, the ample, broad-chested coat and cross belts, and the white pantaloons with many buttons at the outer side from the knee to the foot, reminded one of the time when Kutusoff and Blucher and Murat and Wellington were the heroes of fast-recurring battles. These men are picked from various regiments, with some regard perhaps to size, but certainly with undoubted claims on the score of service, for there is not one of them who does not bear five or six ribands and crosses or medals on his breast. As you walk along that wall of soldiers it is difficult to believe that they have lived under three Emperors, and have fought against the great Napoleon. They are all in perfect preservation. The only thing to betray old age is a certain stiffness about the knee, and those implacable and invincible and inevitable wrinkles which will come upon us as records of so many lustres. The hair is jet black, the moustache is lustrous and dark as the boot which was wont to affright the *felina* of our boyhood, and the whiskers—for old Russia wore whiskers—are of the same fine polish. The surprise into which you may be thrown at such evidences of juvenility on the part of men who have seen the horrors of the Beresina, and who beheld Murat turn his back at Yaroslavitz, is removed, however, when you see that the veteran who touches his moustache blackens the fingers of his glove; he has had his hair dyed just as his boots have been polished—for effect. Some of these veterans are historical monuments—some have served under Suwaroff at Ismail and in Italy—others have marched triumphantly into Paris—others have crossed the Balkans with Diebitch. Of all their nu-

merous decorations these veterans seem to prize the Paris medal and riband the most, and they point to it with great pride, though it hangs amid memorials of tremendous battle-fields. How these rugged old warriors, the relics of Austerlitz, Friedland, Eylau, Pultowsk, and the Borodino must smile in their hearts at the medal which has this day been given away to nearly all Russia on account of the late war. The line in which the soldiers were dressed was perfect; the men were six paces apart, and from time to time the General on duty for the day moved up and down the ranks, took bearings with his eye from breast to breast, and dressed them with his own hands. They were of different height, being selected for merit and service, but on an average they were six feet high.

GORTSCHAKOFF AND MENSCHIKOFF.

In a quiet group, beside a golden pillar, there stands Gortschakoff, whose name will be ever associated with that masterly retreat which deprived France and England of half their triumph. When last the writer saw that gaunt great figure it was stalking up the aisle of St. Paul's at the funeral of our great Duke. Since then years—and a few months which brought with them such cares as years seldom know—have bowed down his figure, and have wrinkled that broad high brow. The Prince is covered with orders, crosses, and ribands; stars of diamonds glitter on his breast; but there is an air of gravity and care about him which shows that these honors have not been lightly bought. His eyes are dim, and the use of a pair of black-mounted spectacles adds to the severity of the expression of his face. It is very striking indeed to see the number of Russian officers who are obliged to resort to such aids to imperfect vision. There must be something peculiar in their habits, or in the climate, which renders it necessary for a large proportion of military men to wear glasses.

In another spot Prince Menschikoff, who is still a favorite with the Russians, is speaking with his usual dryness of manner to an attentive little audience. The Prince is very sore respecting the criticism to which he has been exposed for his plan of defence at the Alma; and the letters which have appeared in the public

papers from him and his accusers, are a new feature in Russian journalism. The Prince's friends say that his plan was frustrated by the neglect of the General who commanded the left wing to carry out his instructions; these were, to allow five or six battalions of the French to get up to the edge of the plateau, and then to attack them, and hurl them down on the columns ascending from below; but instead of doing so, the General permitted nine or ten battalions and a battery of artillery to crown the heights ere he assailed them with all his force, and then they were too strong to be dislodged. However this may be, it is certain that the Russians regard Prince Menschikoff as the most accomplished General they possess, so far as regards the theory of war. He is extremely well-read in many branches of learning, and is said to be as various and versatile as our own Achitophel—chymist, doctor, naturalist, geologist, lawyer, diplomatist, soldier, sailor, etc. His manner is imperious and harsh, albeit he is given to theory and reverie rather than action, and he never "receives" at his house, or studies the arts of popularity.

MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS.

Amid these warriors and statesmen, ladies in full court dress are pressing towards the inner apartments of the palace, radiant with diamonds, for the display of which the Muscovite head-dress now in vogue is peculiarly adapted. This consists of a high circlet or coronet of satin velvet, or cloth, which encompasses the top of the head, and is studded with precious stones. Persians, in high black sheepskin caps, and rich loose dresses of finest silk, and gossamer shawls—flat-faced Tartar deputies, wild delegates from the further Caspian littoral, Georgians, Circassians, Abasses, Tcherkesses, Mingrelians, Ourelians, Moguls, Gourians, Daghestantees, Koords, Lapps, Kalmucks, Khirgesses, Cossacks—mingling with Russians, French, English, Spaniards, Romans, Greeks, Austrians, Prussians, Saxons, Danes—here was an epitome of the Asiatic and European races, all in their finest bravery, mingling together in the narrow compass of two grand halls.

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

The foreign ambassadors and ministers who assembled at the palace of M. de

Morny, at 8 o'clock, will descend from their carriages at the northern angle of this outer estrade. Just a minute or two before 9 o'clock there is a great commotion among the people, who are closely packed in this outer court, and the gendarmes riding gently through them make a lane for the first carriage of the French Embassy. It comes up right gorgeously—running footmen, bewigged coachman, grand chasseur—a regular glass coach, all gold hanging; the horses and harness are unexceptionable, but it is rather startling to hear in the Kremlin a vigorous interpellation addressed from the dignitary on the box to the leading palefrenier, "Now then, Bill! why the—— don't you leave the 'osses' 'eds alone?" The reply is lost in the Russian cries of attention along the line as Count de Morny descends from his carriage and steps on the estrade, where he is received by a High Chamberlain in waiting. His Excellency is dressed *de rigueur*, and is really a well-appointed "fine-looking gentleman," as our great Pendennis would say. Some of his suite have arrived on horseback, and the other carriages of the embassy are rather put into the shade by the splendor of their chief's.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

The next carriage, which is not so showy, but is in other respects at least as good as the Count's coach, is that of the English Ambassador, who with the Countess Granville, descend, are received by the Chamberlain, and in a like manner enter the Cathedral. Lord Granville is dressed in the Windsor uniform, and his wife, who to all our eyes is dressed with great richness and taste, is quite glorious with diamonds. The horses are worthy of the best turn-out in "the park." *Que voulez de plus?* The second carriage contains the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, the Earl of Lincoln, and Col. the Hon. Arthur Hardinge; the third, Lord Granville's brothers and Lady Margaret Leveson-Gower, Lord Ward, and Col. Maude, Royal Horse Artillery, (of the famous old I troop of Crimean report;) the others, Sir R. Peel, and Lady Emily Peel, and Lord Ashley, Lord Seymour, the Hon. Gerald Ponsonby, &c.; there were also in attendance Lord Cavendish, Lord Dalkeith, Capt. King, Mr. Luter, Sir John Acton, Sir R. King. May it be said, we

were all proud of our fair countrywomen, who might have well dared comparison, had there been any to institute, with the ladies of other Embassies? The fact is, that there were none, for ours is the only Embassy with "ladies" attached; and, as for the Legations, there are only two—that of the United States (to which Mrs. Colt and Miss Jarvis are attached) and of Saxony (which is represented by the Baron and Baroness de Seebach) which are gallant enough to come with their wives to Moscow.

DIAMONDED ESTERHAZY.

And now, amid a little battalion of bare-headed running footmen, a very fine old coach, with a poor team of horses, drives up, and from it descends—What is this? A very fine old gentleman, indeed, somewhat gone in years, but right royal and splendid in air and attire. It is Prince Paul Esterhazy, Ambassador of Austria. He is dressed in pure silk or velvet, with a huzzar jacket of the same material, braided all over with pearls. Diamonds flash forth from all the folds of his clothing. His maroon-colored boots, which come up to the knee, are crusted with pearls and diamonds, and on his heels are spurs of brilliants which glitter finely in the sunshine. One would almost be proud to be kicked by such a boot, but perhaps such an honor is only reserved for the great and noble. His Excellency has a very brilliant suite.

VIEW FROM THE KREMLIN: ASSOCIATIONS.

From the Salle Ste. André the doors on one side lead to the fine promenade which is formed on the top of the first story of the façade of the Imperial Palace. As we stepped out on this esplanade, a sight such as can neither be described nor forgotten met the eye. It was yet early—about half-past 6 o'clock; the sun shining from the left lighted up the gilt domes and vanes of the Kremlin, and of the churches on the right of the picture, with a rich orange flame, that seemed to die away or gather fresh vividness as the rolling vapors of the morning rolled up more densely from the river, or thinned away before the fickle breeze. The view is bounded by the Kremlin on the left, and on the right by the buildings of the palace, at the end of the façade. Below the spectator there is the carriage way, outside the palace, al-

ready thronged with spectators of the lower classes and masses of soldiery. This way is on the verge of the plateau on which the Kremlin stands, over the course of the Moskwa. Nearer to the river there is another broad path, close to the outer wall which surrounds the ancient fortress and overlooks the stream, and already the artillerymen are standing by the guns mounted on one of the old Gothic forts which break the lines of the crenelated wall. The people are here also—their faces turned up to the white walls of the palace. At the other side of the river, which is about 200 yards across, there is another walk lined with houses—a veritable quay, on which men and women and children are standing in groups, looking towards the Kremlin. Behind this line of houses opens out the city like some great sea; the houses are hidden almost by the thick haze of Russian autumn, but above it for many miles, in every possible shape, cupola, turret, dome, spire, cross, minaret, rise to greet the sun, and reflect his rays upon their gilded surfaces. It is impossible to imagine this scene. It is in vain, indeed, that the eye which gazes on it, seeks as it were, to seize the details of the world of clock-towers, palaces, churches, and public buildings, which seems to extend as far as the horizon itself, springing up amid, and separated by, boulevards, meadows, gardens, and small plantations.

All the architectures, as all the nations of the globe, are represented here. Here a strange-looking dome reminds you of Calcutta or some Indian city; beside it is the mural tower and Gothic battlement of the Crusade; the sentries on the fire-towers seem gigantic in the haze, and just as you begin to fancy they are warders on the donjon keep, you make out that the tower is not Norman, but very modern Byzantine, and that the man wears the long coat and flat cap of active service. There you see Chinese willow-pattern edifices beside Gothic churches, next to a green dome fantastically carved like a prodigious pine-apple. The fog, half smoke, half vapor, is tinged with many colors, as it rolls amid this forest of glittering spires and domes, and the vast mosaic of variegated cloud roofs and house tops.

As one gazed upon this scene he could not help being startled if he remembered that forty-four years ago Napoleon looked down on a similar scene from the walls

of the old Kremlin. Next Sunday, indeed, one week hence, will be the anniversary of that fatal entry into Moscow which France has scarce avenged at Sebastopol. It was on the anniversary of this day that England and France for the last day poured that desolating stream of fire and iron on the devoted city which heralded the grand assault, and on this very day, just two years ago, the allied squadrons sailed from Varna to their rendezvous at Baltshik to prepare for the descent on the Crimea. As Moscow has arisen from its ashes so will Sebastopol arise from its ruins. But hark! There once again is the old familiar voices of the Russian cannon—a flash of fire spirts from an embrasure below, and the thick white smoke rushes into the air. Thank Heaven, the dull roar of the iron messenger of death is not heard again, but instead of that angry voice the bells of the Church of the Assumption ring out merrily, and at the signal the thousand bells of Moscow take up the chorus, and at the same time ten thousand voices of the people mingle together in a deep murmur. It is 7 o'clock. The echoes of cannon shake the old Kremlin twenty-one times in rapid succession. This is the signal for the various persons engaged in the ceremonial to repair to the places indicated in the programme and *ordre du jour*.

THE BANQUETTING HALL: THE GLARE OF SILVER AND GOLD.

Let us now enter the banquetting-hall. Surely here are the riches of the world! Such a glare of gold plate, such a wild profusion of goblets, vases, cups, salvers, heaped on tables, massed on sideboards or carved stands along the walls of this glittering room! This is the Granovitaya Palata, the Hall of the Ancient Tsars (for so the Russians spell the word in French.) Can it be described? Assuredly not by the pen, nor by the pencil of any artist but one who can dip his brush in the hues of the rainbow. The low, many-arched roof of the hall is sustained by a huge square pillar in the centre, round which is placed a platform with receding ledges, to the height of nine or ten feet, each ledge groaning with ancient vase and dishes in gold and silver. Some of these are of the quaintest form and curious workmanship—models of old castles and palaces, strange animals, battle-pieces, birds—craftily work-

ed in past centuries by forgotten descendants of Tubal-Cain, and each a museum in itself. On the right hand of the hall, on entering, there is a buffet which seems crushed beneath the masses of gold vessels upon it, each a study, but enriched above all by the grand cup from Benvenuto's own hand, for which Russia paid the sum of £10,000 sterling. On the left there is an *estrade* for the orchestra and for the singers, among whom are Lablache, Dumeric, Bosio, Calzolari, and Tagliafico. It is covered with cramoisied purple velvet, with gold fringes and borders. . . . On the left of the pillar are placed two tables, extending the whole length of the room, for the guests. These are weighed down likewise with gold and silver plates, goblets, plateaux, epergnes, and salvers. The chairs, of white and gold, with crimson velvet seats, are placed at the left sides of the tables only, so that all the guests will have their faces turned towards their Majesties.

BRITONS IN THE RUSSIAN SERVICE.

Such are the glories of the banquet-room of the Czar. If you do not wish to be as miserable as Midas, come forth into the fresh air, and get a look at the pure blue sky, which is shining with heaven's own brightness. Descend the scarlet staircase between files of the Chevalier Guard, the Garde à Cheval, the Cuirassiers of the Guard, the Grenadiers of the Guard—all now dismounted and forming a fence bristling with sabres between the scarlet cloth and the nobility. Pass by the Church of the Assumption, and out under the archway to the outer court of the Kremlin—the scarlet cloth still is beneath our feet, and the raised *estrade* on which the Emperor walks after leaving the Church is carried round outside into the outer court, close to the galleries erected for the occasion, till it reenters the inner court by the archway at the south-eastern extremity. This *estrade* is protected by a railing, and at each side there is a wall of soldiers, part of which—a detachment of the Lancers of the Guard—is commanded by Major Hall, who is descended from an English family. And here I may mention that among the Russian officers I have met, there are bearers of the name of Ramsay, Grieg, Bell, Ochterlony, etc. The first—who is the descendant of an

old Scottish family, bearing the arms of Dalhousie—is one of the ablest generals in the service, and was specially engaged in the defence of Finland; the others are most likely the representatives of those adventurous soldiers and sailors of fortune who flocked from Scotland to lead the battalions of Northern Europe to victory by their discipline, valor, and sagacity.

THE IMPERIAL COUPLE—ENTRY INTO THE CATHEDRAL.

Now the Imperial Dais comes in sight, and the Emperor himself presents himself to the people, not amid cheers, but loud shrill cries which overpower the tolling of the bells, the crash of arms, and the loud flourish of drums and trumpets, which rise all around us. Before him march two priests with a gold basin full of holy water, which an Archbishop sprinkles profusely on the scarlet cloth.

The Emperor, who possesses the personal advantages of the Romanoff family—a fine erect and stately figure—marched with a measured stride, and bowed right and left as he passed down to the estrade. The Empress followed behind him, under the same dais, with thirteen ladies of honor around her, and her appearance was the signal for repeated outbursts of cheering. Her Majesty was dressed with the utmost simplicity, and presented a most charming contrast to the glare by which she was surrounded. There was a gracefulness in her movements—a quiet dignity and gentleness which touched every heart, and turned every eye even from the person of her Imperial husband. As the dais was borne down the steps amid the sheen of glittering sword-blades flourished at the presence of the Emperor, the picture offered by the Court of the Kremlin was such as one seldom sees—the splendor of the pageant, the steady lines of the soldiery, the waving masses of the galleries as they rocked to and fro in their homage and ecstasy. A platoon of the Chevalier Gardes followed the dais, and after them came a member of each family of the High Russian nobility, three and three, behind whom again, in strange juxtaposition, marched a band of artisans and manufacturers; after them followed the corps of 1st Guild of Merchants, by threes; and the procession was closed by another platoon of the Chevalier Gardes. The flourishing of

trumpets, the strains of the numerous bands, the cheers of the people, the measured hurrahs of the soldiery, the roll of drums, the clang of bells, deafened the ears, and almost overwhelmed the senses. The Metropolitans of Moscow and of Novgorod, who had previously blessed and watered the Imperial Ensign, stood at the door of the Cathedral of the Assumption, and as their Majesties approached, the former presented them the Holy Hood to kiss, which they did most reverently, and the latter sprinkled them with holy water.

EFFECT ON THE RUSSIAN SPECTATORS.

We are now inside the cathedral with them, and we are about to witness a ceremony instinct with meaning, and full of sacred solemnity to the mind of the unsophisticated Russian. The eye uninformed by the spirit cannot rightly interpret a great symbolical representation, and we must for the moment put aside our modern-day, constitutional, and essentially English ideas, if we would rightly appreciate the effect of what we are about to witness. Some notion of its significance will be conveyed to the English mind by the thought that it is in the eyes of the Russian people the sacrament and visible consecration of the absolute power of one man over 60,000,000 of his fellow beings. Something of the terror inspired by such an idea is modified by the fact generally and heartily believed, that, in the present instance, the Prince who is to be invested with such awful power is mild in disposition, upright in character, and sincerely desirous that his reign should conduce to the happiness and welfare of his people.

Let us for the moment try to identify ourselves in thought with one of his people. The Russian finds himself in the centre of the magnificent church, every inch of whose walls glitters with gold, and whose pictorial sides offer to his eyes allegorical representations of his faith. On the one hand he sees the saints under the altar of the Apocalypse, looking up to Heaven with the agonized cry, "How long, O Lord?" On the other he views the avenging flames glaring out of the pit of the wicked; while from the top of the gorgeous ceiling a gigantic head of the Saviour looks down in peace, and gives consolation to his soul. All around him are the sacred relics and images of the

saints, and before him, raised on a platform, and under a canopy of velvet and gold, are the thrones of the Czars John III. and Michael Feodorowitch, prepared now for the Emperor and Empress, the inauguration of whose Heaven-bestowed power he is about to witness.

THE CEREMONY.

The Empress Dowager and the Imperial family have already entered the church and taken their places on the platform around the thrones. Amid the ringing of bells and the shouts of the populace the young Emperor and his bride reach the entrance of the church. And now they detach themselves from the crowd of officials about them, and passing along the gorgeous screen that separates the chancel from the church, they fall on their knees before the images of the saints, kiss with fervent reverence the sacred relics, and offer up silent prayers to Heaven. Let the perfect grace and earnestness with which the young Empress performs these acts be noted. She is richly attired in a white robe, studded with the finest jewels, but her head is adorned only by her own luxuriant hair, without a single ornament. Her right hand is ungloved, and with this she repeatedly crosses herself as she performs her religious offices, not mechanically, as if going through part of a prescribed ceremony, but fervently, religiously, and with the grace of perfect womanhood. And now the Emperor, followed by his bride, mounts the platform of the throne, and repeats from a book delivered to him by the Archbishop of Moscow, the confession of his Christian faith. He then receives the benediction of the Archbishop, and suddenly the choir, which has hitherto preserved silence, bursts out in psalms and praise to God, and the holy building vibrates with the ring of their harmonious voices. There is no note of organ nor sound of other instrument. The singers, admirably organized, and chanting with astonishing power and precision, need no support; the plaintive soprano voices of the boys rise clear and distinct above the deep tones of the rich basses, and the sustained harmony, solemn and affecting, throbs through the holy building. But already the Imperial mantle of silver and ermine, richly studded with gems, is in the hands of the Archbishop, who proceeds to clasp it round the shoulders of

His Majesty. Next follows the great Crown, which is placed by the same hands on the Imperial head, reverently bent to receive it; and the sceptre and globe are then delivered to His Majesty, who, invested with these royal insignia, seats himself on the throne. The Empress now approaches with a meek yet dignified air, and falls on her knees before the Emperor. His Majesty lifting the Crown from his own head, touches with it that of the Empress, and again seats it on his own brows. A lesser crown is then brought, which the Emperor places on the head of the Empress, where it is properly adjusted by the Mistress of the Robes, and His Majesty, having invested his bride with the Imperial mantle, draws her towards him and tenderly embraces her.

This is the signal for the whole Imperial family, with the foreign Princes, to approach and congratulate their Majesties; and nothing can be more touching than the spectacle, from the evident earnestness with which embraces (which are indeed the expression of the deep and cordial love which binds in one common bond of tenderness all the members of the Imperial family) are received and returned. Oh! for that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. How electric is its effect! Here, in the midst of a ceremony necessarily stiff and formal, there is suddenly on the part of the principal performers a genuine outburst of natural feeling, and mark its effect—there is scarcely a dry eye among the masses crowded in the church, while the feeble frame of the Empress-Mother totters with outstretched arms towards the Imperial son, and passionately clasps and holds him in a long embrace; and tears and smiles mingle together as the little Grand Dukes are seen to clamber up to the side of their father and uncle, who has to stoop low in order to reach the little faces which asked to be kissed.

But the most important and solemn part of the ceremony has now to be performed, and there is a general stillness in the church, as the Emperor descends from his throne and proceeds to the entrance of the chancel. He is met there by the Archbishop of Moscow, who holds in his hands the sacred vessel which contains the holy oil. Stretching forth his right hand, the venerable father takes a golden branch, with which, having dipped it in the consecrated oil, he anoints the forehead, eye-

lids, nostrils, ears, hands, and breast of the Emperor, pronouncing the solemn words—"Impressio doni Spiritus Sancti."

The act is done, and Russian eyes look with awe upon the Anointed of God, the Delegate of His power, the High Priest of His Church, at once Emperor and Patriarch, consecrated and installed in his high temporal and spiritual office. A salvo of cannons, the bray of trumpets, the roll of drums, announce the completion of the sacred act to the ears of those who are without the church and cannot witness it.

THE CELEBRITIES AGAIN.

As the brilliant procession passes out of the church, the Russians, with eager eyes, seek out and distinguish their illustrious fellow-countrymen. There in the rear of the Emperor walks the man now famous throughout Europe, the young and gallant soldier, the defender of Sebastopol, the intrepid Todtleben. His carriage is noble, and full of hero-like decision, but his step falters, and he limps on with the aid of a cane, which tells how sorely he still suffers from a wound received in the trenches before the town which his genius so long defended. His countenance is full of intelligence, yet mild and modest; his chin, the most remarkable feature in his face, is finely developed, and bespeaks the iron will which belongs to the great soldier. All eyes are upon him. There, too, walks the friend of the Emperor Nicholas, the guardian of his son, the negotiator of the treaty of Paris, the upright and gallant Orloff; and there also is described the world-famous Menschikoff, who was selected for that disastrous mission to Constantinople, out of which grew the war—the "*Menschikoff au patelôt*" as some foreigner irreverently whispers. But the foreigner, too, is engaged in looking among foreigners for distinguished individuals and distinguished things, among which latter must not be omitted the famous pearl-embroidered coat of the Hungarian noble, Prince Esterhazy, the Ambassador of Austria. There, too, stands the Ambassador of France, and beside him that of England, wearing the *distinction* (as Prince Metternich called it) of a diplomatic coat unadorned with a single star or order.

THE CROWNED CZAR; IDOLATROUS HOMAGE.

Presently forth stalks the Emperor. But now he wears an Imperial robe, and

on his head there is a crown of dazzling splendor. The sun's rays seem to seek congenial light in those flashing diamonds. The eye cannot bear the brilliancy, and the mujik and the prostrate Russian may well be pardoned if, with his imagination heated by all that he has seen and heard—the chanting of the choirs, the carillons of bells, the strains of music, and the clamor of voices—he thinks he sees a halo of heavenly glory around the Imperial head. Such homage to a man can only be pardoned on the ground that he is the elect and anointed of the Lord; and indeed, had one come from the skies with all the power and glory of a celestial messenger, he could scarce have excited more fervor of adoration than did the Czar, as, with his figure drawn up to the highest, his eye flashing, and his cheek flushed, but his tread as firm as a lion's, he came forth from the church and stood, with globe and sceptre in his hands, in the blaze of the sun before his people. In how many wild tongues, with what frantic gesticulations, did they call on Heaven to bless him! Many a tear rolled down the rugged cheeks of the rude Cossacks, and in many a strange dialect did the descendants of distant races implore their common father to pour down every blessing on him who represented their forgotten conquest, bondage, and thralldom, and the influence of whose name alone bound them up with the Russian people. What might not be done with such subjects, and with such devotion and such faith? The flourishing of trumpets, the crash of bands, the noble swell of the national anthem, "God preserve the Czar," which nearly equals our own, the roll and tuck of drums, the bells, the voices of the people—all these formed a strange *mélange* of sound, and stunned the ear; but when the Czar, passing out by the archway on our right, made his appearance to the larger crowd, there was a noise like a roar of thunder, or the waves of the sea, which swallowed up all else. The people on the terraces below, on the banks of the river, and in the streets outside the Kremlin, took up the cry and shouted like the rest, and some, I am told, went on their knees in the dust and prayed for the Czar.

In a few minutes the procession began to wind through the archway on our left, and to pass before the Cathedral of Michael. The priests in golden state surplice were

waiting at the gates, and as the Emperor and Empress (whom we have quite forgotten in all this wild triumph of adulation and Czar-worship) came up, to sprinkle them with holy water, and give them the cross to kiss. On entering, the Czar and Czarina kiss the holy reliques, and kneel down to pray before the tombs of their ancestors, after which the *Domine salvum fac* is chanted, and the Emperor and Empress continue their short march for a few yards to the Church of the Annunciation, where the same ritual is observed.

On their way, the cheers, the music, the bells, the cannon never cease. It is just 1 o'clock as the procession begins to ascend the *perron rouge*. The enthusiasm is boundless as His Majesty turns, and and with outraised arm seems to return the blessings of his people. He bows to all around as he reaches the landing, and, standing forth from under the dais, looks down upon the scene below. In a few moments more he turns, and is lost to sight in the interior of the magnificent

Palace, through the walls of which, however, those sounds must follow him.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL THE CEREMONIES.

The Czar has signalized the day of his coronation by publishing a most important ukase, which contains an amnesty and lays the foundation for great reforms. The following points are contained in it: a civic and military medal for all who took part, directly or indirectly, in the war. Freedom from military service for four years throughout the Empire. A most equitable assessment of the poll-tax. The Emperor accords an amnesty to the political offenders of 1826 and 1831. All the Jews of the Empire are freed from the special burdens of the recruitment that still oppressed them. The children of soldiers that were brought up by the State, and as such formed part hitherto of the army, in which they were bound to serve as soldiers, are all restored to their relations.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE MODERN WHITEFIELD.

Few subjects are more dangerous than the demerits or merits of preaching; and preachers do not always consider themselves obliged by advice or counsel. Professor H. P. Tappan, of New-York, has issued a pamphlet under this title.* The address is a very sensible production, and in some of its pages, eloquence of a goodly order exists; yet, however valuable, it scarcely meets our expectations from the title selected, only because the Professor goes into one channel and we expected him to take another.

Ten years since, we urged the necessity

of preaching the Gospel to the poor, in localities where they could and would attend. They cannot be expected, in working clothes, to enter fine pews, in splendid edifices, erected in fine situations. They always doubt the nature of their welcome. Some experiments have been tried since that date in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, and in other towns, with considerable success. In Aberdeen, Mr. Wilson, a gentleman formerly connected with the press, has become the means of revolutionizing one locality in that city, and converting the site of an old show booth into that of an Independent Chapel, attended by an attentive audience,

* London: Ward and Co.

drawn from the district; and no money has ever been better laid out in that city. Even upon the temporal balance of profit and loss, a general effort to reach all classes in their respective localities would be highly profitable. Eternity opens out a wider view of the case.

The science of preaching appears somehow to be neglected. We have, in Scotland, nearly three thousand congregations of Evangelical Protestants, nearly all Presbyterians, and inferring an equal number of gentlemen by education, devoted to their private and public instruction, after a careful training for their work. Amongst this little army we could probably name all who have distinguished themselves by great aptitude and success as public speakers. And yet public speaking is their profession, and eloquence should be a *sine quâ non* in its adoption. We may be told that some difficulty would be felt in the supply of eloquent men; but the art is not encouraged.

In the pulpit it is absolutely repressed by many persons. The line of persuasion adopted is not persuasive, but argumentative, and in the driest sense of the term logical. We hear the same doctrines too minutely defended and enforced in regular succession, although very few persons in many congregations, and none in some—deny or doubt them; while they need to have them applied to daily duties and daily life. Illustrative statements are generally avoided as beneath the dignity of the topic. They were not so considered by the Author of the Gospel and his Apostles. They are not regarded in that light by those who now attract large audiences, and may be considered more than unusually useful.

It will be quite understood that we neither undervalue the acquirements nor the talents of the Christian ministry in this country. We blame neither the one nor the other, while we think that their application to a style somewhat different from the common course might render them more generally acceptable, even to their congregations, and assuredly to those who, unfortunately, are out of their pale. The duties attached to the oversight of a large congregation, are often extremely important, and they always consume time, preventing thus that study necessary for those who have periodically recurring demands upon the mind; but our remarks are confined to preaching.

England presents a different aspect of public worship, and the excellence of the organ is often an attraction. The dissenting churches chiefly want this allurements; but they do not seem to influence many of the population, who have grown up in carelessness of the present, and contempt of the future. The casual attempts to conduct service in the open summer air, confess a deficiency in the past, which cannot be supplied by that course in winter. The employment of city missionaries and Scripture readers in large towns, forms another avowal of the truth, that out beneath the shadow of churches, a large proportion of the people dwell.

London contains a population equal to five sixths of the whole inhabitants of Scotland. It has not, and would not require, the same number of chapels and churches, because the people are closely drawn together. The leading men of the various bodies might be expected there; and yet only a few names are known out of their districts. We might write them all in a column. The reason is obvious, here and there. The care of congregations occupies a large portion of the preacher's time. He is often reduced nearly to the straits of the Apostles before the appointment of deacons. He cannot neglect these duties. Their omission would not be desirable if it were practicable. Few congregations exist with a greater attendance than fifteen hundred to two thousand persons, and either of these numbers is unmanageable for pastoral details. Here and there it would be expedient to relieve a class from the incessant duties of the week, and devote them to the public advocacy of the faith.

At apparent intervals some individual of a high order of genius, or distinguished by eccentricities, that serves one purpose of genius, attracts great crowds, and writes his name broadly upon the records of the churches. The present man in London is very young, a Baptist preacher, extremely popular, and, according to one party, extremely talented—to another, destitute of ability, poor in scholarship, absolutely incapable. The extreme views of his detractors are evidently false—his existence proves their mistake.

A sad catastrophe occurred in this minister's congregation upon the evening of the 19th ultimo. They had taken the Music-hall in the Surrey Gardens, for the purpose of public worship. The hall can

contain ten thousand persons, without inconvenience. Upon that evening a larger number were admitted. A cry of "Fire," or that "the building was falling in," alarmed the multitude. A rush occurred to one or more doors, and seven persons were killed, while a larger number were badly hurt. This event would not induce us to notice Mr. Spurgeon's popularity, but the calamity brings the innocent cause very clearly out to view. Exeter Hall contains four or five thousand persons, but double the number for many evenings during the services there vainly endeavored to enter.

The largest building in London was secured for a season, and immediately over-crowded. Any person must feel that the attraction of twelve to fourteen thousand persons, to hear a sermon, is an achievement not frequently accomplished; and that the habitual collection of that number must be associated with extraordinary reason.

The false alarm which terminated so fatally, was supposed to have been excited by thieves, or malevolent persons, who oppose the preacher. It is difficult to realize the latter idea. The former resembles the probable calculation of men who live by robbery; but it is possible, and even probable, that the nervousness of two or more individuals may have caused the unhappy rush to the gallery door. The building was perfectly secure. No fire had occurred; and if any had arisen, abundant means of egress were provided in the plan of the edifice. The accident has been called a warning to Mr. Spurgeon, against preaching in a place of that nature; that is to say, a music hall; but this suggestion is eminently Judaical, and a mere off-shoot from a diseased notion "respecting consecration," which was not entertained by the great preacher on Mars Hill. It has been styled a warning against the attempt to collect vast congregations, who cannot hear; but if they cannot hear, they will soon reduce themselves to a narrow compass, where they have no imposing display to see. It was a warning to the crowd against attempting to rush together out of a public building in confusion. And it was a warning against spiral staircases, with doors opening inwards, and balustrades so weak that they could be broken by the mere pressure of a frantic multitude.

It was a warning to all, that in the

midst of life, we may be in death; but one section of the public talk too familiarly of judgment, and warning; forgetting those on whom the tower fell, and what, upon the highest authority, is said of them.

Within our remembrance similar calamities have occurred in a Methodist, a Presbyterian, and a Roman Catholic place of worship. A precisely similar, but much more extensive catastrophe, befell a congregation of Polish Jews, in Poland, last month. The cause was identical in nearly all these instances. In the Presbyterian church the alarm was not false, for the building actually broke down under the pressure of the crowd, who flocked to hear a celebrated preacher, the late Mr. Irving, of London.

We remember a much more terrible calamity, although still of the same nature, in the Glasgow theatre, seven years ago, originating in an alarm of fire, which was so far real that a very trifling fire, easily subdued, had occurred. The audience in one small gallery rushed to a narrow stair. Some of them fell. The door opened inwards, and seventy persons were suffocated before the multitude stopped. In all countries, and on all occasions—in places of the most opposite character, the audience rush together without care, without mercy—and, in the first burst of terror, the strong tread on to destruction, disregarding the weak. They are undisciplined. The uses of discipline were never, perhaps, more clearly demonstrated than when four hundred strong men, armed, handed the women and children from the Birkenhead steamer into boats, formed on the deck of the sinking vessel, and fired the volley over their own grave, as they sunk into the waste of waters. They were disciplined men. The audience in the Surrey Music-hall became frantic, and, therefore a mob—weak, however numerous.

The preacher whom they had assembled to hear is still a very young man. Born at Kelvedon, in Essex, in 1834, he has only reached those years when many persons commence the study of theology for professional purposes. His father, Mr. John Spurgeon, is pastor of a small church in Essex, and is engaged in business at Colchester. His grandfather is also an Independent minister. A younger brother displays, we understand, similar talents; and has been sent to cultivate them

at an English University. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon did not receive a collegiate education; but it does not follow, as has been remarked, that he is an uneducated man. On the contrary, his life—not a long one—until he became a London minister, was, from his infancy, passed at school; for some years as an usher at Newmarket, and afterwards at Cambridge. He preached the Gospel to a small congregation in a rural village of Cambridgeshire, that no time might be lost. A deacon of New Park-street Church, in London, attended one or more services in this country place of meeting. The church in town to which he belonged was vacant,—and he had discrimination to see that this young man might fill it. Such, we believe, is the history of his appointment to a London church, when he must have been little more than nineteen years of age.

New Park-street Chapel became soon incapable of containing the audiences who wished to hear its juvenile preacher; and two years since the congregation had taken Exeter Hall, while their own building was being altered to suit their changed circumstances. At that time we succeeded one morning in getting into the hall. The appearance of the audience was very remarkable. The usual proportions were reversed, for two thirds were males, and a great proportion were young men.

The preacher did not appear so young as the registry of his birth infers. His appearance did not promise that talent which he possesses. We should scarcely have expected that he was a very intellectual man from his caste of countenance. His services were conducted in the usual order of dissenting places of worship. He read a portion of Scripture very impressively. It was clear that he had learned to read the English language, and that is more knowledge than all his contemporaries take time to acquire. He read the passage as it stands in the text first, and then proceeded with his commentary or notes, verse by verse.

He had selected the first chapter of Peter's first epistle; and he paused before proceeding to read, and said that if any Armenians were present, they had better put off their Armenianism at once, because they must do so, after he had finished the passage. The announcement resembled an insinuation that they had never previously read the first epistle of Peter. We mention the circumstance, because it

appeared to us more out of the common path than anything else done or said during the service. His discourse was not that of an orator. It was not very eloquent in any particular. It did not display great genius, except in an occasional aptitude of expression, in the quaint style of the early English divines, whose works, we presume that he has read. It did display great earnestness. It was difficult to suppose that he who spoke did not also believe. His influence rests much on the basis of earnestness. His hearers conclude that he is anxious to accomplish all that he says. He usually deals with truths as they merit, and as if they were what they are, dread solemnities. Then he abounds with illustrations, or with passages not easily forgotten. Many hearers, we are confident, accuse themselves of "forgetting the sermon." They have not been supplied with the means of retaining it. The general argument employed by this preacher remains in our mind still, because it was enforced by a series of illustrative anecdotes, or pointed peculiarities of expression. Perhaps, then, these means should not be peculiarities. If the object of argument, of explanation, of persuasion, requires that they should be remembered, lawful means, we presume, should be employed for that purpose. Once or twice, perhaps thrice, some of these expressions or illustrations provoked a smile, or a repressed titter among his congregation; but they were all applied skilfully, and this erratic tendency was hushed to deep silence by the solemnity of the application. In a few passages the preacher seemed to us a little egotistical; but perhaps the style pursued, so much in the form of appeals in the first person singular, brought out these feelings. We have never heard him since, not because we disliked his services, but from other engagements; for we believed then, as we believe now, that he is capable of doing much good, and that he strained his capacity in his labors.

He has been compared to a successful actor; but all comparisons are odious, and that is groundless. An actor plays a part, and recites the language, of another. A preacher always or often addressing the same persons, must first construct, before he can deliver, a discourse; and once delivered, the construction is lost, and he must build again.

Mr. Spurgeon has been contrasted with Mr. Gongh, the temperance lecturer, with

no better reason than that they both speak in public, if Mr. Gough, perpetually repeating the same stories, can be said to speak in the intellectual meaning of the word. So far as we observed, the preacher exhibited none of the miserable contortions of limb and body employed by the lecturer, and was entirely free from the rant that disfigures the orations from the West.

Mr. Spurgeon has been charged with a rash employment of expressions that should be avoided, and in turning over some publications on the subject, we see evidence of the statement; according to our view of these expressions. It is quite possible that others have a different opinion, but if blemishes of style should be corrected, those of expression, that must offend weak-minded persons, "little ones," do more harm than they can possibly balance by good.

When we heard Mr. Spurgeon he spoke of his adversaries and of efforts made to prevent persons from attending his ministry. The existence of his enemies appeared to us doubtful at the time. We could see no reason for enmity to him in particular. A perusal of his disclosures explains the feeling. In one sermon, he says:

"Last Sabbath I went into a place where the minister gave us the vilest stuff that ever was brewed. I am sure I wished that I was back here that I might preach a little godliness or else hear it. Poor Wesleyan thing! He preached works from beginning to end."

We do not continue the quotation, but obviously "a poor Wesleyan master or parent" might have some objection to his child or servant hearing this censure. Our experience leads us to believe that a good many persons preach works neither at the beginning nor the end. One party neglects the root of works, and another overlooks the fruit of faith. Connected, they would do well—separated, they both fail.

In several passages we find similar rebukes to other bodies, which may be considered faithful testimonies, yet these can be couched in courteous language—*suaviter in modo*. The members of the Established Church may entertain some enmity towards him, because he handles bishops roughly, not because of their office, but their neglect of its duties. One class may consider that he oversteps pulpit expediency in declamations that look po-

litical; but he only states truths which, probably, the common people relish more than the uncommon; and, therefore, in that matter the common people hear him gladly.

He is a pulpit punster. Thus, preaching from the text, "We shall see Him as He is,"—he says, "Come, let us divide that 'we' into 'I's'—how many 'I's' are there here that will see Him as He is?" This punning, on the most awful question, would displease a Scotch audience. It may satisfy the people of Southwark, although we think not. Even if it did, a teacher should bring the hearers up to himself, and not go down to them.

The construction of these discourses, which have been published separately, and almost simultaneously with their delivery, has been blamed; and they resemble the late Sir Robert Peel's speeches, in having an excessive number of "I's" in them. The printer must run out of capital "I's" often. The arrangement of the subjects is not equally objectionable. The text is clung to, and wrought out to the close. The inferential matter is brief, and full of pith. The art of compressing much into little has either been studied by, or gifted to, the speaker. This peculiarity is more a matter of style than of logical arrangement; but the latter quality is certainly not deficient in these popular productions.

The style is founded on that of the old Puritan divines. In one sermon he says:

"Dress thyself, proud gentleman, for the worm; anoint thyself for the crawling creatures of the grave; and worse, come thou to hell with powdered hair."

A young man of twenty-two in this present year, would not, probably, think of *powdered hair*. It is not so very common now. His language to his hearers is plain. No man reproaches him justly, although he has been reproached, with flattering them. We quote a single sentence, to indicate farther, the style pursued:

"One of you is going out this afternoon to take his day's pleasure; another is a fornicator in secret; another can cheat his neighbor; another can bow, and then curse God; another comes to this chapel, but in secret he is a drunkard; another prates about godliness, and God wots he is a damned hypocrite."

Antinomians, like Armenians, are the

subjects of his opposition—and necessarily of his bitter dissections—for he is far too honest and zealous to oppose a system by halves. He says :

"The man who comes to God's house, and drinks 'wine on the lees well refined,' and then goes away and drinks the cup, and enjoys the company of the ungodly, gives no evidence that he is a partaker of divine grace. He says, 'I do not like good works.' Of course he does not. 'I know I shall not be saved by good works.' Of this we are certain, for he has none to be saved by."

The style is conversational. That mode, after all, is the most effective scheme of addressing a multitude. This preacher looks to the many thousands who attend his services as if they were a number of friends, around a family hearth, with whom he is to talk for an hour. He is not a great orator, perhaps, but he is a great talker. People of the latter class, however, have generally little to tell, and they tell that little in many words. He reverses their practice, being not only a great but a good talker. His sentences are sharp and short—terse and telling sentences—as if he could not afford to lose a word.

The series of discourses published weekly during the last year, are remarkable additions to ecclesiastical literature, especially when we remember that they form a portion of their author's weekly work. It is impossible to say that they have not blemishes—and some of them important; yet it is just as impossible to say that any young man in his twenty-second year could be expected to have attained greater skill in his profession than they ex-

hibit. The existence of an audience of eight or ten thousand persons is a remarkable fact, and unprecedented in the annals of preaching in recent times. Congregations of that magnitude could not be collected by ordinary means. They could not be formed, and they could not be sustained, by ordinary men. They never would be formed, and they would not be requisite, if the style that has been successful in this instance were more generally followed. Mr. Spurgeon lives to disclose a secret. He shows practically the way to preach; and yet he is self-educated. Men who consider themselves his superior in learning, may, if they please, prune off the blemishes from his mode of address; but some of them would prune on and on until they leave the flowerless, leafless trees, to which the world has been long and well accustomed. That world needs to be shaken roughly.

In no department can we afford to be amused, and put to sleep. In all intellectual walks, too much soft apathy has existed for a long series of years. We are getting civilly ruined at many points. In none is the evil of the same importance as in those relations that stretch into eternity. All men's actions, thoughts, and words, go in one sense there; but one class of them relate to that vast interest chiefly and directly. For that class, at least, vigor is needed; and its want now is a deficiency that thousands will not supply to-morrow; for they will have no to-morrow. An earnest man who faithfully believes all that he says, must be excused if he imitate rather the honesty of Micaiah than the flattery of the son of Chenaanah.

From Chambers's Journal.

DIAMOND WASHING AND CUTTING.

THE diamond possesses a much higher and more uniform value than any other article of commerce. The supply has never so far exceeded the demand as to make any change in the price of cut stones. In 1843, when the mines at Sincora, in Bahia,

were discovered, fears were entertained that a permanent depreciation would take place; but the very high prices which required to be paid for all the necessities of life, and the unhealthy nature of the climate, speedily reduced the number of

diamond-seekers, and the fall was scarcely felt in Europe.

The tract of country in which the Brazilian diamonds are found, extends from the village of Itambe, in Minas-Geraes, to Sincora, on the river Paragussa of Bahia, between $20^{\circ} 19'$ and 13° of south latitude. They are chiefly obtained from the numerous streams which form the sources of the rivers Doce, Arassuaky, Jequitinhonha, and San Francisco. It is also highly probable that the auriferous regions of Australia, like those of South America, contain diamonds; two from the river Macquarie having been sent to the exhibition which was lately held at Paris.

Diamonds consist of pure carbon, and are often found in the form of eight or twelve sided crystals, the latter being the less common figure. Of their formation in the great laboratory of nature, nothing is known; but they are supposed to exist originally in the mountains, whence they are carried down into the valleys by the torrents which flow during the rainy seasons. The degradation of the rocks must be accomplished by the powerful agency of the tropic floods; and the precious gems which are thus excavated, must be deposited in the sedimentary debris which forms the beds of the rivers before the search of man becomes successful. The parent stone or matrix is a mica schist, called *Ite Columite*, whose fragments mixed with earth form the *cascalho*, which is dug from the rivers, and in which the diamond-seeker finds his treasure. In South America, the alluvium of the rivers not only contains diamonds, but gold and platina, though both these metals are generally so finely powdered as almost to defy collection by the ordinary process of washing. The river Jequitinhonha is one of the richest in Brazil, and the works on its banks have been carried on for a long period. When the dry season, which continues from April to the middle of October, has reduced the depth of water, the river is turned aside into a canal previously formed by making an embankment, with bags of sand, over the original channel. The water which remains is then pumped out, the mud dug to a depth varying from six to twenty feet, and removed to the place where the washing is afterwards to be performed. While the dry season continues, the labor of collecting the *cascalho* is carried on unremittingly, so as to have a sufficient quantity to occupy the negroes

during the rainy months. The mud which is raised from some of the rivers contains diamonds so uniformly diffused, that a pretty correct approximation can be made to the number of carats which a given quantity will produce. It sometimes happens, however, that grooves are found containing large quantities of diamonds and gold. When the rainy season puts a stop to the raising of the *cascalho*, the scene of operations is changed to the washing-shed, near which the result of the dry season's labors has been heaped up. The troughs, called canoes, are arranged side by side, and the overseer occupies an elevated seat in front, so as to observe every movement of the working negroes. Into each of the canoes, a small stream of water is introduced, to carry away the earthy part of the *cascalho*. Having placed half a hundredweight of the *cascalho* in the canoe, the negro lets in the stream, and keeps up a constant motion till the mud has been all washed away and the water runs perfectly clear. The gravel is then taken out by the hand, and carefully examined for diamonds. When one is found, the negro stands upright, and claps his hands, as a signal to the overseer, who receives it from the finder, and places it in a bowl with water, which is hung in the midst of the shed. The day's work being finished, all the diamonds which have been found are delivered to the superintendent, who enters their weight in a book. Large diamonds are exceedingly rare. It has been calculated that, on an average, out of 10,000 there are seldom more than one found which weighs twenty carats, while there are perhaps 8000, each of which is less than one. At the works on the river Jequitinhonha, there have rarely been found more than two or three stones weighing from seventeen to twenty carats each in the washings of a year; in the whole diamond-mines of Brazil, not more than one is found, in two years, of thirty carats. In 1851, a stone of $120\frac{3}{4}$ carats was found at the source of the river Patrocinho, in Minas-Geraes; afterwards, one of 107 carats, on the Rio das Velhas; and another of $87\frac{1}{4}$, at Chapada. But the largest which has been obtained of late years is "The Star of the South," which, previous to being cut, weighed 254 carats.

Many precautions are used to prevent the negroes from concealing the stones they find; such as frequently causing them

to remove, at a given signal, from one trough to another. Encouragements are also offered to induce them to pursue the search with great care. The negro who finds a diamond of $17\frac{1}{2}$ carats is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom, a suit of clothes, and permission to work on his own account. One who was present when a stone of $16\frac{1}{2}$ carats was found at Tejuco, says: "It was pleasing to see the anxious desire manifested by the officers that it might entitle the poor negro to his freedom; and when, on being delivered and weighed, it proved only a carat short of the requisite weight, all seemed to sympathize in his disappointment." A stone of eight or ten carats entitles the finder to two new shirts, a suit of clothes, a hat, and handsome knife. For smaller, but valuable stones, proportionate premiums are given. Brazil sends yearly into the trade about 30,000 carat-weight of uncut diamonds. During the two years after the discovery of the diamond-mine at Sincora, in Bahia, 600,000 carats were sent to Europe; but in 1852 the quantity had fallen to 130,000.

The labor expended in collecting that small bag of dull glassy stones is immense. One can easily lift with the hand the product of a year's digging and washing; yet, to bring them together, much sweat has flowed while the steaming negroes dug the clay under a burning tropic sun. The whip has many a time roused the fagging energies, or sharpened the search among the gravel in the washing-trough. Not a few have perished, and been laid by their companions under the dark green tree, from whose branches hang garlands of lovely orchids. And to fill up the blanks which have been made in the ranks of the toiling slaves of Brazil, many have been dragged from the coast of Africa, in spite of the efforts of this country to prevent the unholy traffic. The humanity of some, however, and the self-interest of others, have led them to frame rules which mitigate slavery in connection with the diamond-mines of Brazil. The rewards which are offered, not only prove an incentive to careful search, but impart a spirit to the labor which must render it less irksome. But the lash is still in the hand of the overseer, and numbers of the human family are kept down to the level of beasts of burthen.

The process of cutting brings out the inherent beauty of the diamond, and greatly enhances its value. Even after the stone has been cut, if unskillfully done, the sparkling beauty of the gem is wanting. No change of position which the commissioners tried could make the Koh-i-noor appear, at the London Exhibition, much superior to a piece of rock-crystal; but after having been re-cut, it became one of the choicest brilliants. For a long period, the Jews of Amsterdam have almost exclusively monopolized that branch of industry. At a time when they were persecuted in all the other nations of Europe, the liberal laws and flourishing trade of Amsterdam encouraged them to settle there in great numbers; and the diamond-mills were erected under the special protection which the states of Holland afforded to capital and enterprise. It is calculated that not fewer than 10,000 out of the 28,000 Jews who live in Amsterdam depend directly and indirectly on the diamond-trade.

The Diamond-cutters' Company, under the direction of Mr. Posno, have three factories, all worked by steam. The united capacity of the engines is ninety-five horse power, driving 438 mills, and employing 925 workers. There are two other diamond-cutting factories in Amsterdam, the one belonging to the firm of B. L. M. Arons, conducted by Mr. Prins, having an engine of six horse-power, driving forty mills, and employing seventy people; the other is the property of Mr. Coster, with a steam-power of forty horse, driving seventy-two mills, and giving work to 150 hands. In the factories of the Diamond-cutters' Company, and that of Mr. Prins, the mills are let, to those who are not shareholders, at a fixed rate for the hour or day. Mr. Coster's mills, on the other hand, are driven on his own account; and to him have been intrusted the two most valuable gems that have been cut in late years, the Koh-i-noor and Star of the South.

Having obtained an introduction, the visitor to this mill is treated with the greatest attention. He no sooner enters one of the flats, than the heads of a dozen persons are stretched forward, offering their services to explain the various steps in the process. The seats of the workmen are arranged along the side-walls of the building, and before each is a circular metal plate, revolving horizontally with

great velocity. A short lever of iron rests with one extremity on the bench, and the other on the revolving plane. The diamond-polisher stops the motion, and, lifting the lever, shews the stranger that the end which rested on the mill has an amalgam placed upon it, in which the stone is fixed, so as to leave only the side exposed which is being ground. Handing the lever to an assistant, it is put into a small furnace, heated, and then returned to the polisher. The amalgam is now soft, and the diamond, having been picked out, is replaced with the part exposed which is next to undergo the action of the mill. A clever workman can keep two, or even three, small diamonds on the *schijf* at once; but the greatest care has to be taken that they are not exposed too long. The minute facets of diamonds, so small as to require from 1500 to 2000 for a single carat's weight, can be easily overcut, and the stone destroyed. In the Netherlands division of the exhibition at Paris, rose-diamonds were exhibited which required 1500 to the carat; and that is not the limit to which the cutting can be carried.

The stone having been fixed in the amalgam, which is then hardened by cooling it in water, the workman shows the visitor a little box of fine powder, of which a minute quantity is put, with a few drops of oil, on the mill. This is the diamond dust, with which alone the polishing can be accomplished, and it possesses a value of about £60 sterling the ounce. It is chiefly obtained in the first process which the diamond undergoes after it has come from the artist, who, if it is a valuable stone, draws out a plan by which it may be cut with the smallest loss of weight. Leaving the mills, we ascend to this department, and find that the workman does everything without the aid of machinery. Having taken two small wooden levers or handles, he selects two diamonds and fixes one in each. The rough form of the facets are then made by rubbing the one diamond against the other over a little box, which receives the powder as it falls.

The Star of the South, a brilliant of the purest water, as seen at the Paris Exhibition, was cut in the factory of Mr. Coster; and the ablest artist of the establishment, Mr. Voorsanger, had the honor of successfully re-cutting the Koh-i-noor in the workshop of the crown-jeweller at London. The *médaille d'honneur*, which the imperial commissioners at Paris assigned

"pour les lapidaires diamantaires de Hollande: taille de diamants et roses livrés au commerce," was well bestowed.

The Koh-i-noor, when presented to Her Majesty Queen Victoria by the East India Company, was of an irregular egg form, and the cutting had been so unskillfully executed that its appearance scarcely surpassed that of cut crystal. In the sides were grooves which had been cut for the purpose of fastening it in the former setting, and near the top was a small split. To remove these without greatly reducing the weight, presented considerable difficulties, but Mr. Coster was of opinion that these might be overcome in the hands of a skilful workman. Several models were presented to Her Majesty, out of which she selected the form it now bears, that of a regular brilliant. To accomplish the work of re-cutting, a small engine, of four horse-power, was erected to drive the diamond-mills. The cutting was commenced on the 16th July, 1852, and finished in thirty-eight working days of twelve hours each. In removing one of the flaws, the speed of the revolving plane required to be increased to 3000 revolutions in the minute, and even then the object was attained slowly. The velocity with which the mill rotates, and pressure on the lever which rests the diamond upon the plane, alone give power to the workman. That pressure may either be applied by the hand, or weights proportioned to the size of the stone and nature of the work. In cutting the Koh-i-noor, it was regulated so as to be capable of being increased from one to fifteen Netherlands pounds.

The process reduced the Koh-i-noor from 186 $\frac{1}{4}$ carats to 106 $\frac{1}{4}$; considerably under the average loss, which is estimated at one half or more. The Star of the South, when uncut, weighed 254 carats, and is now 125, the reduction being somewhat more than half. No large diamonds were ever before cut with so little diminution of their weight. The "Regent," which belongs to the crown-jewels of France, lost nearly two thirds. But this is not the only circumstance which points out the great progress made in the art of diamond-cutting. The time required to perform the work has been very much shortened. The Regent occupied two years; while the Koh-i-noor, which is only thirty-seven carats lighter, was finished in less than six weeks; and the Star of the South, twelve carats smaller than the Re-

gent, was cut in three months. Moreover, no one can look at the cabinet of models in Mr. Coster's room without recognizing the superiority of the Koh-i-noor and the Star of the South over any of the other gems which belong to the sovereigns of Europe.

The manner in which the value of cut diamonds is calculated, makes it of the greatest importance that the weight should be reduced as little as possible. A stone of one carat is valued at £8 sterling, while one twice the weight is worth £32; the rule being, "the square of the weight multiplied by the price of a stone weighing unity," gives the true value. According to this principle, the Koh-i-noor is worth about £90,000, and the Star of the South £125,000. But the rule is never applied to stones of a very large size; these possess a value altogether arbitrary.

By cutting, the peculiar brilliancy of the diamond is brought out, and its value fixed. Then the jeweller adds new beauty by tasteful setting. His skilful combination of various kinds of precious stones, so that the one may impart splendor to the other, makes the starry rays of the diamond sparkle with glory in the tiara, brooch, or necklace. During the last twenty years, great progress has been made in the art of setting, of which splendid specimens were exhibited both at the London and Paris Exhibitions. Rubies,

sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, are now formed into anemones, roses, carnations, tulips, convolvuli, lilies, and other flowers. Probably, the idea originated with the glory which is seen, early on a summer morning, when the rising sun shines on the dewy flowers.

The revolution in France, at the end of the last century, nearly ruined the jewellers of Paris, and for a time gave a check to improvement. Under the imperial government of Napoleon I., some progress was again made, but the art only began to flourish after the restoration. At first, they worked with stones of the second class, such as topazes, amethysts, and aigue-marines, with which trinkets of more appearance than value could be made. Afterwards, it was found that by imitating flowers, the number of precious stones, in proportion to the size of the jewel, could be reduced without injuring the effect; while diamonds of less purity, such as those of Bahia, could be more freely used. The practice of setting diamonds in silver, and rubies in gold, so as to impart an apparent increase of size to the one, and splendor of color to the other, became more general; and the most beautiful designs have been wrought out with the greatest neatness and taste. At no period in the history of the world have so fine specimens of the jeweller's art been produced as during the present century by the artists of London and Paris.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. By WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D. With a Continuation, treating of the Cloister Life of the Emperor after his Abdication. By WM. H. PRESCOTT, author of "Philip II.," "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," etc. In 3 vols. 8vo. With a fine portrait engraved from Titian. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The literary and reading world will give a cordial welcome to these new and choice volumes to the treasures of history, concerning the greatest monarch of the sixteenth century, and pass a vote of

thanks to the enterprising publishers for the excellence and beauty of the letter-press in which they are presented. Robertson's Charles V. has long been held in high repute as a standard work worthy of the eminent talents of the Scottish historian. But it was necessarily imperfect and incomplete. He could not make it perfect for want of access to the proper materials—the secret papers and authentic manuscripts laid up in the great repository at Simancas, which was closed to him by order of the jealous government at Madrid. It was incomplete; being only a history of the reign of the Emperor Charles V., and breaking off abruptly the great

drama of his life with a few brief pages, leaving all his monastic and retired life, in many respects the most interesting and curious, almost untouched.

Philip II., who feared his father might repent his resignation, and wish again to resume the crown, kept spies about his father who communicated the minutest details to Philip's secretaries, and their letters still exist at Simancas. From these and other authentic sources, new and most interesting aspects are given of his monastic life. From previous researches and investigations, few men are so competent as Mr. Prescott to extend this history, which is now offered to the reading public in attractive style and form, and will meet, we are sure, with extensive patronage. Ample indexes assist the reader, and a portrait of the Emperor Charles V., by Titian, embellishes the work. It differs in expression from one in the Escorial.

THE RUSSELL FAMILY. By ANN HASTINGS. New-York: Published by M. W. Dodd.

It is enough to repeat the name of this publisher, to guarantee that this is an instructive and pure book. The family circle, one of the most holy in all the relations of life, is opened to the reader, and there the example of "father," and "mother," impress the heart. Such little volumes are full of pious wisdom, and there can hardly be too many of such works, especially when they are based upon real life, and have their foundation in facts. The writer lives in Iowa, and this noble young State should be proud of such a female authoress.

THE PLAY-DAY BOOK. New Stories for Little Folks. By FANNY FERN. Illustrated by Fred. M. Coffin. New-York: Published by Mason Brothers.

It is scarcely necessary to say any thing in praise of "Fanny Fern," which has not already been said. This volume has more character, and is more instructive, than any of her former works, and may be read with profit and pleasure. The illustrations are exceedingly pretty and truthful.

AUTUMNAL LEAVES. Tales and Sketches, in Prose and Rhyme. By MRS. L. M. CHILD. New-York: C. S. Francis & Co.

No American female writer has done so much to awaken humanity and touch the heart, as Mrs. Child. Her powers of description are graphic and life-like, and every one of the tales gathered up in this volume are designed to put aside selfishness, open up generous impulses, and teach our mutual dependence in this life for happiness. This is but one of Mrs. C.'s volumes, and though last, it is by no means least in interest or instruction.

NEW-YORK ALMANAC AND WEATHER-BOOK, FOR 1857. By E. MERIAM. New-York: Mason Brothers.

The author of this neat and comprehensive little volume, is known as the "Brooklyn Philosopher." He has well earned his reputation for being "weather wise," and wise with reference to almost every thing of local or public interest. This little volume is full of valuable material, and, to a New-Yorker, is almost invaluable.

The issues of the London press have been quite numerous for the past month, though embracing

only a few works of general interest. We notice the following:

The most important work on Theology is the new edition of Horne's Introduction, revised, corrected, and brought down to the present time, by the author, the Rev. Dr. Davidson, and Dr. Tregelles, with maps and Biblical fac similes.

Dr. Beard's Letters on the Grounds and Objects of Religious Knowledge, 2 vols. post 8vo.

Goode's Nature of Christ's Presence in the Eucharist, 2 vols. 8vo.

Robinson's Later Biblical Researches in Palestine, 8vo.

In Historical and Travel literature, we have: Glyde's Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century, 8vo. Speir's Life in Ancient India, with illustrations, 8vo. Naples, Political, Social, and Religious, 2 vols. 8vo. Captain Stoney's Residence in Tasmania, 8vo.

In Fiction: Deverell, a Novel, 3 vols. crown 8vo.; Jonathan Oldaker, post 8vo.; The Castaway, by Anne Bowman, fcp. 8vo.; Mr. Arle, 2 vols. crown 8vo.; The Story of my Wardship, 3 vols. crown 8vo.; Kathie Brande, by Holme Lea, 2 vols. crown 8vo.; Out on the World, by Henry Owgan, 3 vols. crown 8vo.; Tender and True, by the Author of Clara Morison, 2 vols. crown 8vo. Stories by an Archaeologist and his Friends, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

In Science and General Literature: Van de Hoeven's Handbook of Zoology, translated by the Rev. W. Clark, vol. 1, 8vo. Smith's Irrigation in Southern India, 8vo. Didier's Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism, fcp. 8vo.

Napier's Ancient Workers and Artificers in Metal, fcp. 8vo. Latham's Logic, 12mo.

Payne Collier's edition of Coleridge's Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, 8vo.

Mr. Morley's Life of Cornelius Agrippa, 2 vols. post 8vo.

Craigcrook Castle, by Gerald Massey, 12mo.

Out and Home, by Tupper, 12mo.

Wordsworth, a Biography by E. P. Hood, post 8vo. The Second Series of British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century.

The Second Volume of Professor Wilson's Essays, crown 8vo.

Thornbury's Art and Nature, 2 vols. crown 8vo.

Mr. MURRAY's list of works in preparation includes: The Life and Opinions of the late General Sir Charles Napier, by his Brother, Sir William Napier, K.C.B., in post 8vo.

The Second and Concluding Volume of the Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel.

The Public and Private Correspondence of Charles, Marquis Cornwallis, edited, with Notes, by Charles Ross, Esq.

Lives of the Two Scaligers, by the Rev. Mark Pattison, B.D.

A new, revised, and popular edition* of Campbell's Chancellors, to be published in ten monthly volumes, crown 8vo.

The Early Flemish Painters, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, with woodcuts, post 8vo.

A New Biographia Britannica, by various hands.

A new edition of The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, by G. L. Craik, 2 vols. post 8vo.

Letters from Head-Quarters; or, The Realities of the War in the Crimea, by an Officer on the Staff, 2 vols. post 8vo.

The Diary of a State Prisoner in Turkey, by James Hamilton, author of Travels in North Africa, post 8vo.

Some Account of Circassia and the Caucasus, and their Inhabitants, by H. Danby Seymour, M.P., 8vo.

A Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, by David Jardine, post 8vo.

A History of the Scotch Poor-Law, by Sir George Nicholls, K.C.B., 8vo.

A History of the Irish Poor-Law, by the same, 8vo.

A Supplemental Volume to Dr. Waagen's Treasures of Art in Great Britain, 8vo.

Ceylon, Past and Present, by Sir George Barrow, Bart., post 8vo.

A new edition of the late Sir Harris Nicolas's Peerage of England, by William Courthope, Esq., 8vo.

Descriptive Essays contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, by Sir Francis Bond Head, Bart., 8vo.

Shall and Will; or, Two Chapters on Future Auxiliary Verbs, by Sir Edmund Head, Bart., post 8vo.

A new edition of Blackstone's Commentaries, by Robert Malcolm Kerr, 4 vols. 8vo.

The History of Herodotus, a new English version from the text of Gaisford, by the Rev. George Rawlinson, M.A., assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson, 4 vols. 8vo.

History of the Christian Church, from A.D. 500 to A.D. 1123, by the Rev. J. C. Robertson, M.A., 8vo.

New editions of Stanley's St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, and Jowett's St. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians, Galatians, and Romans, 8vo.

The Education of Character, by Mrs. Ellis, post 8vo.

A new and revised edition, with new Life, of the Works of Dean Swift, forming a portion of Murray's British Classics.

Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL announce:

A new Poem, in nine books, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, called *Aurora Leigh*, crown 8vo.

A new and illustrated edition of Barry Cornwall's Dramatic Pieces and other Poems, crown 8vo.

The Girlhood of Catherine de Medici, by T. Adolphus Trollope, crown 8vo.

The English of Shakspeare, illustrated in a Philological Commentary on his Tragedy of Julius Caesar, by Mr. Craik, fcp. 8vo.

The Mildmayes; or, The Clergyman's Secret, 3 vols. post 8vo.

Queen Eleanor's Vengeance, and other Poems, by W. C. Bennett.

Russian Popular Tales, with an Introduction by Jacob Grimm, fcp. 8vo.

A new edition of Mrs. Barrett Browning's Poems, with numerous additions, in 3 vols. fcp. 8vo.

Amongst the announcements of Messrs. NISBET & Co. we find:

The Book of Job, illustrated by fifty engravings after drawings by John Gilbert, in small 4to.

Things New and Old in Religion, Science, and the Arts, crown 8vo.

Travels and Discoveries among the Ruins of Chaldaea and Susiana, by W. F. Loftus, F.G.S., with Maps, Plans, and Illustrations, 8vo.

The Sisters of Soleure, a Tale of the Swiss Reformation, crown 8vo.

Life, a Series of Illustrations of the Divine Wisdom

in the Forms, Structures, and Instincts of Animals, by P. H. Gosse, F.L.S., crown 8vo.

The Desert of Sinai, Notes of a Tour from Cairo to Beersheba, by Horatius Bonar, D.D., crown 8vo.

Messrs. ADDEY & Co. will publish:

The Legend of the Wandering Jew, illustrated by Gustave Doré, folio.

Giulio Branchi, the Story of a Tuscan, translated by Mr. Alfred Elwes, post 8vo.

Alfieri and Goldoni, their Lives and Adventures, by E. Copping, Esq., post 8vo.

Queen Læta and the Mistletoe, a Fairy Rhyme, by George Halse, 16mo.

An illustrated edition of Edgar Poe's Poetical Works, fcp. 8vo.

An illustrated edition of Goldsmith's Poetical Works, fcp. 8vo.

Messrs. GRIFFIN & Co. announce as ready:

A Vocabulary of Philosophy, by Professor Fleming.

Mediæval Philosophy, by the Rev. F. D. Maurice.

A Cyclopædia of the Physical Sciences, by Professor Nichol.

Volumes in continuation of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

Lord Brougham's Works.

British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century.

The Paragreens; or, A Visit to the Paris Universal Exhibition, by the author of Lorenzo Benoni, with illustrations by John Leech.

Mr. Prescott's edition, with Notes, of Robertson's Charles V.

Edinburgh Essays, contributed by Members of the University, 8vo.

The Tenth Volume of the Collected Works of Dugald Stewart.

The Sixth Volume of the Continuation of the History of Europe, by Sir Archibald Alison.

Monarchs retired from Business, by Dr. Doran, 2 vols.

England's Greatness, by John Wade, post 8vo.

Inspiration a Reality, by the Rev. J. B. Lowe, A.B.

Two Years Ago, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, 3 vols.

A Volume of Poems, by Dr. Mackay, to be called *Under Green Leaves*.

A new volume of De Quincey's Works, to contain the Opium Eater and *Suspiria de Profundis*; Russia at the Time of the Coronation of Alexander II., by John Murphy, Correspondent of the *Daily News*.

A Second Series of Ladies of the Reformation, by the Rev. James Anderson.

A Translation by J. W. Cole, edited by the Rev. J. B. Marsden, of M. Jules Simon's work on Natural Religion.

The Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria, by Mrs. Green.

The fourth and concluding volume of Lord John Russell's Correspondence of Fox.

Egypt, its Climate, Character, and Resources as a Winter Residence, by A. H. Rhind.

First Principles of Physiology and Pathology, and their Connection with other Branches of Science, by Dr. W. P. Alison.

At the recent sale of a portion of Mr. Bentley's copyrights, Mrs. Gore's novels were sold for £26 each.

A complete edition, in thirty-two volumes, of the works of Frederick the Great, is about to be published in Berlin.

A Bohemian translation of Shakspeare, by Herr F. Maly, is now in course of publication at the expense of the Royal Museum of Bohemia.

FAST COMMERCE.—The exports of British goods in 1856 will amount to \$500,000,000. It is pleasant to be informed through the arithmetic of the Board of Trade that the value of British goods exported during the last month amounts to £10,660,000 against £8,866,000 in the corresponding month of last year—an increase of nearly £2,000,000 in thirty-one days. In the ten months of the present year, the exports have amounted to £95,573,000, an excess of £17,000,000 over the ten months of last year, and of twelve millions and a half over the year preceding.—*European Times*, Nov. 7.

M. LAMARTINE occupies a small house, of modest appearance, in Paris. You enter by a glass gallery, a sort of verandah, which serves as an ante-chamber. Then you pass a dark chamber which conducts to the saloon. This saloon looks upon a handsome little garden, *à l'Anglaise*, in the rear. The furniture is mostly antique, but yet simple; a sofa, a few *fauteuils*, chairs, a large centre-table, two consoles filled with flowers.

M. Lamartine writes in his bedroom on the second floor. In this room you see a bed, some flowers on the mantel-piece, a small table covered with books, two chairs, a *fauteuil à la Voltaire*, and that is all. He gets up at six in the morning, as well in winter as in summer. Scarcely dressed, he installs himself in his *fauteuil*, and commences his daily labor. He writes on his knees, his feet on the fire-fender. While he works, three or four greyhounds sleep or play at his side. At noon the servant announces breakfast, and the poet throws down his plume only to be resumed in his literary labor the following morning.

M. Lamartine has written and published perhaps fifty volumes, and what will appear singular, he has not a single one of these volumes in his house. He gives away his own copies. Neither does he make much use of books of reference, for his memory is prodigious. If you ask him, for instance, in what year of Rome any of its noted heroes died, he will tell you on the instant.

No man of celebrity of modern times has been more inundated with laudatory poetry than M. Lamartine. "I know," said he, one day, "the number of cotemporaneous poets by the number of pieces of poetry they have addressed me." France has more than ten thousand poets!

PRICES OF SCULPTURE.—The best sculptors in Paris—such, for instance, as Baron Frigetty—receive, on an average, four thousand dollars for statues ten feet high. But the ablest sculptors in Italy receive much less than this sum. The statues recently erected in Florence to the memory of the illustrious men of Tuscany, sixteen or eighteen in number, cost something over one thousand dollars each, most of them executed by men who rank higher in this department of art than Mr. Powers. It is not pretended that this sum adequately rewards their talents, but they accept such commissions to further the patriotic objects of their Government. Mr. Powers himself gives a guide by which to estimate the price of a single statue, in his several copies of the Greek slave, which he has sold at three thousand dollars each. Give his workmen an additional thousand dollars, and they will execute the slave ten feet high, the sculptor having no extra labor to perform.

NEW INSTRUMENT FOR SURVEYING.—An ingeniously constructed instrument has just been invented, which will materially lessen the labor of land-surveying. Its operation is based on the familiar trigonometrical principle that when the length of the base of a right-angled triangle is given, the adjacent angle formed by the hypothenuse serves to determine the length of the perpendicular. The instrument comprises two telescopes, separated at specific distances on a table, one stationary relatively to the table, the other movable on a pivot in a line which forms a right angle to the stationary one, so that it may be brought to bear upon the same point. Here, then, is the value of the apparatus—the movable telescope has attached to it an index moving over a graduated scale of distances on the table, which upon being brought to the same point as the stationary glass, indicates on the scale the distance of the point.

THE Astor Library has received the very handsome and valuable present of a copy of "The Publications of the British Commissioners of Patents." The specifications make 137 volumes in royal octavo, the drawings make 137 volumes in folio. There are also 3 volumes of the Commissioner's Journal, and 20 volumes of Indices.

MUNIFICENT BEQUESTS TO HARVARD COLLEGE.—We are gratified to learn that, by a provision of the will of the late Dr. Henry Wales, the library of Harvard College has, within the last month, become possessed of a collection of books, perhaps the most splendid that was ever, at any one time, added to its stores. These volumes, about fourteen hundred in number, were, for the most part, purchased by the testator while residing in Europe. They include many specimens of magnificent typography, and are almost all clothed in elegant bindings. The votaries of Sanskrit, German and Italian literature will find among them many volumes equally costly and indispensable. Most valuable of all are those which bear upon the ancient language and poetry of Hindostan. Dr. Wales was himself a zealous student of Sanskrit, and the apparatus he had accumulated for the pursuit of that attractive, though here neglected department of learning, leaves little to be desired. After the Indian, the Italian books are the most remarkable. Among them are the very numerous editions of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Boccaccio, and a considerable number of the finest productions of the Bodoni press—masterpieces of the printer's art—too well known to connoisseurs to require special notice. To these are to be added the finest editions of the great modern writers of Germany, and the most necessary volumes on the earlier poetry of that country, many Latin, Greek, and Roman books, and a few expensive illustrative works, like Canina's Roman Edifices, and Inghirami's Etruscan Monuments. All these form, as we have said, one of the richest collections ever added to the library, and a collection as remarkable for practical usefulness as for beauty and finish. It is intended that the whole set shall be kept together, and placed in a conspicuous position in Gore Hall.

SOME works in manuscript by Guicciardini have lately been discovered, including a Discourse on the Republic of Florence and on the Government of the Medici, and Considerations on Machiavel's work on Livy's Decades: it is intended to publish these.

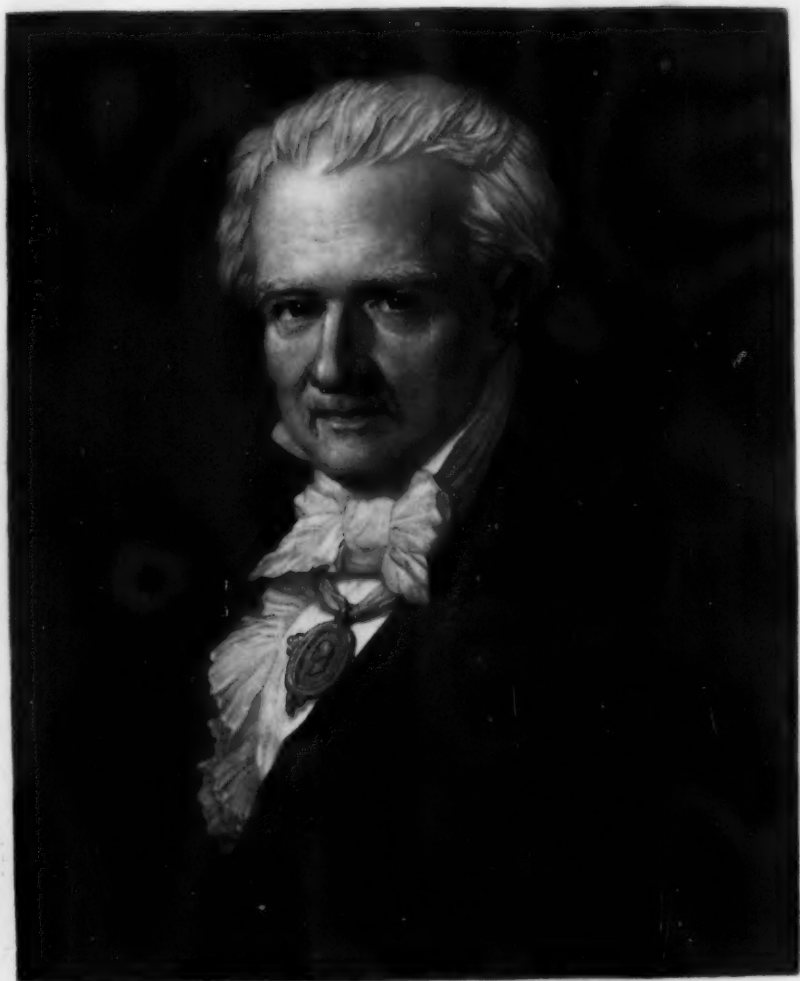


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